DECEMBER, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

A German View of Our Latest Champion.

That German readers would not be likely to take Professor Münsterberg's *Americans* at their face value was the conclusion reached by our reviewer in the November number of THE BOOKMAN. Striking confirmation of this opinion is afforded by the publication, in a recent issue of the Münchner *Jugend,* of a malicious but unquestionably clever parody of the Harvard man's book. The writer is Henry F. Urban, who makes Goldberger and von Polenz, as well as Münsterberg, the targets of his sarcasm. The last, however, is the one who suffers most. All three are impliedly accused of writing at the suggestion of "exalted personages" (of course none other than the Kaiser and his advisers), whose policy it is "to play the good little boy" in the presence of Uncle Sam. The skit in question is entitled *Das Land der Halbgötter,* "The Land of the Demigods." From the following excerpts one may gain a fair idea of the degree of seriousness with which Herr Urban, and doubtless many other Germans with him, are apt to read Professor Münsterberg's cloying comment on American life.

"America is the land of milk and honey. . . . Every ordinary man is there a king to whom all do reverence. If an American street sweeper wishes to take a trip to Europe, all he has to do is to write to Vanderbilt, who immediately places his steam yacht at the applicant's disposal. The trusts are managed by labourers, and the latter determine the prices of all the necessities of life, of course fixing them as low as possible. In New York the common people drive in the parks of afternoons in the most brilliant equipages. In the evening they go to the theatres in the same style."

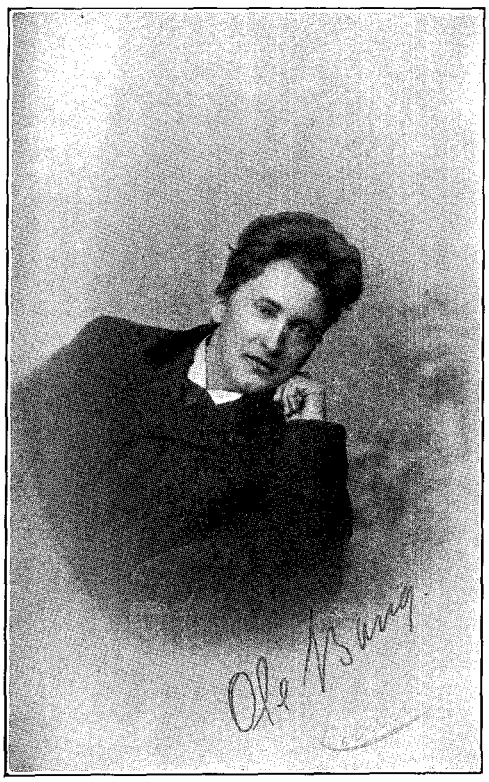
* * * * *

"In America legislators are chosen from the masses of the people, and are possessed of an honesty and incorruptibility such as one must seek in vain in Europe and especially in Germany. This explains the remarkable fact that in America there is no such thing as bribery. . . . Now and then, of course, some dollar-king seeks to influence a legislature to his personal advantage. But such attempts are always brought to naught by the honesty of the representatives of the people, and the tempter is usually sent to the penitentiary."

* * * * *

"The American negro is completely equal to the white man, not merely politically but in every other way, and above all socially. In theatres, negroes are given the boxes and the best seats in the parquette. A white man who dares to commit an assault upon a negro is immediately burned at the stake by the citi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



OLE BANG.

zenry, who, of course, are the highest court of the country."

* * * * *

"The American man is the crown of masculine humanity. Most American men are in business, and in this career they always display the most scrupulous honour and honesty. . . . The respect of the American for the intellectual property of foreigners has passed into a proverb. Thus when Mr. Conried, the director of the New York Opera House, sought to appropriate *Parsifal* against the will of the Wagner heirs, such a storm of protest arose from press and public that Conried was shamed into abandoning his purpose. . . . The American has nothing but boundless admiration for the achievements of other nations. His most commonplace observation is: 'It is wonderful how immensely superior the Europeans are to us Americans.'"

* * * * *

"American children are the most perfect creatures that can be imagined. Indeed with such parents nothing less would be possible. . . . Their education is truly Spartan. No coddling is permitted. The costly clothes and rich candies which play so great a part in the education of European children are unknown to young America."

* * * * *

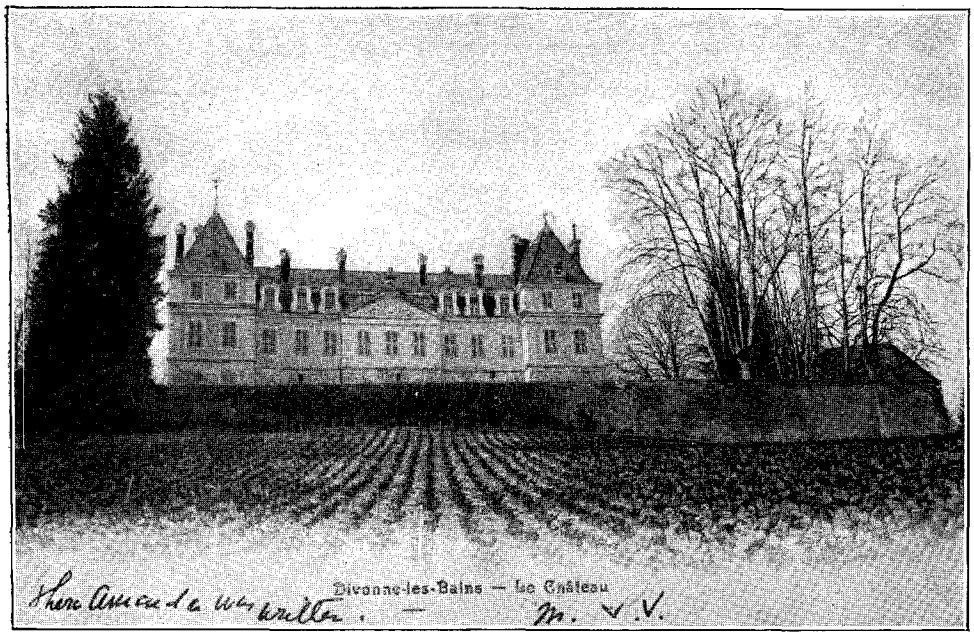
"After the foregoing, it will readily be seen that the appellation 'demi-god' is not too complimentary to the American; indeed it is hardly strong enough. Germans can pursue no better course than to take these demi-gods as models. . . . Let this be done, and within a short time the German will, without doubt, reach a higher intellectual level than he occupies at the present time."

Ole Bang.

During the past few years we have been visited by a number of Scandinavian celebrities. We have seen Cavling, the cleverest of Danish journalists, Charlotte Wiehe-Bereny, whose success in pantomime was pronounced, Holger Drachmann, the poet of wine, women, and song, and now we are to hear the plays of Ibsen read in the original Norwegian tongue, by the most widely known of Scandinavian readers, Mr. Ole Bang. Mr. Bang came here last June, and until recently has kept himself in the background. The young Norseman was in the meantime seeing much of America, As a result he has carefully written around the material he discovered—principally at one of our prominent seaside resorts—a little story which he calls *Children of the Rich.*

Mr. Bang's stay will extend through the winter. Beginning about the first of this month in New York, with a reading from *Peer Gynt,* with musical accompaniment, Mr. Bang will visit various American cities, giving a first opportunity of hearing an interpretation of Ibsen's masterpieces. But Mr. Bang's reputation is not that of the reader only. He is a playwright of considerable power, and certain critics give him a place with Björnson, Ibsen, Strindberg and Hamsun. His latest drama, *A Norse Maid,* is now being prepared for the American stage. Like the greatest of his compatriots, Ole Bang is a realist, with this difference, however: there is a dreaminess of effect in his writings as well as a daintiness of touch that makes the bond between him and the masters in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE CHÂTEAU OF DIVONNE, WHERE "AMANDA OF THE MILL" WAS WRITTEN.

places rather thin. And unlike nearly all Scandinavian writers of quality, the author in his tales and novels sees with the impressionistic eye. Of course Mr. Bang will write a book about America on his return to Norway, and those who know him claim that such a work will be far more entertaining and valuable than nine-tenths of the mass of literature that has been written by hurried foreign visitors on busy Americans.

❧

Madame de Balzac.

Two or three pages in the *Recollections* of Princess Catherine Radziwill contain some statements that will surprise lovers of Balzaciana. Princess Radziwill was a niece of Madame Hanska, whom Balzac married toward the end of his life, and she claims that the novelist was indebted to her aunt for the development of his genius to an extent which has not even been suggested by other historians. "She has gone down to posterity as the woman whom Balzac loved," writes the Princess Radziwill, "while she deserved to have been known as the one being to whom he was indebted for the development of his marvellous genius, and also as his collaborator in many of his works. For instance, the novel called *Modeste Mignon* is almost entirely written by her pen, and certainly some of her illustrious husband's best books have had something or other added to them by her hand."

❧

The Princess Radziwill throws some interesting light on the later years of the life of Madame de Balzac. Her family had not wished her to ally herself to a personage who, according to their aristocratic prejudices, was nothing but a French novel writer. Pecuniary considerations were put forward and people had attributed sordid motives to Balzac. The result was that before her second marriage Madame Hanska voluntarily gave up her great fortune, and after Balzac's death found herself bearing the burden of his large debts. In her later years she never left Paris, except to spend the summer at a property she had near Ville Neuve St. George. She became very infirm and immensely stout. All traces of the beauty for which she had been renowned in her youth disappeared, but the incomparable charm which had fascinated the author of the *Comédie Humaine* never left her. The house which Balzac had built and arranged for her when they married was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a tiny habitation, full to overflowing with costly works of art, pictures and old china. The long drawing-room with its three windows had a big fireplace, opposite which stood on a table the colossal bust of Balzac, by David d'Angers. During her last years Madame de Balzac seldom stirred from this room.

❧

A California Round Robin.

The accompanying envelope, without material trouble or delay, was delivered to Mr. Will Irwin, a newspaper man who has won some reputation with his pen and more as the "Champion Three-Ring Smoker of the Pacific Slope." Some months ago Mr. Irwin left his favourite corner in the Bohemian Club of San Francisco and made his way East to take a position on the New York *Sun*. The envelope contained a round robin from Mr. Irwin's comrades on the San Francisco *Chronicle*, in which each member of the staff gave his own version of the true history of the characters in the Burgess-Irwin *San Francisco Nights' Entertainment*. This parody of the apocryphal string of narratives is marked by the frank joyousness of the West. It is needless to say that it will probably never be published by the firm which printed the original novel. It is not by any means the first time that this method of addressing an envelope has been used successfully. Two or three years ago Mr. Booth Tarkington wrote a letter to a friend. On the envelope he drew the picture of a huge and aggressive black beard. Underneath this he wrote "The Players Club, New York City." Without hesitation the letter was handed to the well-known artist for whom Mr. Tarkington had intended it.

❧

"In the Closed Room."

By most people Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett would probably be considered the children's story-teller, notwithstanding the many novels she has written for grown-ups. It is nearly ten years now since she published her last story of childhood—that story of an imaginative girl's mind—really a piece of autobiography, *The One I Knew the Best of All*. The announcement that she has returned to the field of her greatest successes and appears this year with a new story of child-life will, probably, be welcome news to the older generation, who pleased the nursery children by reading *Lord Fauntleroy* to them, and to the younger people also whom as nursery folk listened to that story. *In the Closed Room*, Mrs. Burnett's new book, is a weird little story,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half in the material world, and half in the world of fantasy—almost a ghost story. Judith, the heroine, is the daughter of a New York labouring man. In the summer the family become the caretakers of a big house in the fashionable New York West Side. In the house is one room that all the older people find locked against them, but when Judith, going upstairs alone, tries the door it opens at her touch, and she finds herself in a wonderland of toys and delights. Soon a strange, beautiful little girl comes from "somewhere" to play with her, and day after day the two meet to continue their games. When, toward the end of the story, the mistress of the house returns, hastily and in deep mourning, hears of Judith's playmate and rushes to the room, to find only little Judith pale and still on the couch, "no, not asleep," as her mother says, the mystery of the strange little visitor, who has come for the last time to take Judith away with her to fairer playing grounds, becomes plain. By a peculiar coincidence Mrs. Burnett's story of the mystery of childhood and its almost unattainable secrets appeared about the same time as Kipling's cryptographic *They*.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Excuse for American Fiction.

It is argued by a writer in the *Atlantic* that the inferiority of American plays and novels is due to the fact that we have not "a highly organised and finished society" for them to depict. "The results of our dramatic experiments," she says, "are shapeless and perishable because the stuff out of which they are made is unseasoned." Our society novel is bad because fashionable society "is too conscious of its own resolved elegance, too constrained as yet in its fine imported clothes, to sit easily and gracefully for its portrait." Mrs. Wharton, she adds, "has done much to redeem the American society novel from its reproach of utter commonness, but yet, once again, are not her subtle method and refined analysis almost thrown away upon so flimsy a subject?" That is the first thing a critic learns from the manuals of American literature, always to blame the material, never the writers. Such a young country, and with manners so unformed, such vulgar, rich people, such unstable lower classes, how can you expect a work of art? We have silly books because life is so silly, and if now and then a fairly good one appears, is it not "almost thrown away upon so flimsy a subject"? Wait till we cease to be common, till we get a "background" with some ivy growing on it, till the rich are picturesque, and society is stratified and the poor are in costume and know their place—then it may be worth while for a genius to begin.

Here we are, some of us totally bald and some with long white beards, yet all of us far too young to deserve either drama or fiction. When will society be sufficiently finished to warrant Mrs. Wharton's writing of it in a finished style? Meanwhile can nothing be said of us as human beings, or even as immortal souls? There seems to be a breed of critics who believe in the utter vulgarity of here and now, and refer every artistic failure to time, place, subject, social conditions, to anything under the sun but the quality of the writer's mind. Books on American literature are full of these elaborate apologies, and you might think that the brain of an author was some superior kind of squash or melon that could seldom be raised here for lack of the proper fertiliser. Still more depressing is the view that a writer's failure is due to the material, that any sort of human beings, fashionable or unfashionable, finished or unfinished, are to blame for the writer's lack of interest or unworthy of "subtle method and refined analysis" or any other good thing he or she may happen to have. Why try and explain our "flat unraiséd spirits" by the ingrained commonness of things or cheat the uninspired with the hope that had they a higher subject they might soar? New York does not account for Mrs. Burton Harrison's New Yorkers, or Kentucky for Mr. Allen's heroes. You might as well blame Jerusalem for *Ben Hur* or St. Louis for *The Crisis*.

The Bearing of Musical Comedy.

We can give no account of the serious drama last month, if there was any, having spent our time in visiting musical comedies. Ever since last spring, when the London critics were lamenting the overthrow of British drama by music, horseplay, and the dance, we have had this matter in mind, wondering if America was in like peril. During the summer we attended several hot-weather shows and last month saw five musical comedies in a single week, always with our country's good in mind. So slight were their essential differences that it was like seeing the same musical comedy five times. The music in each case was a confluence of hand-organ echoes and the book a compilation. Like other large industries, it rests on the principle of interchangeable parts, as the economists call it. There is no need of a new musical comedy. An old one refitted with standard parts is equally serviceable. In fact, it is the purpose of a musical comedy only to seem new without being so—a sound business principle, as can be proved at any time by a study of soaps or tinned goods. As a biscuit promoter, for instance, you would not aim at any large originality in design or novelty in flavour. An astonishing biscuit would not serve your turn. You would study the most successful biscuits that you knew and depart from them in no essential. You would conceive your biscuit with a chas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MADAME RÉJANE IN "LA ROBE ROUGE."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tened fancy, viewing it as the pale flower of a public want, not as your private dream of beauty, taking the biscuit-eater as he is, not as he might be, and framing it on past biscuits tried and proved and still selling. As a biscuit-maker you would be self-subdued and un-Shakespearean, and your Butterettes would depart as little as possible from the highly prosperous Crispines, their predecessor. Your pent-up fancy would only emerge when it came to advertising. So it is with these musical plays, indeed with the rank and file of plays generally, and whether consciously or not their makers act on this principle. The only really serious thing in these musical comedies and the only evidence of talent was the dancing. The bright and eloquent human leg, versatile and inventive, had all the qualities that we missed in the mind of the playwright. There are new and clever dances, graceful, ingenious and amusing. It is the one hope of musical comedy—the intelligence that drives those legs. To dance as they do is a far nobler art than to write like the usual playwright.

❧

This language is meant to be bitter. It is the result of that one terrible week in which we saw *Piff, Paff, Pouf, The Sho-gun, Mr. Wix of Wickham, The School Girl* and *The Madcap Princess.* It is, we trust, sufficiently in the vein of heavy sarcasm to class us among those intellectual persons who "have the welfare of the stage at heart." It is desirable sometimes to apply artistic or intellectual standards to these matters, if only to show that you have them about you, but sooner or later a sense of their irrelevancy comes upon you. You feel like Mr. William Winter at a minstrel show, saying, "To what have we sunk since Shakespeare!" or like the western evangelist who broke up a children's dancing class by a sermon on the sin of waltzing. Compunctions for your own pomposity torment you in the intervals of self-approval. One of the cheats of the critical temperament is the belief that when its possessor is bored there is always some objective reason to account for it. The critical person seldom admits that his ennui may be merely his own mind's little domestic tragedy. He reasons rather that it is a social disaster, sometimes of national dimensions, and the more he reflects, the more he boils with public spirit, contrasting the present with the past and forgetting that the past is a place where the foolish little things are forgotten. Mr. George Ade's *Sho-gun* is neither better nor worse than his *Sultan of Sulu,* and *Piff, Paff, Pouf* is in precisely the same class as *The Girl from Paris.* They are not a sign of the times or a proof of deterioration or a menace to the stage. In this country at least entertainments of the same rank have been flourishing for twenty years and drawing about the same proportion of playgoers. Needless to say, it is not the class of playgoers that appreciated Gilbert and Sullivan, but rather the descendants of audiences who liked the *Black Crook* and old-time variety shows.

❧

But while no art goes to the making of musical comedies (with the single exception of the dancing), and while most of them are devoid of any real humour or novelty, there is an art of enjoying them, and for the sake of the Critical Person who is apt to be caught at one of them now and then we may lay down a few simple rules. In the first place the demand that they make of the observer is sheer animal spirits. Never go with a merely clever or intelligent friend. He will always depress you. Beware of any one who at all times regards his mind as indispensable. The only way to enjoy the average play for its own sake is to approach it in a deep oblivion of all antecedent things. And at a musical comedy which turns out to be neither musical nor a comedy, even a moderate intellect spoils the sport if it is turned severely upon the stage. But there is always the audience with its unaccountable pleasures and whims, always the wonder at the eternal novelty of commonplace. The question we ask of musical comedy is, after all, only the same old question that we ask through life in this great iterative democracy, of books, of newspapers, of the average man—Why the same thing so often? But if you must be persistently intellectual and analyse all the jokes into their constituents; if the lines seem like an almanac and the leading lady a little vulgar despite her good

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FAMOUS ITALIAN ACTOR ERMETE NOVELLI, WHO IS TO BEGIN PLAYING IN THIS COUNTRY NEXT MONTH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looks, and the laughter irritates because you cannot share it; there at least remains that glorious sense of superiority. How delightfully few of you there are and how many of them! Contrast the wit of *The Sho-gun* with the wit of *Hudibras,* let the keen mind detect the lack of logic in the plot, compare Charles Lamb with Mr. Eddie Foy, the sand-man, and Mr. Gilbert with Mr. Wix, and be cheerful in your splendid isolation. There is no need of being crabbed about it. One could scarcely remain a patriot if he hated all fools.

After all, the lucky man of the present is he who can remain cheerful in the presence of the usual thing, when its only vice is its usualness. The improvement of the stage will not come by abolishing commonplace plays, but by appreciating the other sort. Reform often seems only the dislike of the blasé for the people with animal spirits. The man who cannot see a crowd amusing itself innocently without wishing to annihilate it is really incomplete. He is cut off from common humanity just because it is common humanity. The oratory of ennui serves no purpose whatever. Ennui is a matter of reduced vitality or of spiritual defeat. It is a large vulgar, garrulous and repetitious planet, and musical comedies are only one of many human noises, and no man, no matter how artistic, has really any quarrel with humdrum, when he has once made it clear that he knows it for what it is.

Harry Leon Wilson—"Pickpocket."

In view of the very wide success that Mr. Harry Leon Wilson has won with *The Spenders* and with *The Seeker,* it seems strange that no one has recalled the story of the time that he was arrested as a pickpocket and lodged in jail. The New York papers had a good deal of fun over the matter, but to all appearances the incident seems to have been forgotten. It was when Mr. Wilson was the editor of *Puck,* a position in which he succeeded the late Henry Cuyler Bunner. One afternoon he left the office, and crossing over to Broadway, entered a crowded uptown car. He stood on the rear platform next to a very fat man. After a few blocks the fat man stepped off, but hardly had the car started when he came running back, declaring excitedly that he had been robbed of his watch. In the meantime Mr. Wilson had felt a hand pushing something in his pocket, and he grasped the hand. The fat man then pointed to Mr. Wilson, who wore a very flashy charm attached to a cheap watch. "I have been robbed," said the fat man, "and there is the man who robbed me." In vain Mr. Wilson insisted that the watch had been thrust into his pocket. Having kept his grasp on the hand that he felt in his pocket, he dragged the man off the car with him. They were both taken to jail and charged with being pickpockets. Mr. Wilson paced the cell for three hours. He finally sent word into Mr. Roosevelt, who was then Commissioner of Police, who immediately ordered his release.

The Condensed Novel.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., is responsible for this story. He says that there was once an aspiring young author who submitted a manuscript to a large publishing house. The publishers read the story carefully and sent it back to the writer, asking him to condense it. The author condensed the story and returned it to the publishers once more. It was returned with instructions to condense it once again. The young man followed the instructions. The manuscript was returned to him five times, each time to be condensed. When the fifth request came the aspiring young author got his revenge. On a sheet of paper he wrote the title of the story. Under it he wrote the three words:

"Born, Wed, Dead."

Stewart Edward White's Summer.

Mr. Stewart Edward White, whose new book *The Mountains* is reviewed elsewhere in this number, spent an exceedingly exciting summer gathering material for future stories. "We had a great trip, were out three months," he writes in a letter to a friend. "The most spectacular event was our successful attempt to take a pack train through from the head of Dead Man's Cañon to the land of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FOOTBALL SCENE IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORDING. STEWART EDWARD WHITE IN THE LEAD.

AT THE SUMMIT OF ELIZABETH PASS.

Kawcah. This is just under the main crest and in the granite country. Be it premised that no pack train had ever been through that way, that the 'saddle' was over eleven thousand feet high, and that it opened a short cut from Roaring River to the Kawcah. The details are exciting but lengthy. We made it. At one time we had three pack animals at once rolling down the cliffs. At another we worked our way half a mile across the face of a precipice, some twenty-six hundred feet in its plunge, by means of a little crevice. We lost a shovel overboard, and never even heard it hit. The ledge quit entirely for twelve feet, whereupon we dragged by hand a log from the mountain, suspended it by lariats at either end, and walked the horses across on that. Built over two miles of trail with nothing but an axe and a shovel. Camped on a side hill so steep that we had to dig niches in which to sleep. We named the pass Elizabeth Pass and the trail Bloody Trail. I have written to Washington to have these names put on the maps. We landed finally at three beautiful lakes and three equally beautiful meadows, surrounded by sheer granite cliff absolutely impregnable, except by the ledge on which we had descended. Thence we worked down in about fifteen hours to cut the Grant forest trail. . . . I am rejoiced to see that I am a best seller lately. But watch for the thrilling novel next year by Samuel Hopkins Adams and S. Edouard Wheight entitled *The Mystery*. . . . P.S. Did you ever hear golf stockings described as rattlesnake socks?"

But in Santa Barbara, where Stewart Edward White lives in what he calls the "Jumping Off Place," they have women's clubs, as the following story will show. A certain organisation known as the "Tuesday Club" held a "Victor Hugo" day, marked by the usual paper and readings. Among those who read was a woman whose position in town was due to her wealth; who had been elected to the club solely because of her wealth; and who, because of her wealth, had *Les Misérables* assigned to her. Her peroration ran in substance as follows: "Whatever we may think of Hugo's morals, or his sociology, we are obliged to admit *that his English is faultless.*

Myra Kelly.

Very seldom is a writer able to make the decided impression with a dozen magazine stories that Myra Kelly has with the tales of the little Jewish, Italian, and Irish children of the lower East Side of New York City that have recently been collected in book form under the title of *Little Citizens*. These stories are all based on actual experiences of her own. She was a student in the Teachers College in New York when, on the spur of the moment, at the suggestion of a classmate, she entered a room where examinations for teachers in the New York public schools were being held, took out her pen, and wrote out an examination paper. No one was more surprised than herself when a few weeks later she received notice from the Board of Education to appear before it. Then she was told she was a full-fledged teacher and had her choice of teaching uptown or downtown. She chose downtown, and in a few days began her work as a teacher in an East Side school at 147 East Broadway. It was two weeks before she could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

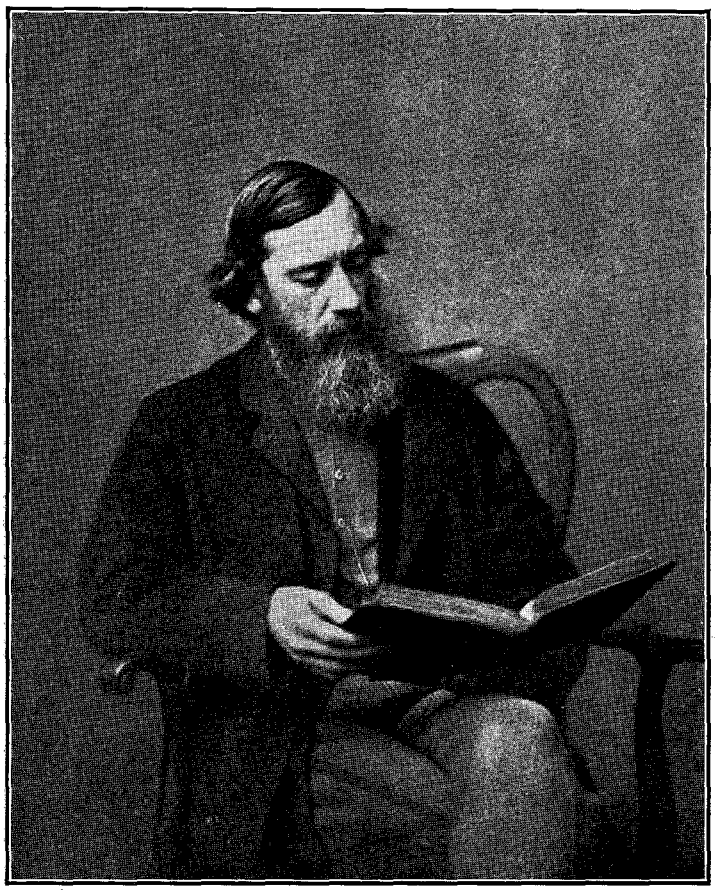
understand a word that her little charges spoke. Though it took some time to acquire their language, it did not take her very long to acquire other things from them. She immediately began to take all their infantile diseases, and during the two years that she remained there had pretty nearly every affliction that childish flesh is heir to. When the labour of her teaching experience was over, she began to see the amusing side of it, and took to telling yarns of her schooldays to her friends. She was urged to write out the stories, and did so. Entirely unfamiliar with the practice of the literary profession, she sent four copies of her first tale to four different magazines. Two returned her story. The other two, *McClure's* and *The Century,* accepted it, *McClure's* being the first; and Miss Kelly learned that it is not the custom to submit the same story to two publishers at the same time; her case being likened by one editor to that of a young lady who

MYRA KELLY.

Photograph by Vivian Burnett.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"accepts two offers of marriage on the same day." Miss Kelly is the daughter of a well-known New York surgeon, Dr. J. E. Kelly, and was born in Dublin. As a child she was a great friend of George Francis Train, and was one of the childish messengers between the Citizen and the world of grown-ups when he used to sit so silently in Madison Square and refuse to have any conversation with older people.



MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Captain Lee.

Captain Robert E. Lee, the author of *The Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee,* which General Joseph Wheeler reviewed for THE BOOKMAN last month, is a farmer at West Point, Virginia, where he has lived since the war. He leads a very quiet life, seldom going even to Richmond. He is fond, however, of recalling one of the most dramatic moments of his life, when he met his father on the battlefield under fire. Captain Lee was attached to the Rockbridge Artillery, which was in action at Sharpsburg. A great many of his comrades had been killed, and the survivors were retiring from the field. Suddenly they passed the Commanding General. The Captain of the Battery reported to him. Captain Lee turned to his father, who anxiously asked if he was hurt. Then Captain Lee asked: "Are you going to send us in again?"

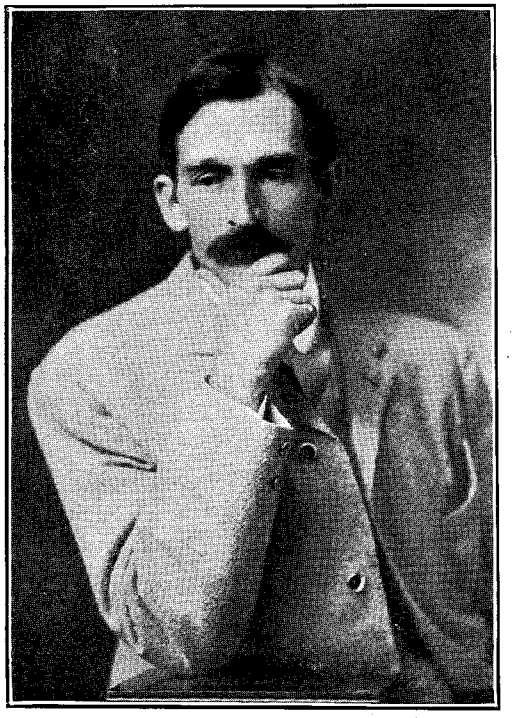
"Yes, my son," was the reply, "you must do what you can to drive those people back."

And the Artillery went back into action.

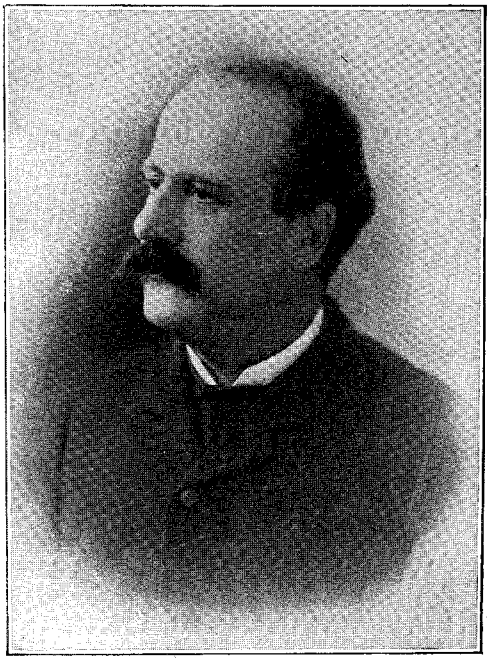
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNE WARNER, THE AUTHOR OF "SUSAN CLEGG."

GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE, THE AUTHOR OF "TRUSTS OF TO-DAY."

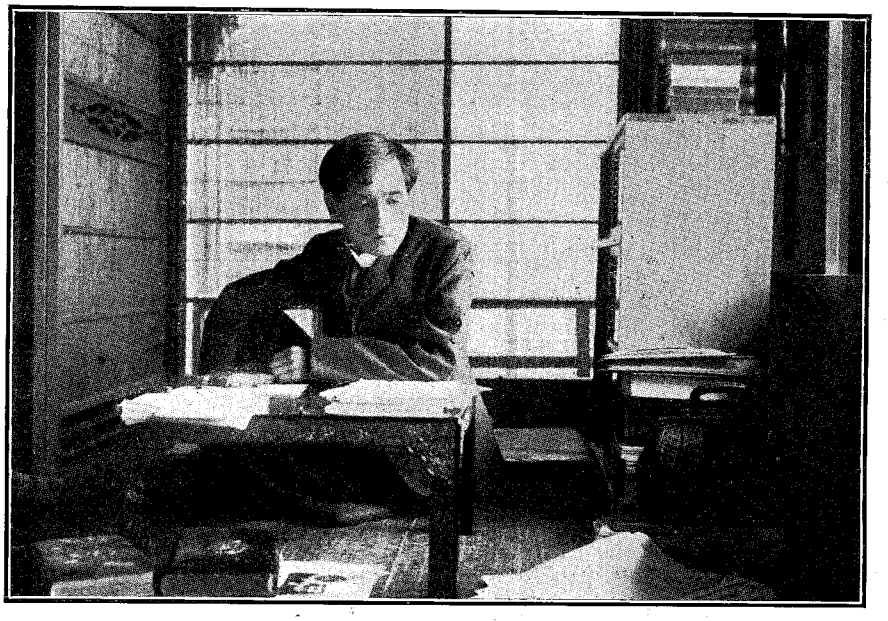


RUSSELL DOUBLEDAY.

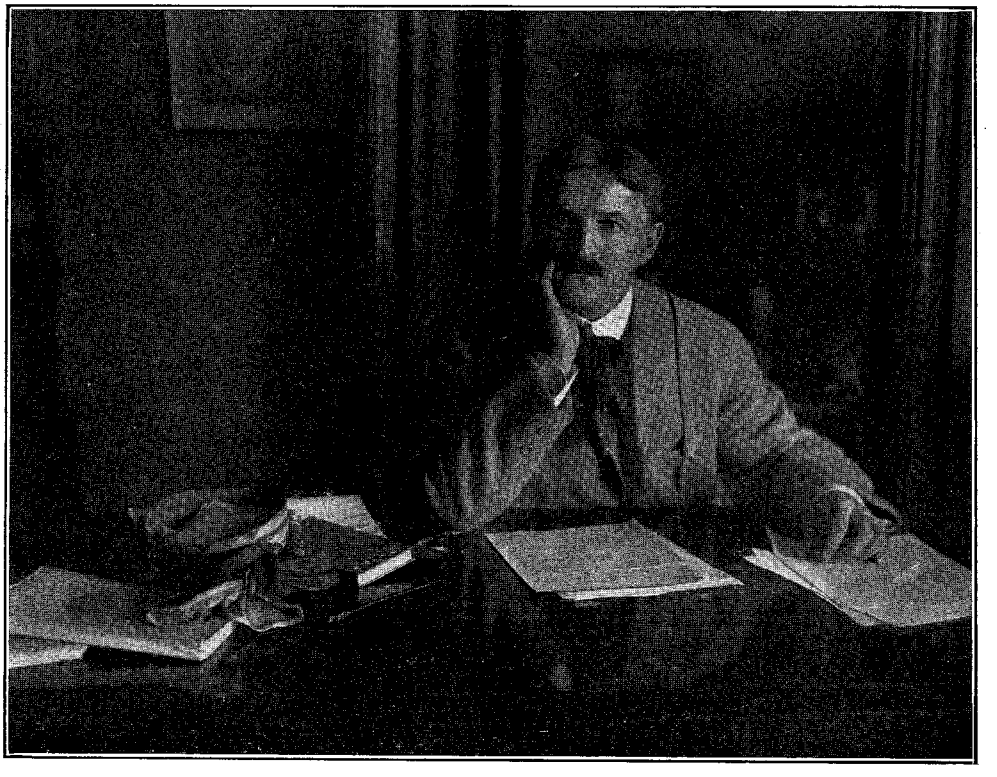


CAPTAIN R. E. LEE, AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL LEE."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YONE NOGUCHI, THE JAPANESE WRITER, AT WORK.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF EMERSON HOUGH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the Facts.

The sweet impersonal patience sometimes displayed by those who gather literary material about the working-classes at first hand is illustrated by the following newspaper story. A young author studying the problems of union labour in Chicago for the purpose of making a book about them determined to go straight to the "sources." With sociological precision he entered a bar-room full of union labourers and began to "draw them out." He found them somewhat inexpressive till he mentioned the name of Sam Parks in terms of inadequate respect, whereupon six solidly built and entirely trustworthy "sources" beat him black and blue. On recovering, he remarked, "At first I was inclined to feel bitter toward the whole union system. Now that I've slept on it, however, I simply set it down as one fact in connection with my investigations—and I'm looking for facts." Further reflection brought him to the conclusion that after all it was merely an evidence of "the hopefulness and spirit of democracy" for which Chicago is remarkable.

The Journalism of Inner Meanings.

A good deal of pleasure may be had by following in all its windings the discussion of some literary topic in the press. No matter what the topic is, provided it be one that demands some little insight on the commentator's part. Mr. Kipling's story "They" has been well suited to this purpose, and we have tried not to skip anything that anyone has had to say, from heaviest of British reviewers down to the lightest of book-chat people or brightest of those bright young men who are known as "breezy" and who write for newspapers. The comments on "They" would already make a fair-sized volume, and they are worth surveying as a whole for the vivid and concrete way in which they illustrate the conditions of literary journalism. Most of them were written on an empty mind. Dozens of writers to whom the story suggested nothing took a page or two apiece to tell us so. Now and then one would admit the bare chance that there might be something in it, though for his part he could not make out what it was, but generally they held out firmly for the non-existence of what they did not see. A smaller group inquired anxiously whether Mr. Kipling might not mean this or that, and specific answers were promptly supplied. From last accounts we have learned that Mr. Kipling's spiritual waifs were the shades of illegitimate children who after death were temporarily detained in limbo. This point is not yet settled and the investigation is still going on. Finally there were a very few who modestly enough and without admonishment or explanation, expressed their personal sense of the charm in the little story just as it stood. There was no esoteric pride about them, because they did not know that anything esoteric had happened. Had it been the *Sacred Fount,* by Mr. James, they might have given themselves some Eleusinian airs; but "They" was merely the kind of thing that appealed to persons of like spiritual experience, nor was there the least merit in that experience. These, however, were so few and scattered that they are hardly worth mentioning.

In a debate of this kind the Noes always have it. This is inevitable when the subject by its very nature can appeal to only a few. But why should they be so voluble and aggressive in their negation? The average literary commentator seems to be actually jealous of the things undreamt of in his philosophy. The invariable sequel to his "I don't see it," is "Neither do you," and usually with a show of ill-temper. No feeling, no cause, and never any account taken of possible callosities. The average reviewer of "They" seemed absurdly eager to vindicate his vacuum, and very few of them after saying that they did not see the point stopped writing about it. There is in these matters a sort of loquacity of negation, as if every one who could not feel were bound to be a propagandist of apathy. The same thing happened a few months ago when Mr. Chesterton's *Napoleon of Notting Hill* was under discussion. We recall several stout Britishers at the time who stamped upon it with their hobnailed shoes because it contained no large round meanings like the London *Times* or Mr. Crockett. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happens to any book that makes a limited appeal. A queer kind of rage follows literary incomprehension, and we see more of it nowadays because more people are engaged in writing. The theory of it is that all skulls are of the same thickness and that the man who finds any meaning where you do not is probably an impostor. The excuse for it is the frequency of fraud, especially in literary cults. Cults as a rule are as soulless as corporations. One feels, for instance, toward certain uncritical lovers of Mr. James as Emerson did toward noisy nature-lovers. "When a man tells you he has the love of nature in his heart," said Emerson, "you may be sure he hasn't any." Not to know a writer's faults is not to be on sufficiently intimate terms even to like him, and there is a certain kind of praise of Mr. James which is merely a Jacobite countersign. But whether it is a James or a Meredith or the nonsense of Mr. Chesterton or the spiritual excursions of Mr. Kipling, you may count surely on the baffled fury of all stodgy men, the inevitable majority, who will tell you there is nothing there and damn you for enjoying yourself.

❧

Mr. Kipling and the Motor Car.

In connection with all the recent discussion of Rudyard Kipling's "They" a letter which the novelist has written on the subject of Motoring to Mr. A. B. Filson Young, and which is included in the latter's *The Complete Motorist,* is of more than passing interest. It will be seen that in a certain way the letter and the tale reflect each other. After writing ironically and amusingly of the afflictions of the motorist, Mr. Kipling goes on to say that the chief end of his car, so far as he is concerned, is the discovery of England. "To me it is a land full of stupefying marvels and mysteries; and a day in the car in an English country is a day in some fairy museum where all the exhibits are alive and real and yet none the less delightfully mixed up with books. For instance, in six hours I can go from the land of the *Ingoldsby Legends* by way of the Norman Conquest and the Barons' War into Richard Jeffries's country, and so through the Regency, one of Arthur Young's less known tours, and *Celia's Arbour,* into Gilbert White's territory. Horses, after all, are only horses; but the car is a time-machine on which one can slide from one century to another at no more trouble than the pushing forward of a lever. On a morning I have seen the Assizes, javelin-men and all, come into a cathedral town; by noon I was skirting a new-built convent for expelled French nuns; before sundown I was watching the Channel Fleet off Selsea Bill, and after dark I nearly broke a fox's back on a Roman road. You who are born and bred in the land naturally take such trifles for granted, but to me it is still miraculous that if I want petrol in a hurry I must either pass the place where Sir John Lade lived, or the garden where Jack Cade was killed. In Africa one has only to put the miles under and go on; but in England the dead, twelve coffin deep, clutch hold of my wheels at every turn, till I sometimes wonder that the very road does not bleed. *That* is the real joy of motoring—the exploration of this amazing England."

❧

But Mr. Kipling, the Enthusiast, speedily becomes Mr. Kipling, the Moralist. "Have you noticed," he asked, "how the motor is the most efficient temperance advocate, and the only Education Act at present enforced, in Great Britain? A horse in most harnesses does the work for which his driver is paid; and when the man is more than usual drunk the beast will steer him home. Not so the car. She demands of her driver a certain standard of education, the capacity of unflickering attention, and absolute sobriety. Failure to comply with her intent means death, mutilation, or fine in the shape of a heavy repair bill. There is no argument: there is no concession: above all, there are no carrots. She is a condition, not a theory. Think what her presence, in registered thousands, will mean to a nation which has been laboriously trained never to admit the existence of a condition if that condition conflicts or seems likely to conflict with any one of its theories! Even now I see improvement. There are on the twenty-odd miles which divide me from the nearest town westward thirty-one or thirty-seven "pubs." In front of each I used

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to find at least two unattended horses. Now there are fewer beasts outside, and those within are not so sodden. They keep one ear up the road; they set down their tankards; they leap from the bar; they run to their horses' heads. They break, if it be but for an instant, the habit of ages. What has brought the change in our midst? Tracts? Blue Ribbons? The Fifth Standard? That would not be the Te-rewth. It is the Car—the Unexpected Car round the corner."

❧

The Mot Juste.

Mr. Saintsbury's impressive volumes on the *History of Criticism* have, like the author's previous work, the positive quality that stimulates vehement assent or negation. Mr. Charles Leonard Moore in the Chicago *Dial* complains of Mr. Saintsbury's love of phrases and says that he "seems to think that words, divested of matter and devoid of design, may somehow form themselves into things of beauty." Probably Mr. Saintsbury actually does think nothing of the sort, but Mr. Moore is pardonable for flying off at a tangent because he offers this much-needed antidote to love-sick Stevensonians and style-hunters and fanatics of the *mot juste*.

"Rather curiously, the least satisfactory part, historically, of Professor Saintsbury's work is his treatment of the great stylistic delusion which began with Marino in Italy, and was spread by Lyly and the Euphuists in England, by Gongora in Spain, and by the Ladies of the Hôtel Rambouillet in France. He deals with it, of course, but hardly attaches the importance to it that it deserves, in the way of terrible example. It was the first widespread adoration of the word in literature; the second is in operation to-day. We have again the refinements and subtleties of language,—the *nuance*,' the 'impression,' the 'symbol,' the *mot juste*. All those are simply our old euphuistic friends with fresh-washed faces. Authors again call on their friends to behold the birth of a phrase, as Kings used to bring their courtiers into the Queen's chamber to witness the delivery of a prince. Writers explain to us how hard they labour with words, in order to make us see and feel and smell the objects they describe. The really great writer simply has a soul filled with passions, emotions, thoughts. He expresses them, he cares little how,—and the world has a possession forever.

❧

"Is there anything much more ridiculous than the theory of the *mot juste* as formulated by Flaubert and other French writers? That each idea or object has one sole and only word belonging to it,—that they are like Plato's original round four-armed and four-legged animal, which the gods cut in half, and so made man and woman, who have been hunting each other ever since,—or, a better resemblance, that they are like the ticket number and the prize in the two wheels of the lottery; such is the famous *mot juste* delusion. The writers who adopt it will not accept the fact that words are merely arbitrary sounds or signs to denote ideas and things. Adam named all the creatures in the beginning, and if we only had his nomenclature there might be something in the sacred conjugal coupling of words and things. But the tower of Babel put an end to all that."

❧

More "Thackeray Letters."

We had occasion to discuss *Thackeray's Letters in an American Family* at the time they were appearing serially in *The Century Magazine*. They have recently been brought out in book form. "He came to us whenever he could," says Miss Lucy Baxter, in her introduction, "with perfect freedom and informality. He begged to dine with us before the lectures, which even at first bored him greatly, and in the end became a real burden. The monotony of saying the same things over and over again, and the constraint of being obliged to be ready at a given time, whether he felt in a talking mood or not, were very trying to him. He became greatly attached to my mother, whose quiet sympathy soothed him, and his place at her right hand, with the claret-pitcher ready for him, was an established arrangement before a lecture. He would sometimes stop in the midst of the desultory conversation then in progress, and roll out in a deep voice, with an exaggerated accent, the opening sentences of the lecture next to be de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

livered, making us all laugh at his comic distaste for the performance. He did not like the lecture-platform, and had it not been for the abundant shower of 'American dollars,' assuring the future of the much-loved daughters, he would doubtless have refused many of the invitations which came to him from all parts of the country. Indeed, his letters will show that he was often sorely tempted to throw up his engagements, and run off to England by the next steamer."

President Roosevelt's Books.

In response to many requests, we are printing a complete list of the works of President Roosevelt. This list, however, does not include magazine articles nor the many government reports which have been written by him. *Messages to Congress* and *How to Bring Up Children* were small pamphlets published at a few cents each.

Naval Operations of the War of 1812. New York, 1882.
Hunting Trips of a Ranchman. New York, 1885.
Life of Thomas Hart Benton. Boston, 1887.
The Wilderness Hunter. New York, 1887.
Life of Gouverneur Morris. Boston, 1888.
Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail. New York, 1888.
Essays on Practical Politics. New York, 1888.
The Winning of the West. 4 vols. New York, 1889-1896.
New York City. A History. New York, 1891.
American Big Game Hunting (with George Bird Grinnell). New York, 1893.
Report to the United States Civil Service Commission upon a Visit to Certain Indian Reservations, etc. Philadelphia, 1893.
Liber Scriptorum (pp. 484-487). New York, 1893
Claws and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains. Denver, 1894.
Hero Tales from American History (with Henry Cabot Lodge). New York, 1895.
Hunting in Many Lands (with George Bird Grinnell). New York, 1895.
American Ideals. New York, 1897.
Trail and Camp Fire (with George Bird Grinnell). New York, 1897.
History of the Royal Navy of England. 6 vols. (Part of Vol. VI.) London and Boston, 1898, etc.
The Rough Riders. New York, 1899.
The Strenuous Life. New York, 1900.
Oliver Cromwell. New York, 1901.
Camera Shots at Big Game. (Introduction.) New York, 1901.
Message Communicated to Congress. New York, 1901.
How to Bring Up Children. Washington, 1902.
The Philippines (with W. H. Taft). New York, 1902.
The Deer Family (with T. S. Van Dyke and others). New York, 1902.
California Addresses. San Francisco, 1903.
The Woman who Toils. (Introduction.) New York, 1903.
Maxims of Theodore Roosevelt. Chicago, 1903.
Addresses and Presidential Messages. New York, 1904.

HERE AND THERE

The Election.

Whatever may be thought of the result of the presidential election, it has at least one admirable feature. No man can pretend that he does not understand its meaning. The overwhelming and almost unprecedented triumph of Mr. Roosevelt carries with it the country's approval of him and of all his policies. More than that, it gives him an emphatic mandate to go on in his own way and do whatever he may see fit without hindrance or restraint. With both houses of Congress still more strongly Republican than before, the President can exercise a power such as few monarchs in modern times have ever wielded. The critics in his own party will henceforth hold their tongues, and as for his late opponents, they have been swept into political chaos. Every patriotic American can only hope

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Mr. Roosevelt's sense of his responsibility may be as great as his majorities.

As to the Democratic party, it is for the time blotted out of existence as a factor in our national history. Not even the defeat of Greeley in 1872 was so crushing as that which Judge Parker has experienced. Around the latter there rallied all the conservatives who cherished the traditions of Tilden and Cleveland; but the Bryan following fell away and made it clear that the old Democracy, after this final stand, has reached the end of its existence. Time alone can show just what will take its place; but it is clearly evident that only a very radical and aggressive leader with a policy that is positive, and not merely critical and negative, can ever hope to win against those powerful interests which are now compacted under the Republican standard.

Newspaper editors have been amusing themselves by pointing out what they regard as the mistakes which made Judge Parker's overthrow so overwhelming and complete. But all this sort of talk is idle. Mistakes were made on both sides; but it is not likely that the general result was in any way affected by them. In spite of the disaster with which he is now associated, Judge Parker was undoubtedly the very strongest candidate whom the Democrats could have named. His personal character was above reproach. His ability was not questioned. He inspired no personal hostility in any faction of his party; and he secured, as no other prominent Democrat could have done, at least a show of harmony. Many persons like to think that had Mr. Cleveland been the candidate he would have polled a heavier vote; and thousands of Republicans openly declared that they were eager for a chance to vote for him. Yet it is absolutely certain that his candidacy would have split the party in the West, and it is no less certain that when the time actually came, the so-called Cleveland Republicans would have cast their votes for Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Cleveland has attained a place of great honour among his countrymen. His name was greeted with applause at the political meetings of both parties throughout the late campaign. His high courage, his unflinching adherence to duty, and his firm grasp upon the fundamental principles of government have given him a position that is quite unique. Nevertheless, it is only speaking the sober truth when we say that it was the record of Mr. Cleveland's second administration which sent Judge Parker down to irretrievable disaster. The sole issue of the late campaign that really interested thoughtful and intelligent voters was the possibility of reducing the preposterous rates of the Dingley tariff. But while hundreds of thousands of independent citizens listened with interest to Judge Parker's denunciation of this most indefensible enactment, not a score of them felt the slightest confidence that, if elected, he could bring about a real reform. They merely shook their heads and said: "Yes, the tariff is a blot upon our reputation for common sense. But even so strong a man as Cleveland couldn't get anything done by such a party as he led; and if he failed, what chance would Parker have?" And so they dismissed the matter from their thoughts as being only academic in its interest. This point, indeed, was made with much effectiveness by Mr. Root in one of his very able campaign speeches, and he voiced the sentiments of every one.

Yet, as a matter of recorded history, Mr. Cleveland failed and the Wilson bill failed in its original form, not so much because of the inherent wickedness of the Democratic party at the time, as because of Mr. Cleveland's lamentable lack of tact and wisdom as a party leader. He rarely sought advice and still more rarely followed it. He never tried to conciliate prejudice, to win over opposition, to soothe suspicion. He wantonly offended his own party associates where a President with one-tenth of Mr. McKinley's tactfulness would have gripped them to him as by hooks of steel. And then, when he found that the crack of his whip was ineffectual, he let the whole measure of reform go by the board, washing his hands of the affair, and letting his admirers applaud him as "better than his party." No doubt he was better than his party, but he might very well have made his party better than it was, and thereby have given it a future instead of leaving it with a record which to this day is used to hurt it and discredit it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Cleveland made a great name for himself, but he did nothing for the men who had followed him and who might have worked out with him a triumph of economic sanity. But of this he was temperamentally incapable; and hence his personal fame has been made to cast the greater condemnation on his party.

Already men are speculating as to just what Mr. Roosevelt will do in the course of the next four years. It is safe to say that there is one thing which he surely will not do and that is to initiate a mighty war. Even such apprehensive souls as Mr. Joseph Pulitzer need not lie awake of nights in dread of this. To be sure the President is fond of talking about war as indeed he is fond of talking about everything—no American President has ever talked so much—yet, like his imperial brother of Germany, he exercises a wise discretion in carrying his bellicose theories into practice. Just as the Kaiser feels a genuine thrill when he hears that one of his cruisers has sunk a Haitian gunboat or knocked a Venezuelan tug to pieces, so Mr. Roosevelt comes out strong against Morocco or Turkey or Colombia. It was a real joy to him to send a huge fleet down to the Isthmus in hot haste,—battleships and cruisers and gunboats. It was just as good as a real war, and it did no harm to any one. The truth is that the Big Stick is far more likely to be shaken right here at home than over foreign countries. If it shall be turned against those Trusts that violate the law and debauch the public conscience, well and good. If it be used to smash tradition and the restraint of useful precedents, then possibly the huge majorities of last month may not seem quite so splendid. But Mr. Roosevelt has received *carte blanche* to do precisely what he pleases; so that whatever may occur, the country cannot well complain, for in any case, it will be getting only what it voted for. *H. T. P.*

WHITE MAGIC

(*To Edith M., Singing.*)

I heard you sing: a woman young and fair,
How should you know despair
And all the sordid care
Of poverty and wrong,
To voice them in a song?

You sang—and in your place there stood
A woman gaunt and pale
From very lack of food;
Old, miserable, frail,
Bowed with the weight of cares
And leaden-eyed despairs.
There slept beside her knee
A babe more pale than she,
That wept in sleep and sleeping died.
And still the mother plied
The labouring needle, while her tears ran down
The worn folds of her gown.

You sang. You wrought a spell.
You made the song a cry
That rose to God on high—
And God's tears fell.

Perley A. Child.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON IRVING'S

ALHAMBRA

DRAWINGS BY

WALTER HALE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The great Gate of Justice which stood wide open."

Legend of the Two Discreet Statues.

"The spellbound gateway still exists entire, protected no doubt by the mystic hand and key, and now forms the Gate of Justice, the grand entrance to the fortress. Under that gateway, it is said, the old astrologer remains in his subterranean hall, nodding on his divan, lulled by the silver lyre of the princess."

Legend of the Arabian Astrologer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Mountain of the Sun, which rises above the Generaliffe."

The Legend of the Two Discreet Statues.

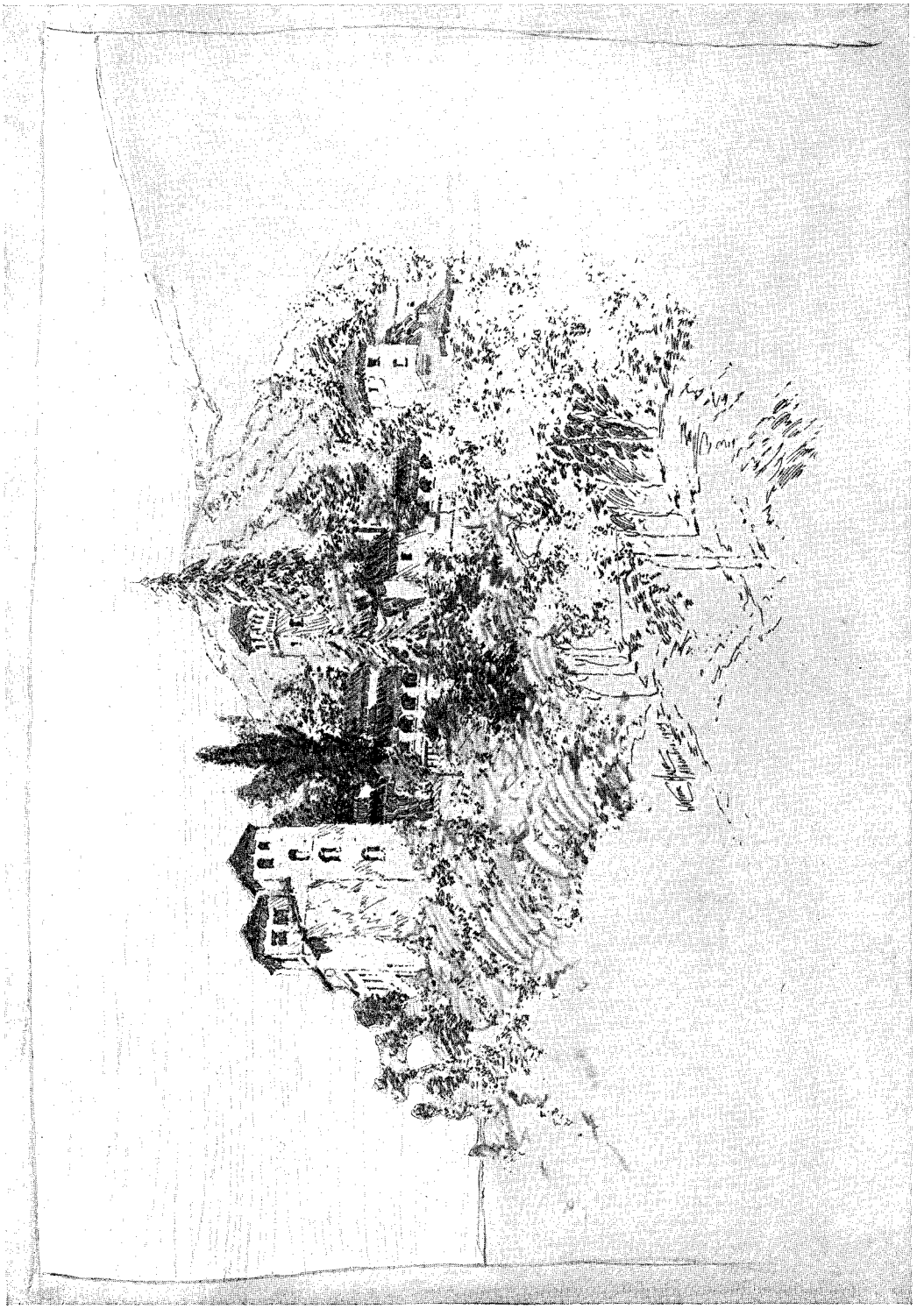
"The airy palace with its tall white towers and long arcades, which breasts yon mountain, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is the Generaliffe, a summer palace of the Moorish kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months to enjoy a still more breezy region than that of the Alhambra."

The Tower of Comares.

"For this purpose he built a beautiful palace on the brow of a hill above the Alhambra, in the midst of delightful gardens, but surrounded by lofty walls; being, in fact, the same palace known at the present day by the name of the Generaliffe."

The Legend of Prince Ahmed al Kamel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The residence provided for the princess . . . was one of the most dainty that fancy could devise. It was in a tower somewhat apart from the main wall that encircled the whole summit of the hill. On one side it looked into the interior of the fortress, and had at its foot a small garden filled with the rarest flowers. On the other side it overlooked a deep embowered ravine that separated the grounds of the Alhambra from those of the Generaliffe."

The Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The battlements of a remote and lonely tower, in the outer wall of the Alhambra, built on the edge of a ravine that separated the royal fortress from the grounds of the Generaliffe."

The Legend of the Rose of the Alhambra.

For a part of his stay in the Alhambra Irving lived in the house on the right, which was the home of Mateo Ximenes, the "son of the Alhambra."

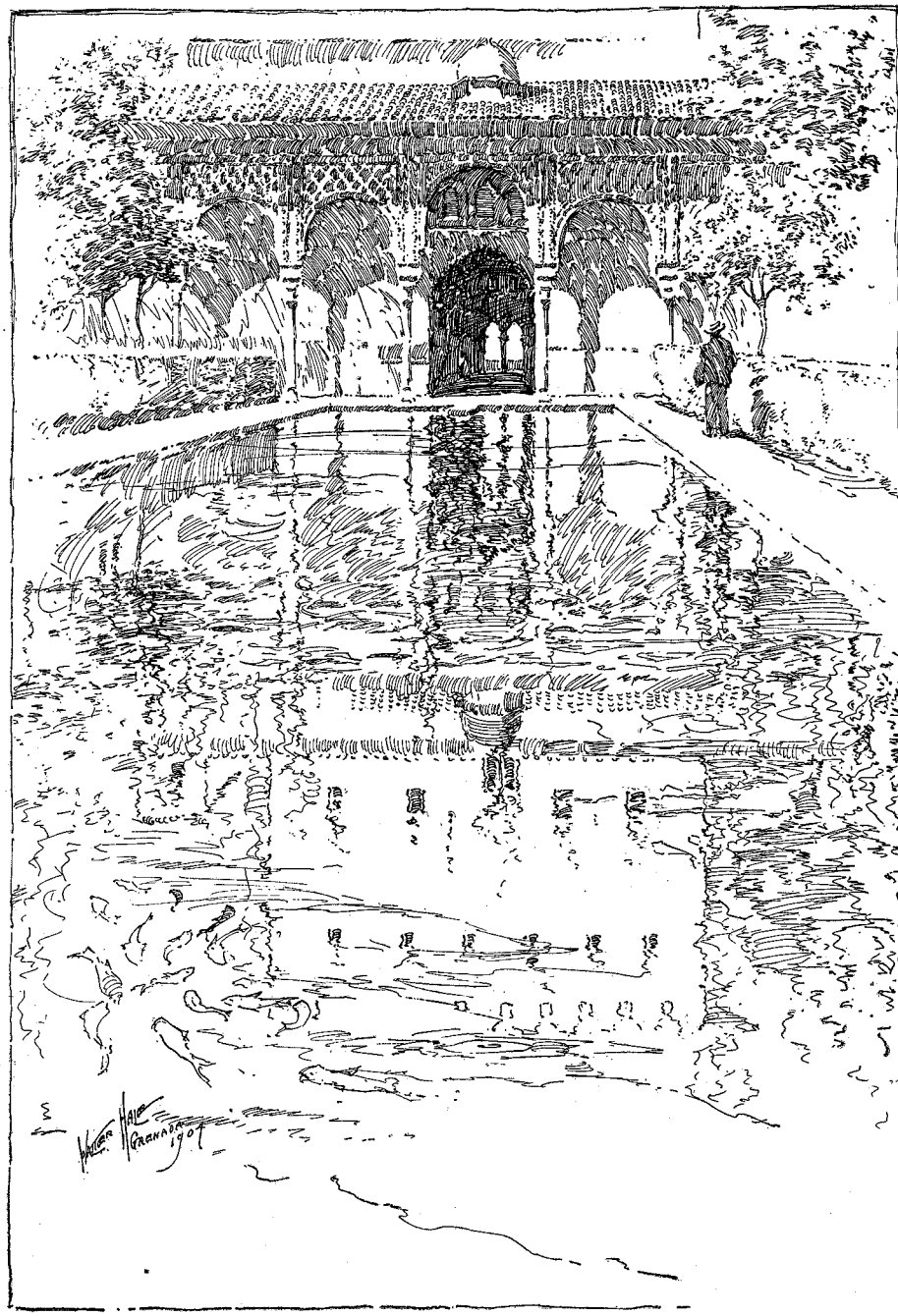
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We found ourselves in a great court paved with white marble. It is called the court of the Alberea. In the centre was an immense basin or fish pool, a hundred and thirty feet in length by thirty in breadth, stocked with gold fish and bordered with roses. At the upper end of this court rose the great tower of Comares."

Interior of the Alhambra.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The little garden of Lindaraxa."

The Author's Chamber.

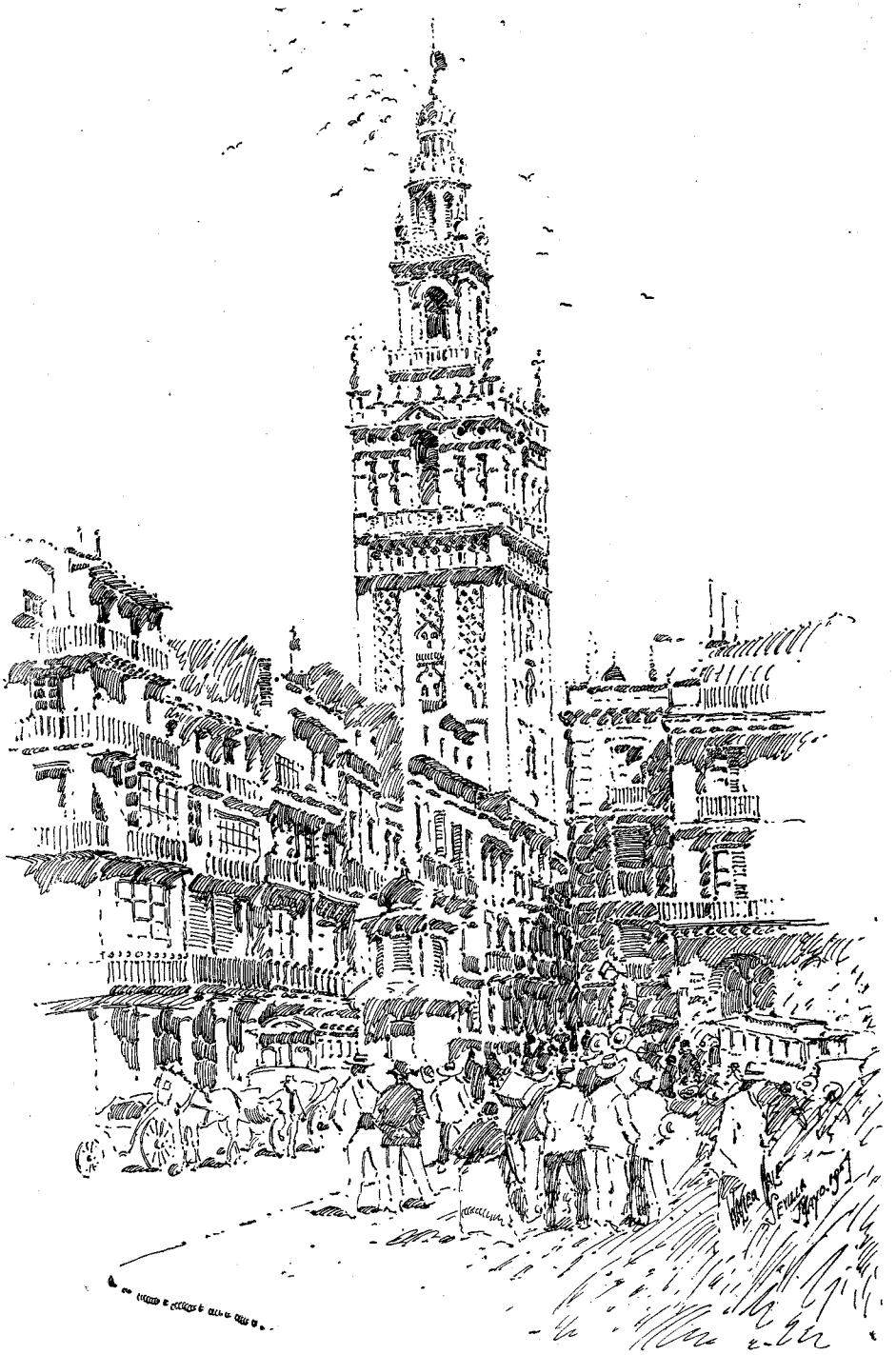
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There, rising above the city like a palm tree above the shrubs of the desert . . . it was, in fact, the Girada, the famous Moorish tower of Seville."

The Legend of Prince Ahmed al Kamel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

X.

THE POLICY OF THE PAPER

By Richard W. Kemp.

The editorial page of a newspaper represents, to the world at large, its opinions, just as the news-columns represent its powers of observation. In point of fact, however, the paper's opinions and prejudices are visible all over it, from the head-lines to the reading matter which it publishes. Everything that appears in it is likely to be coloured by the special policy of the paper. Its news items will be "featured" or hidden away, they will be expanded or condensed, they will be narrated seriously or flippantly, or they will be suppressed altogether, according to the general standpoint of the unseen power which happens to be in actual control. But, of course, it is the editorial page which reflects openly and avowedly the so-called "policy of the paper." Men in newspaper offices have a great deal to say about the policy of the paper. The phrase is used so much as to make it almost ridiculous at times; but it is convenient and expressive, and it has an interest for the average man, who sometimes wonders just how this policy is formulated from day to day regarding the thousand and one new things that are forever happening—things that can not be foreseen, unexpected events, suddenly famous persons, a myriad interesting incidents in public life and private station. How does the paper make up its mind about all these things? Who decides just how they shall be dealt with?

The man in the street would answer the second question by saying, "Why, the editor, of course!" and letting it go at that. But the subject is much more complex than it appears. Thirty years ago this answer would have been, in general, correct; and the fact that most persons still cling to their belief in the power of "the editor" shows how deep the old tradition sank down into the popular mind. Thirty years ago, American newspapers were still in the individualistic stage of their evolution. There really was such a being as a single, dominant, responsible personality in control of each great newspaper, and this personality was one which everybody knew and recognised and felt. There was no clash between opposing interests; but the editor was the real chief, indeed he was the paper. It was a simpler age than this. Ownership and editorship were substantially identical. Bennett, Greeley, Dana, Godkin, Medill, Bowles, and the rest, even if they did not all actually possess the full property right to the papers which they edited, had an important share in them, and so in their editorial labour each was in every sense writing for his own hand; for influence, for reputation, and for financial gain as well. This gave the great editor of those days a firm seat in his office. In fact, his seat was in reality a throne. He knew no superior and he did whatever he chose, with a genuine pride in his profession and a zest in his work which could be felt thrilling and stinging through every line that came from his pen. He was not filling space. He was not just earning his living. He was making and shaping public opinion, and both he and his paper were forces to be reckoned with. A Thurlow Weed, a Raymond, or a Greeley was approached and consulted by party leaders and high officials with as much respect and deference as would be paid to the representatives of a great foreign power.

This fact had a deep influence upon the character and achievements of the editors themselves and also upon their subordinates. As the editor himself was like a monarch or like the commander of an army, so his associates, down to the humblest reporter, were like loyal subjects or devoted soldiers. They were proud of their chief. They talked of his exploits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They quoted his sayings, told all sorts of office myths about him, remembered his most famous leaders, imitated his style, and studied his opinions, prejudices and peculiarities. This gave a peculiar solidarity to the staff of every newspaper, and this is how an editor like Dana could so stamp his personality upon everyone about him, that even when he was absent no one could detect the difference in the editorial page—either in its attitude toward public questions, or in the snap and crackle of its rhetoric, or in the pervasiveness of its cynicism. A question which always confronts students of government is "Where does the ultimate sovereignty lie?" In the great newspaper of thirty years ago there was no doubt where the ultimate sovereignty lay. It rested under the editor's hat, and it was absolute. He so influenced his subordinates that they not only wrote as he did, but they even thought as he did. And so the policy of such a paper was always the sincere, spontaneous, intense expression of a single personality, intellectually honest, even when, as often in Dana's case, it had its roots in hate and scorn. But it was intelligible and infinitely effective, because it had conviction back of it, and it worked powerfully upon all men's minds. One may say that the policy of such a paper was not always consistent, and this is true; yet even the inconsistency was sure to be consistent with the temperament of the one controlling mind, and therefore intelligible to those who had become familiar with the workings of that mind in the continuous policy of the paper.

Thus, for example, the elder Bennett with the *Herald,* like the Walters with the London *Times,* professed only to reflect the expression of public opinion as he understood it. Sometimes he made a great mistake, as in 1861. At that time, just before Sumter was fired on, he was grievously misled into thinking the people of New York disloyal to the Union. The blatant talk of the rabble, the bluster of cheap politicians, the activity of the Southern colony in New York whose commercial interests would be imperilled by war, and such wild proposals as that of Fernando Wood, who wanted Manhattan Island to secede from the Union, all served to befog Bennett's usually accurate vision. He did not see that the ominous silence of the great mass of citizens was far more significant than the bellow of the bar-rooms. And so the *Herald* for a time outdid even the Secessionists in its fury for secession, and in its unstinted abuse of President Lincoln and his advisers. But when Fort Sumter fell, a mighty multitude swept down upon the *Herald* office and would have reduced the whole establishment to kindling-wood in half an hour had not Bennett hastily run up the national flag and brought out the next edition of his paper with its editorial columns full of passionate appeals to loyalty. This was inconsistent in a narrow sense, but it was really in accord with Bennett's settled policy, which was to make his paper echo what his public thought.

Greeley's inconsistencies were, on the other hand, the natural outcome of Greeley's character. Wholly destitute of any mental training, a creature of emotion and with a curious feminine timidity, which was appropriately suggested in his high, shrill, squalling voice, he was alternately violent and timorous. Both these qualities were conspicuous in his conduct of the *Tribune,* in the days when the policy of that paper had a national importance. In the late fifties he was ferociously vehement in his attacks upon the South; but when, in 1860, he saw State after State seceding, he was appalled and shrank back in affright, asserting his willingness to let the erring sisters go. Then, when the war-spirit flamed out after Sumter, he caught the madness of it and started his crazy yell of "On to Richmond!" with the disaster at Bull Run as the result. All through the war he was subject to hot and cold fits in turn. In 1864, during the long siege of Petersburg, he lost heart just at the time when courage was most needed. "Let us end the war and stop this slaughter!" was his cry. "Lincoln is defeated already," was another of his sapient remarks months before the election of the same year. And so he and his paper see-sawed back and forth, though in this he represented accurately enough the popular mood. He was not sagacious, courageous, or consistent, but he was at least sincere, and the policy of his paper was, at any rate, an index to the temper of the time.

Mr. Dana's policy was an intensely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

personal one. Indeed, no other paper was ever so absolutely identical with an individual as was the New York *Sun* from 1868 to 1892. Dana used that paper mainly as the vehicle for rewarding his personal friends and punishing his personal enemies. And he punished his enemies with far more zest than he brought to the reward of his friends. He had a gift amounting to genius for making men seem hateful, or contemptible, or ridiculous, and he used this talent most unsparingly. His nicknames and epithets stuck like burrs to those at whom he hurled them. "Seven Mule Barnum," "Coffee-Pot Wallace," "Landaulet Williams," "Fire-Alarm Foraker," "Deacon Richard Smith," "Hebetudinous Crank," "Secor Robeson"—who cannot recall a score of these appellations, every one of which conveyed to the mind the suggestion of something ludicrous or the taint of something shameful? But Mr. Dana's general policy was to set himself against whatever the majority approved. And so he defended Tweed and maligned Grant and revelled in opposition. He was a Democrat when there was no chance for a Democrat to be elected; but when Hancock at one time seemed likely to win, Dana at once came out with that famous sneer of his to the effect that the Democratic candidate was "a good man, weighing 250 pounds"—a sneer that was quoted gleefully by every Republican paper in the country. When Cleveland ran in 1884, Dana made the *Sun* support the preposterous candidacy of B. F. Butler, and later he glorified Mr. Hill, whom he was the first to describe in the amplified form of "David Bennett Hill." Such, in fine, was the policy of the *Sun* as edited by Dana—to be freakish, perverse, virulent, but always readable. It was a distinct enough policy and it was a successful one so long as Mr. Dana retained his intellectual vigour. Of course, the *Sun's* influence was only critical and destructive and few took it very seriously; but Dana's editorials were remarkable pieces of rhetoric, and he also took good care to have the best reporting in the city, paying his "bright young men," as he used to call them, higher salaries than were given by any other paper.

Here, then, were two different types of individual editorships. Mr. E. L. Godkin represented still another kind, though he also took his editorial office seriously, and apart from certain temperamental defects he was conscientious to a degree. The policy of the *Post*, so far as its editorial page was concerned, was so clearly defined that one could tell beforehand precisely what its attitude would be on every subject. Mr. Godkin had certain hobbies—very admirable ones. He believed in the reform of the civil service, in a policy of peace, in the divorce of municipal questions from partisan politics, in ballot reform, and in a very moderate tariff. All these things he fought for with enormous ability, courage, and literary skill, and with a hearty scorn of humbug. His policy was, however, carried out with a cold-blooded spirit of narrow bigotry, which often gave offence even to his most devoted readers. He could never see any good in those who differed with him. Let his most cherished protégés swerve one hair's breadth from the true Godkin gospel, and they were damned with bell, book and candle, and sometimes so savagely as to win for them a very general sympathy and support. Even Mr. Cleveland, whom the *Post* had praised and fought for during eight long years—even he once fell from grace; for as soon as his Venezuelan message had been sent to Congress, Mr. Godkin amiably intimated that it had been written amid the qualms and retchings that follow a debauch. It was likewise the policy of the *Post* never to make frank and full acknowledgment of an error,—a little luxury that sometimes cost it dear. For instance, in 1896, Mr. Godkin accused a certain gentleman of conduct verging upon criminal dishonesty. The person in question at once sent to Mr. Godkin documents to prove that the charge was quite unfounded, and he asked that the *Post* publish a correction of its assertion. This Mr. Godkin utterly refused to do, but magnanimously offered to print any letter which the gentleman might choose to write. Thereupon the *Post* was sued for libel, and was compelled to pay some $7,000 in damages, and also to print in a conspicuous part of the paper the text of the Court's decision.

These three journalists represent the American newspaper in the days of individual and personal editorship. Yet even then the policy of the paper was not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

absolutely uninfluenced by extraneous considerations. There was, first of all, the influence of the counting-room. This was never recognised by Dana, who defied it. When he printed every few days the portrait of President Hayes with the word "Fraud" stamped in big letters on the forehead, some of his Republican advertisers threatened to boycott the *Sun;* but Dana replied only with still more savage onslaughts upon the President, whom he used to style "His Fraudulency." But there can be no doubt that Greeley was very slow in opposing the Tweed Ring, because open opposition meant the loss to the *Tribune* of the city's official advertising, worth many thousands of dollars every year. Mr. Godkin, in general, was also absolutely contemptuous of any influences emanating from the counting-room. Yet in the end he was fated to give a striking example of how powerful such influences could be upon the policy of even a truly independent newspaper. In the course of his tariff crusade, Mr. Godkin once fell foul of the great importers of this city, attacking them in a most offensive way, and charging them with conspiring to make the customs regulations as disagreeable as possible to Americans returning from Europe. He singled out especially Mr. Shayne, the furrier, and covered him with invective and ridicule. Then, having warmed up to his work, he made the sweeping charge, just mentioned, against a number of great importing houses, with the result that they all withdrew their advertising from the *Post.* Mr. Godkin braved it out for a long while; but the dividends on the *Post's* stock dwindled into nothingness, so that in the end he had to give in and eat humble pie in his own editorial columns. This incident is now a classic one in journalistic history, and it did an immense deal to make the views of the counting-room an important factor in determining the policy of contemporary newspapers, as we shall presently discover.

Another lesson from experience was learned even in the days of individual editorship, and that was the danger which a newspaper incurs when it bolts its party's candidates and policies. The *Tribune* under Greeley had been a splendid property from 1858 to 1872. But in the latter year, Greeley, who had long been restive under the spectacle of President Grant's arbitrary and extravagant rule, swung this paper over to the so-called Liberal Republican side, while he himself became the candidate of the Democratic party, which he had for fifteen years taught his readers to despise and hate. The result was instantaneous and disastrous. The *Tribune's* subscription list was cut down by some seventy-five per cent. Its advertising fell off wofully. Its stock ceased to pay dividends, and many persons who held it were suddenly made poor, among them Bayard Taylor, the poet. It was a terrible lesson for newspaper men; and the like fate which befell the *Times* when it bolted Blaine in 1884 and the *Sun* when it bolted Cleveland in the same year emphasised the warning. Even Dana could not stand the shrinkage in the value of his shares, and so in 1892, after vilifying Mr. Cleveland in every possible way for eight years, he suddenly came to his support, giving as an excuse the dangers of a Force Bill, and raising the absurd cry, "No Negro Domination!"

Thus far it has been shown that the policy of the American newspaper, until lately, was the expression of some one individual's beliefs, prejudices and ideals, modified sometimes by considerations of expediency, but on the whole, likely to exercise a definite influence because of its directness and sincerity. It remains to consider just what is meant to-day by "the policy of the paper," and what forces create, direct and diversify that policy.

The contemporary newspaper has grown to be a very big affair. To conduct it requires an enormous expenditure of money. Its financial side is exceedingly important. Moreover, we are living in an age of great financial enterprises, and the newspaper has been swept into the same vortex that has swallowed up so many other agents of civilisation. The money kings long ago saw the value of a newspaper as an adjunct to financial operations, and so by degrees they secured control of them, one after another, and for one reason or another. Some millionaires like to own a newspaper for the pleasure of it, just as they might like to own a racing stable, or an ocean-going yacht, or a Scotch moor. But most of them have a more practical object than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this. They recognise the power of the press as extending in many different directions, and they covet power—political, financial, social. Therefore, in the past twenty years, to take the New York papers alone, there is scarcely one that has not been, or is not now, controlled by some moneyed magnate. Jay Gould at different times had his finger on the pulse of two leading journals. Cyrus W. Field did what he liked with another. The Vanderbilt interest was represented by an evening paper. Henry Villard owned another. Mr. Pierpont Morgan is believed to give orders to a morning paper. The Searles-Hopkins estate can do what it pleases with an organ which it has bought. And so the list might be extended, to show how the ultimate sovereignty of the great newspaper of to-day has passed away from the editor into the hands of the owner, of whom the editor is now only the salaried employé.

The difference which this change has made in the profession of the journalist is startling and deplorable; and it has made "the policy of the paper" a phrase of mockery. For most papers at the present time have no real policy at all. They are conducted by men whose tenure of office is so insecure that they can have no *esprit de corps,* no pride in their work, and no independence of thought or action. The editorial staff is made up of a number of writers, who are to the old-time organisation what a regiment of foreign mercenaries is to a body of patriotic volunteers. There is still a managing editor who is theoretically in control, and there are his immediate associates, who consult with him and discuss the topics of the day, with a view to determining how these shall be treated; but they all know that at any moment a ring on the telephone may mean the instant reversal of all that they have planned. The chief will call one of his writers and say to him: "Just write up So-and-So. Give it to him hot. He is really a low, miserable cad and he has muffed this foreign business horribly." But perhaps a quarter of an hour later, the chief will say, "Oh, by the way, you needn't do that article. I'll take it myself." And then he will sit down and pen a glowing eulogy of the man whom he has just described as a miserable cad and a diplomatic failure. And this sudden change has come about because in the interval the telephone has rung, and the editor has listened to his master's voice.

This sort of thing makes for cynicism, and, indeed, cynicism is the only comfortable refuge for an editor who is only a puppet, whose wires are pulled carelessly by a stronger hand. There is no more pitiable sight than an editor who struggles to keep up the fiction that he exercises any real control over the policy of his own paper. Continually shifting his ground and eating his own words, he is obliged to find reasons for his erratic reversals of himself, and so his talk is a tissue of subterfuges and sophistries or worse. What he says to-day he must take back to-morrow. Next week he will have a third and wholly different standpoint. If he were honest he would frankly say: "I have to do and write as I am told. If I don't I shall lose my place. I don't like it, but it's business. My salary includes the price of my convictions." Most seasoned editorial writers of to-day will say this plainly; but some of them still shuffle and prevaricate, and entertain a miserable, piteous sort of hope that those around them will not fully sound the depths of their unmanliness. Of course, this sort of thing deceives no one, and among the staff of the paper it destroys every vestige of respect for the nominal chief. And as without respect there can be no genuine loyalty and no enthusiasm or zeal, the effect is seen in slackened effort and frequent changes of the *personnel.*

But, of course, all newspaper owners do not perpetually meddle with the policy of the paper in these petty ways. They are either too wise or too indifferent for that. But indirectly the severance of editorship from ownership has served to destroy editorial independence in another way. It has immensely enhanced the influence of the counting-room, so that the business manager now takes a very important part in shaping the utterances of the editorial staff. For the owner of a newspaper is usually a person of keen commercial instincts. He may enjoy the mere possession of a great organ of publicity, but he does not wholly find his account in this vague gratification. He wishes for a fair return from the money which he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has invested in the paper, or at least he does not wish to lose money. To him a newspaper is property, and those who manage it must try to make it pay. This wish is natural enough, but it differentiates the conduct of a modern newspaper from that of the older type. Except in extreme cases, such as I have already cited, the old-time editor valued the independence of the paper so highly, he took so much personal pride in it, as to make him willing to lose money rather than suppress the thing he wished to write. No threats of financial ruin deterred the *Times* from its unflinching purpose to expose the thefts of Tweed. No withdrawal of subscriptions influenced *Harper's Weekly* in its decision to oppose the election of Blaine. But to-day even an unimportant advertiser can bring effective pressure to bear on many a newspaper by threatening its business manager with a loss of patronage. Indeed, in some editorial offices, the advertiser has no need to threaten, so carefully does the counting-room scan the proofs that are sent down to it each day from the editorial office. It is almost incredible what pettiness and timidity are shown in this anxious scrutiny, of which the following is a fair example. A very clever editorial writer on a New York newspaper wrote one day a most amusing article on suburban life, in which he touched upon the humorous phases of the theme. This article appeared in the first edition of the paper, but was eliminated from the later issues. The writer went to his chief to ask the reason.

"Well," said he in reply to the inquiry, "you see, you made fun of the Queen Anne cottages, and Mr. Q.— (the business manager) thinks that some of the real estate people who advertise with us might not like it!"

Another writer of editorials once told me that he wrote an article on the growing popularity of horseback exercise, and had it "turned down" because it might give offence to the advertisers of bicycles and automobiles! In many papers this dread of the advertiser extends to other departments than the editorial. The book reviewers must not condemn too strongly a work issued by any publisher who advertises with liberality. The dramatic critic must not draw down upon the paper the wrath of the Theatrical Trust. And, of course, in greater matters the same kind of caution is exercised still more sharply, until there remain few subjects which can be dealt with frankly, if indeed they can be touched upon at all. So comprehensive is the Index Expurgatorius of some editorial offices, that I once heard an editor remark: "We meet regularly to talk over the most important events of each day, and then, after we have decided just what these are, we all go to our desks and write about anything else!" This was, of course, a humorous exaggeration; but it is not so great an exaggeration as it may seem to the outsider.

There is another influence which is thought to exist in the journalism of to-day, and which is worth mentioning. As the typical editor has no longer any personal pride in the paper which someone else controls, he holds a purely commercial view of his position. Why should he not take an occasional flyer in stocks? He gets a good deal of first-hand information, and he buys some shares on a margin in the expectation of an early rise or fall of prices. This is well enough in its way, but the transaction has an important secondary result. Having, for instance, backed a stock to rise, every casual news item that comes in acquires a new significance for him. Will it by any chance affect the market? A rumour of a European war, the report of a disastrous fire, or a diminished crop, or the illness of a money king—any one of these things will send cold shivers down the back of the editorial stock-gambler, and so he will not dare to write the thing he thinks, but he will ply his pen with one eye on the ticker, minimising the importance of one event and exaggerating the significance of another; and in this he will be serving neither the master who employs him nor the public who read him, but simply his own selfish, sordid interests, which are thus allowed to prostitute the policy of the paper for the editor's private gain. A rather startling instance of editors and owners combining to deceive the public was seen when President McKinley was shot. It was known at once to many that he could not live; yet the newspapers of the country suppressed the truth and kept the nation in suspense and groundless hope until editors and owners alike could protect them-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves against the inevitable slump in stocks.

There still remain among us many newspapers that illustrate ability, courage, and independence. But they are diminishing in number every year as the syndicated type of journalism becomes more prevalent. Our journalists are losing their individuality and, what is worse, all pride in their own calling. You will hear them declare that the editorial page has no authority, and they are right; for the case cannot be otherwise when the editors themselves have no convictions. When the policy of a paper is dictated partly by the speculative interests of the owner, and partly by the commercial spirit of the counting-room, and when editors have no real belief save that the public is made up entirely of fools, then the day of the newspaper is over, so far as its influence and dignity are concerned. The man in the street knows nothing of how a paper is made, but in the long run he will detect the difference between what is genuine and what is a mere sham. A good illustration of this was given in the last municipal campaign in New York. The newspapers had not dealt honestly by the public throughout Mayor Low's administration. They had suppressed all criticism of that administration, they had garbled reports, they had written down the opposite of what the editors thought and said in private. They seemed to think that three million people could be fooled by this ostrich-like proceeding. And practically every newspaper in the city supported Mr. Low in this puerile and disingenuous fashion. Nowhere could you read the other side. But when the election came, its result showed plainly that the newspapers had had no influence whatever.

The truth is that this new syndicate journalism is not a profession but a trade. It has neither the dignity, nor the independence, nor the originality which enter into the life-work of a professional man. A hundred schools of journalism cannot give it character under conditions such as I have just described. The earlier journalism was sometimes eccentric and sometimes bigoted; but at least its leaders were their own masters, working single-mindedly for a definite end, and back of it were always those qualities that go into the making of a man.

RECENT AMERICAN ESSAYS

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

The reading of some of the little volumes containing scattered papers, mainly about books, has given us an agreeable sense of being immensely respectable. It was like a week spent attending popular lectures in a college town, varied by an occasional talk with a clever woman. In one of her essays, Miss Agnes Repplier refers to a theory of civilisation "built up largely—and wisely—on suppression." That is the theory of current American belles-lettres, though no one acts on it consciously. On the contrary, there is not one of our writers, especially of our essay-writers, who would admit it himself. He, if anything, is too bold. He drowses over the writings of the next man, but he himself is awakening, if there are any minds on the premises to wake up. No one understands a criticism based on the qualities that he lacks, because it appeals to a sense that he probably was not born with. What you regard as my spiritual limitations, I will promptly defend as intentional abstinences. I could do that sort of thing if I liked, but I consider it beneath me. Therein lies the essential futility of much book talk in a period of negative literature. Demand vivacity, and the writer thinks you want him to turn a handspring. Refer to style, and he thinks you are craving flashiness, preciosity and epigram, just the things he is trying to avoid. Current criticism is a fracas wherein we pelt each other with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quarter-truths. Indeed, the chief stimulant of literary discussion is the conviction that if a man asserts some neglected fraction of a verity he intends some indignity to the rest of it, so we hit him between the eyes with the aliquot parts. Hence, if we say that we miss colour, it will be inferred that we admire the style whose every sentence wears a red necktie, and if we say "form" we are knocked flat with "substance," and as to complaining of any lack of individuality, there will be no doubt whatever that we mean bumptious and ignorant self-display. Nevertheless, in most of our essays, we do miss all the qualities, whatever their names are, that make books remarkable. Nothing strange in that, as we have had no remarkable essayist since Emerson. But somehow these volumes lack a certain heartiness. Each writer must be so much more human than his book.

They are all journalistic and ephemeral, but with few exceptions very much above the level of current fiction or verse. They are all cheerful and well-mannered, written by persons of considerable reading and good memories, rather too prone, perhaps, to think that intercourse with books of itself confers distinction, a little proud of good schooling and other early advantages, but as pleasant an intellectual company as you will find anywhere in last year's American publishers' catalogue. Miss Repplier's *Compromises,* for instance, exhales an agreeable kind of book-vapour with the dust of an old volume in it now and then. Her quality is ornamented common sense—a point of view almost universal, but festooned so gracefully with literary allusion that it seems new. Her essays are literary graveyards where foregone conclusions are charmingly interred. Doubly convinced before you started, you still keep on to see the burial. It is a style which the book giveth and the book taketh away, but what of that, if it is agreeable? Read, for instance, the little paper on *Marriage in Fiction,* beginning with the quotation, "They fought bitter and regular, like man and wife." (She is always admirable in quotation.) From beginning to end it is merely a light expression of astonishment, of your and my and our great-grandfathers' astonishment, over the absorption of novelists in pre-nuptial love. Why are novelists such careless match-makers, and why do they drop the hero and heroine at the church door? But there are the instances and the mention of characters of whom we are glad to be reminded; there is Thackeray's way, and Scott's way, and George Eliot's, and Barrie's and a dozen others, and the directly opposite French way, which would never, never do!

Why, asks Miss Repplier, was George Eliot so harsh with Mr. Casaubon in *Middlemarch* and so gentle with Dorothea, and why not more sympathy with Rosamond Vincy and less with Lydgate? "In reality, Dorothea was alone responsible; and it is hard not to sympathise with Mr. Casaubon, who was digging contentedly enough in his little dry mythological dust-heaps when she dazzled him into matrimony." There is much of this playing with an author's characters, and raising of questions to which no answer is desired. George Eliot, of course, hated Mr. Casaubon, not because he was culpable, but because he was limited. It is the dead-walls in character that most infuriate, not the things that people can help. The intelligent scoundrels who know what they are hanged for are not the best subjects for hate. As an ethical-minded writer, George Eliot would not have admitted it, but she made Casaubon hateful by leaving things out of him—which is nature's own way. Thackeray's "Campaigner," for instance, was hopelessly limited, and therefore beyond human vengeance. Burned at the stake, she would have died as a martyr. He knew that hatred for its artistic perfection needs always a touch of impotence. In the main, however, Miss Repplier provokes little argument and disturbs few whims. She is without dogma and she is not expository. She is allusive without pedantry, and the pleasure she has found in books is passed on to you undiminished.

This is hardly true of the *Studies of a Book-lover,* by T. M. Parrott, Professor of English in Princeton University, who, poor man, is so haunted by didactic duties that he must needs sprinkle his pages with information common to biographical dictionaries. But the subjects are Milton, Dr. Johnson, Gray, Goldsmith, Scott, Matthew Arnold and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fergusson, and nobody minds hearing the same things about them a few more times. Such novelty as there is consists in a slight shifting of the emphasis which previous critics have laid on certain matters, or in defending some mild thesis which we would gladly accept without argument. Matthew Arnold will be remembered longer for his poetry than for his prose, for instance. Milton was not a demigod on the one hand or so bad as Professor Saintsbury makes him out to be on the other, and by consulting the autobiographical passages in his writings, more can be learned than from Masson's bulky life of him. Gray's unproductiveness was not due, as Matthew Arnold thinks, to the fact that "though a born poet he fell upon an age of prose," nor, as somebody else thinks, to his ill-health, scholarly temper and habit of reserve. Gray was unproductive, rather, because he lacked the impulse to poetic expression. Such is the spirit of these studies. They are all perspicuous, definite, full of illustration, and so reverent that the writer will often quote the commonplaces of his author with unfeigned enthusiasm.

But these smooth pebbles of criticism at least hold the attention more firmly than the moss and moonshine of Mr. Bliss Carman's *Friendship of Art,* wherein the author discusses such high themes as art in its relation to life, the artist's joy in his work, the note of gladness, the critical spirit, beauty, self-development and the possibilities of life. Love is the basis of art, says Mr. Carman, and individuality counts for everything, and every flower and bird song has its lesson, and so on from one large sweet statement to another—all conceived in a spirit of poetic reverie, but achieving mainly languor and monotony. In every chapter there is material for one good line of verse; in some chapters there is enough for a stanza, but it does not in its present form communicate any of the emotions that the writer feels.

"And then again it seems, at the end of summer, as if the true magic of the woods were only put forth after long reserve, slowly, timorously, shyly exerting over us its most potent influence. There are hints and signs, now and then, indeed, which make the careless wonder whether he has seen any touch of the true magic of the woods at all. Perhaps once or twice, between August and December, the exact moment may occur for the tireless observer when glimpses of the unworldliness of nature may come to him, and he may hear, or think he hears, the glad oracular whisper of the universal message. He may then have the rare fortune (in perfect health, in perfect goodness, of a sound mind) to feel himself for an instant in complete harmony with all being. He is no longer a jarring note in a splendid theme; no longer knows himself somehow at variance with his surroundings; no longer perceives the gulf between ideal and fact, wish and performance; but from a profound inexplicable content is only able to say:

" 'Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.' "

This passage taken at random, illustrates the quality of Mr. Carman's prose. No one can deny that a real feeling prompted him to write it, but somehow it is not shared by the reader. The prose of our modern nature-lovers is often like that. It is talk about emotions, not an expression of emotions. They have not learned from Thoreau and Emerson what not to say. Nor do they realise that there is no second-best in the class of writing. What is not best fails utterly. That is why some of us are inclined to implore many a literary woodman to "spare that tree" and not to put it in a paragraph.

In the first of Mr. Paul Elmer More's *Shelburne Essays,* he tells us of his walks in the "Cathedral Woods" and his thoughts on Thoreau. "Near the secluded village of Shelburne that lies along the peaceful valley of the Androscoggin, I took upon myself to live two years as a hermit after a mild Epicurean fashion of my own." But he read more than he observed, and was more bent on escaping human beings than in penetrating nature's secrets.

"I fear much of the talk about companionship with Nature that pervades our summer life is little better than cant and self-deception, and he best understands the veiled goddess who most frankly admits her impenetrable secrecy. The peace that comes to us from contemplating the vast panorama spread out before us is due rather to the sense of a great passionless power entirely out of our domain than to any real intimacy with the hidden duty."

These essays prove that he has read

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much and thought honestly on many subjects. They are to be classed with the best of recent volumes, and they far surpass in quality of thought those which we have thus far mentioned. The essays on Emerson, Carlyle and Hawthorne are genuinely appreciative and keen in characterisation. Though reverencing Emerson, as he says, "this side idolatry," he is able to trace rather shrewdly the effects of misapplied Emersonianism as seen in Christian Science to-day and in other forms of "facile optimism." The final essay on "The Religious Ground of Humanitarianism" seems to us the best. It discusses the failure of humanitarianism "to discriminate between the ideals of religious and the ideals of the world." After discussing the ideals of the Sermon on the Mount he says:

"Buddha, even more than Christ, recognised and taught the evil and insufficiency of human society; and he saw also, as did Christ, that the religious instinct, if followed out, must result in the abrogation of that society and not in any practical alteration of its laws."

He writes suggestively of this familiar antinomy. Not being omniscient he does not offer to solve the problem, and we noted with amusement the dismay of an uncommonly foolish reviewer, who blamed him for being inconclusive. But the essays as a whole are somewhat savourless and appear not to have been written with much zest. They have the air which we have learned to expect in the prolonged spinsterhood of American letters, wherein bloodlessness is taken for refinement and reduced vitality for a judicial mind. They have the quality, which we sometimes call "academic," by a slanderous perversion of the term, as if it were thought and reading that did the damage. What we really mean by it is a Philistinism in higher things.

F. M. Colby.

THE OLD TESTAMENT REALISED BY TISSOT

When, some six years ago, J. James Tissot, a French painter of considerable power, exhibited a large number of water-colour paintings dealing with the Life of Jesus, all observers were impressed with the sincerity of the artist and with his evident effort to give the world the True Jesus, as nearly as He could be realised in the nineteenth century. It was only after a preparation extending over ten years, including the careful study not only of the topography and landscapes of Palestine and the surrounding countries that Tissot undertook this work, but he had passed months and years in the study and sketching of thousands of types which were to be the raw material out of which his pictures were to grow.

It was a source of continual wonder to the art-world of Paris that had known Tissot as a genre painter, one of the consistent pupils in the school of Ingres, when he exhibited four hundred pictures dealing with the life of Christ in the Salon, but the temerity of his enterprise was justified when men and women wept before the realism of his pictures, and the religious feeling of the populace was deeply stirred by the conviction that now at last the real historic Christ had been pictured for them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the pictures were brought to the United States and exhibited in a few of the leading cities here a similar endorsement of the value of the compositions was forthcoming, and when the pictures were reproduced in book form with accompanying text they were sold to thousands who wished to own copies of these stirring paintings, even though they could not own the originals, which had been wisely purchased for the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Brooklyn.

At that time Tissot was urged by some to paint a series dealing with the life of Joan of Arc as closely related in sentiment with his latest work; while others suggested that he ought to reconstruct the life of Napoleon, for which he was eminently fitted by his admiration of that national hero, and his careful study of his time. But the artist felt as if it were almost desecration to paint any mere human adventures after illustrating the Life of Christ, and already deep in the study of the Scripture he determined to complete his work by painting the life of Israel, which to him was the preparation and actual preface to his great New Testament work.

He began the study of the text at once, and as he read it he marked passage after passage which seemed to him to require illustration.

He had already sketches innumerable of types and scenery; he had visited Egypt and Palestine and the Hauran, not once, but a number of times, and he had sketched bits of ruins showing him the architecture of ancient days, as well as the features of men, women and children which still preserved the character of the ancient inhabitants of the land according to all accounts.

It was fortunate that Tissot had visited Palestine and traversed it from "Dan to Beersheba" before the new era began, which is putting a railroad through the country and steamboats on the Dead Sea.

It was still the Unchanging East, and he saw the Arab Sheik dwelling in tents exactly like those his forefathers dwelled in four thousand years ago. He saw the same men and women leading the same life that they had lived for tens of centuries. There was the same pastoral life that was followed by Lot and Abraham, the same agricultural life that was practised after Palestine was settled by Israel.

Tissot has shown himself in this new series of pictures not merely as a realist, but he has at the same time let his imagination have full play, reading between the lines of Scripture as is necessary to gain a complete conception of the life of those days and often supplying explanations of the text which the intuition of the artist suggested.

His task here was far different from that undertaken in the Life of Christ. For while there the principal part of his work was confined to the activity of three years and all the action centred in a single personality; in the Old Testament a space of three thousand years or more was to be covered, all the way from Chaos to Creation, from the Beginning of things to the height of Hebrew civilisation, and a hundred characters or more played their parts upon his canvas.

It required some four hundred pictures to cover all of the Old Testament, and as the crowning work of Tissot they will be widely admired by the American people, to whom they are to be exhibited this year. The exhibition began in Brooklyn, October 29th, and the pictures are now being shown in the American Art Galleries in New York City proper.

In order that the mass of the people might possess copies of his pictures Tissot reproduced those dealing with the Life of Christ in book form with accompanying text, and as it was his wish that the people should also have these later pictures, they too are being reproduced in magnificent form at a popular price. Many are reproduced in the colours of the original paintings, so that those who see the pictures will want the book, and those who have no opportunity to see the originals may still possess faithful reproductions of them that will stimulate a renewed interest in the Old Testament itself. There is little doubt that in variety of treatment and completeness of detail these pictures exceed those illustrating the New Testament in artistic value, and as the last great work of a great artist who, alas, is no longer here to witness the triumph of his genius, they cannot fail to arouse interest both deep and wide.

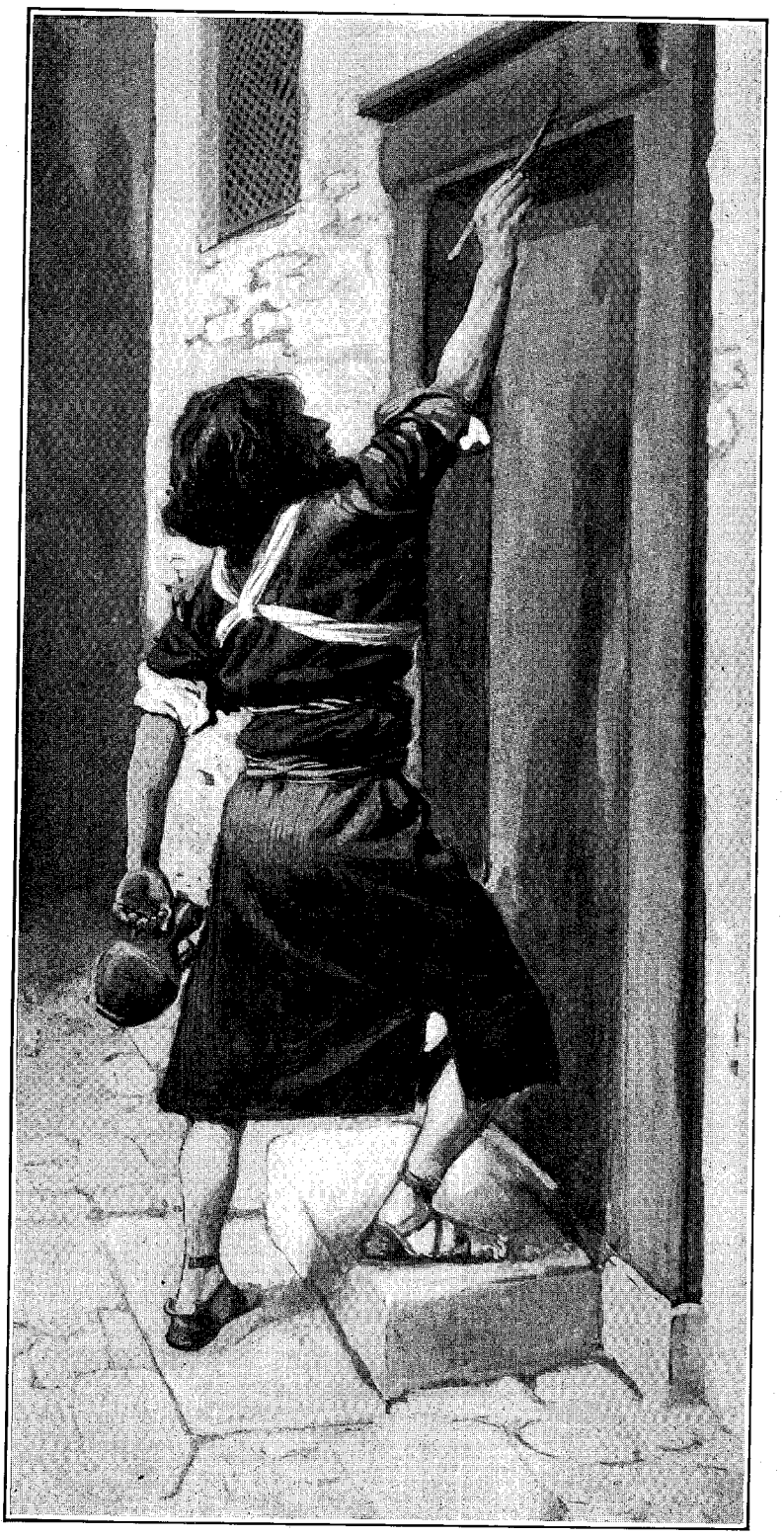
Jean Jacques.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

JOSEPH CAST INTO THE PIT. Gen. xxxvii. 24.
"And they took him, and cast him into a pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

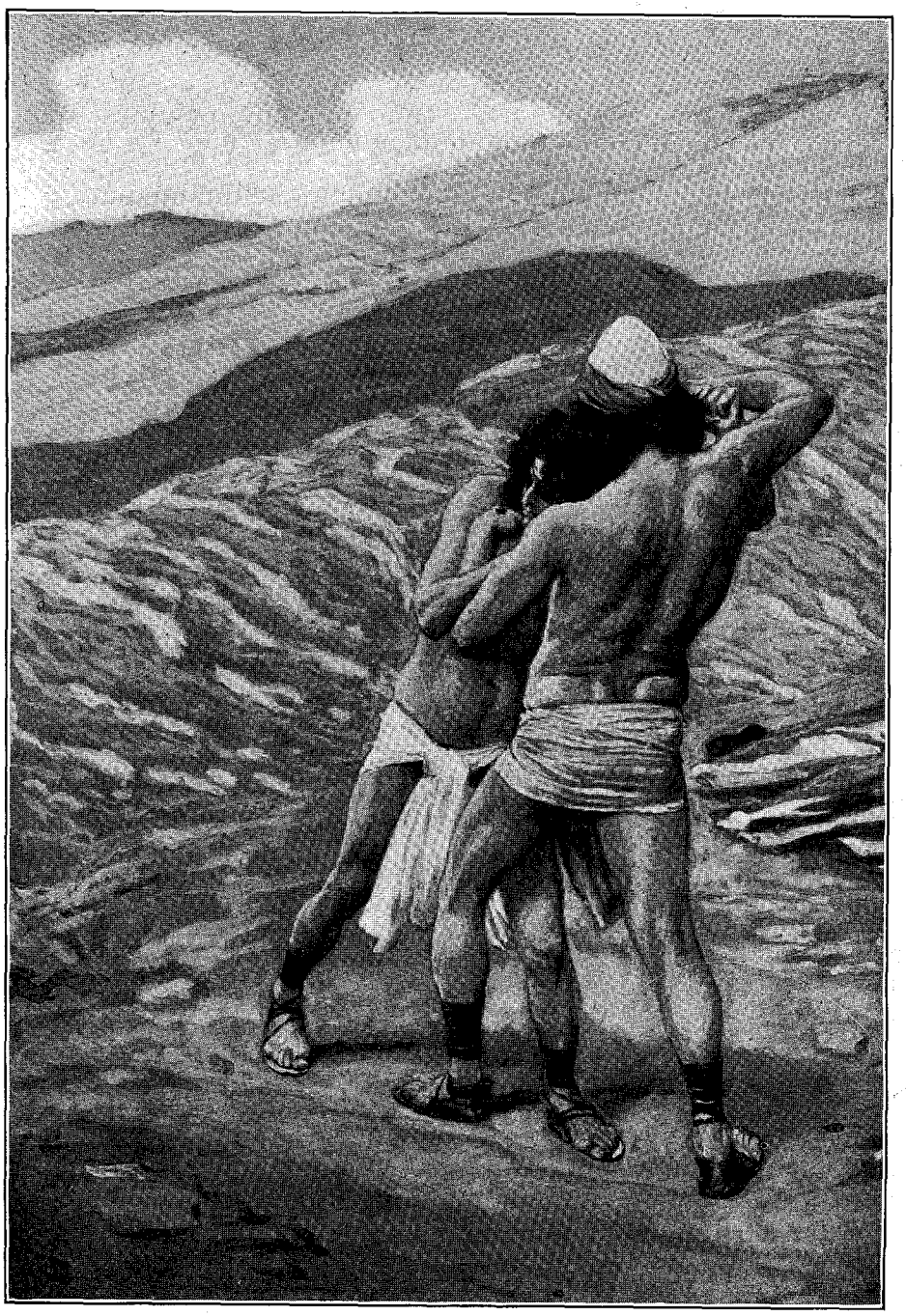


Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

THE SIGNS ON THE DOOR. Ex. xii. 22.

"And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and **dip it** in the blood that is in the basin, and **strike the** lintel and the two side posts with the blood **that** is in the basin."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

JACOB WRESTLETH WITH AN ANGEL. Gen. xxxii. 24.
"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day."

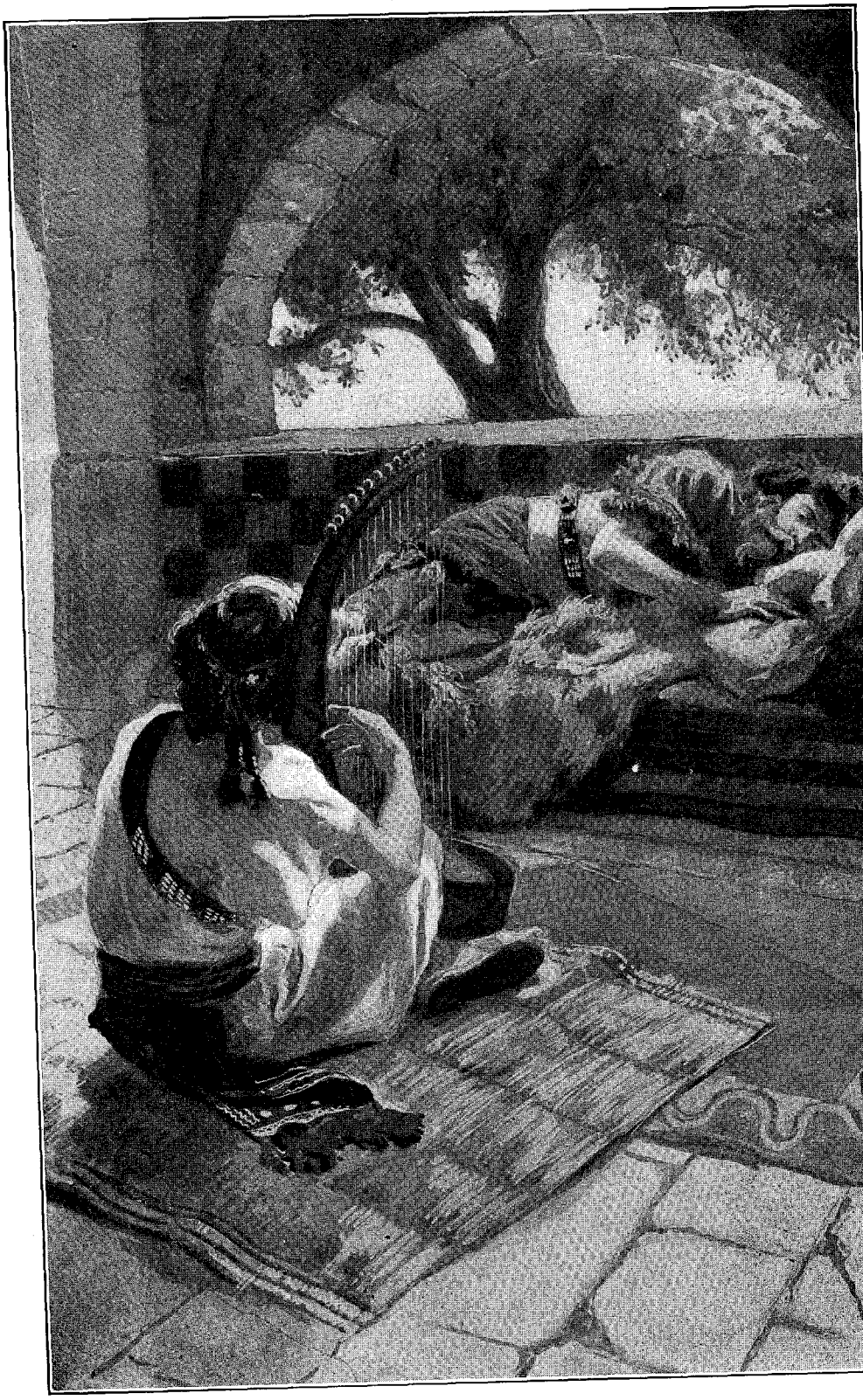
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

JOSHUA GIVES THE SIGNAL FOR THE ATTACK.
Josh. viii. 18.

"And the Lord said unto Joshua, Stretch out the spear that is in thy hand toward Ai, for I will give it into thine hand. And Joshua stretched out the spear that he had in his hand toward the city."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

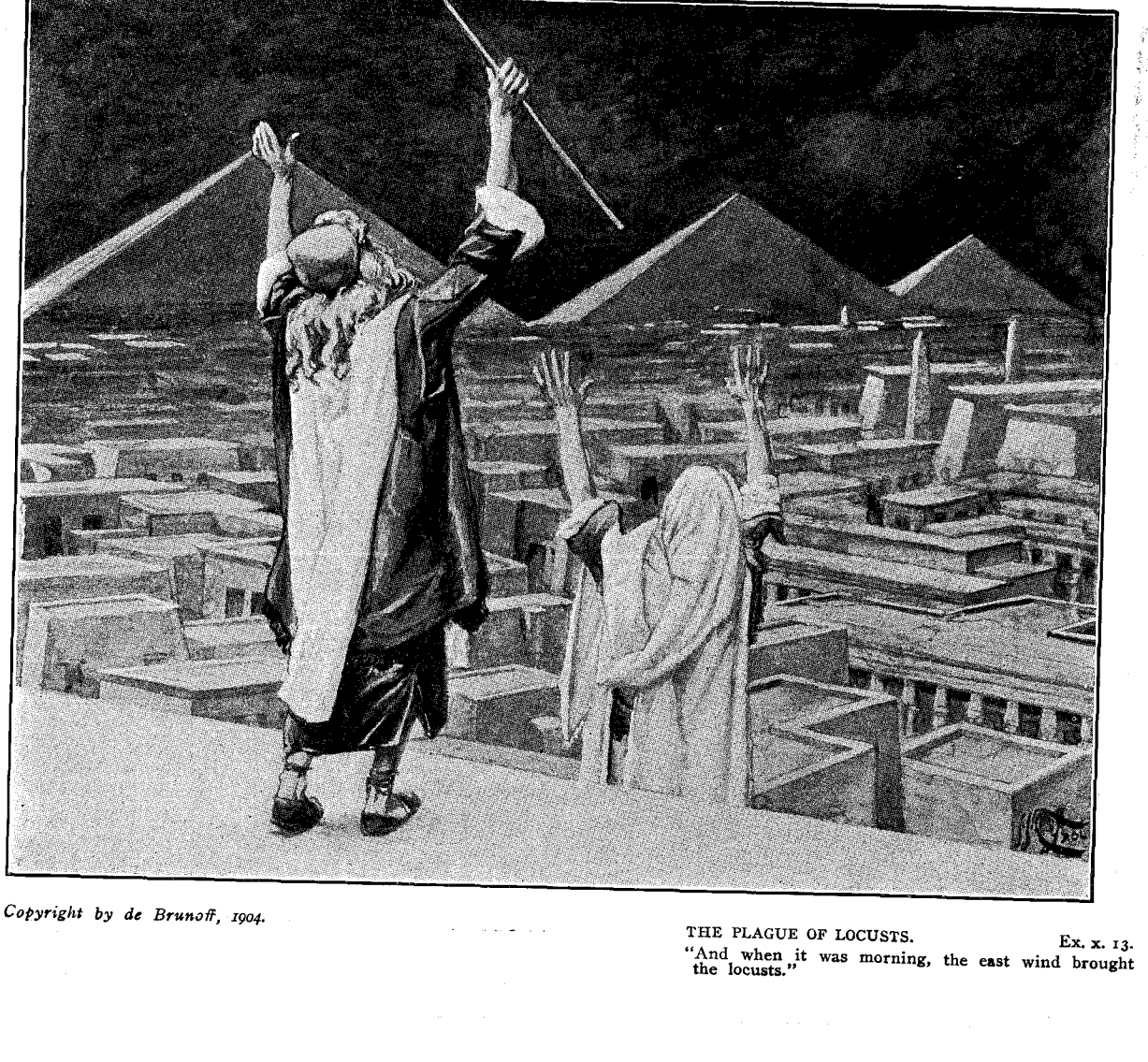


Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

DAVID PLAYS THE HARP BEFORE SAUL.
1 Sam. xvi. 23.

"And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand."

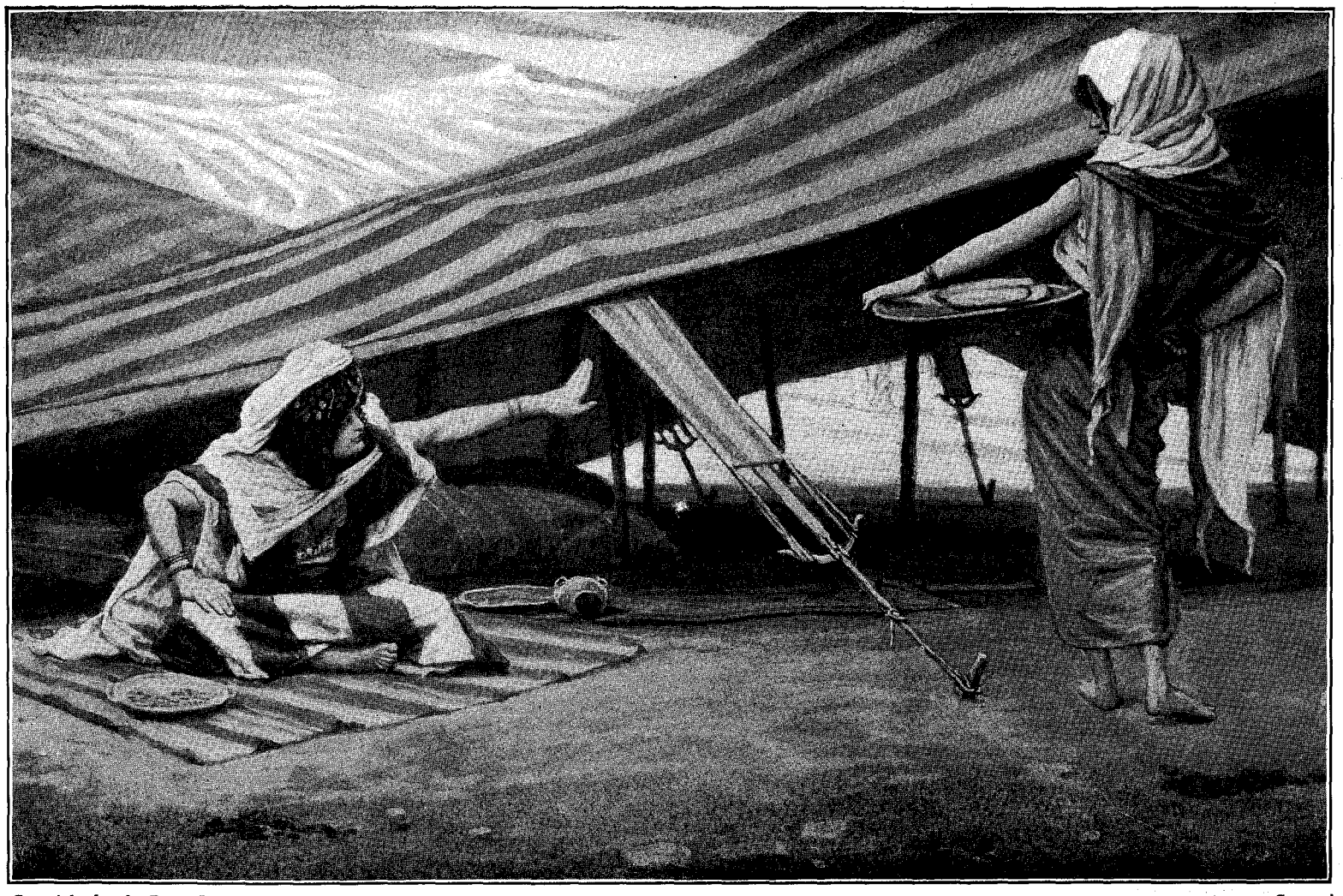
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS. Ex. x. 13.
"And when it was morning, the east wind brought the locusts."

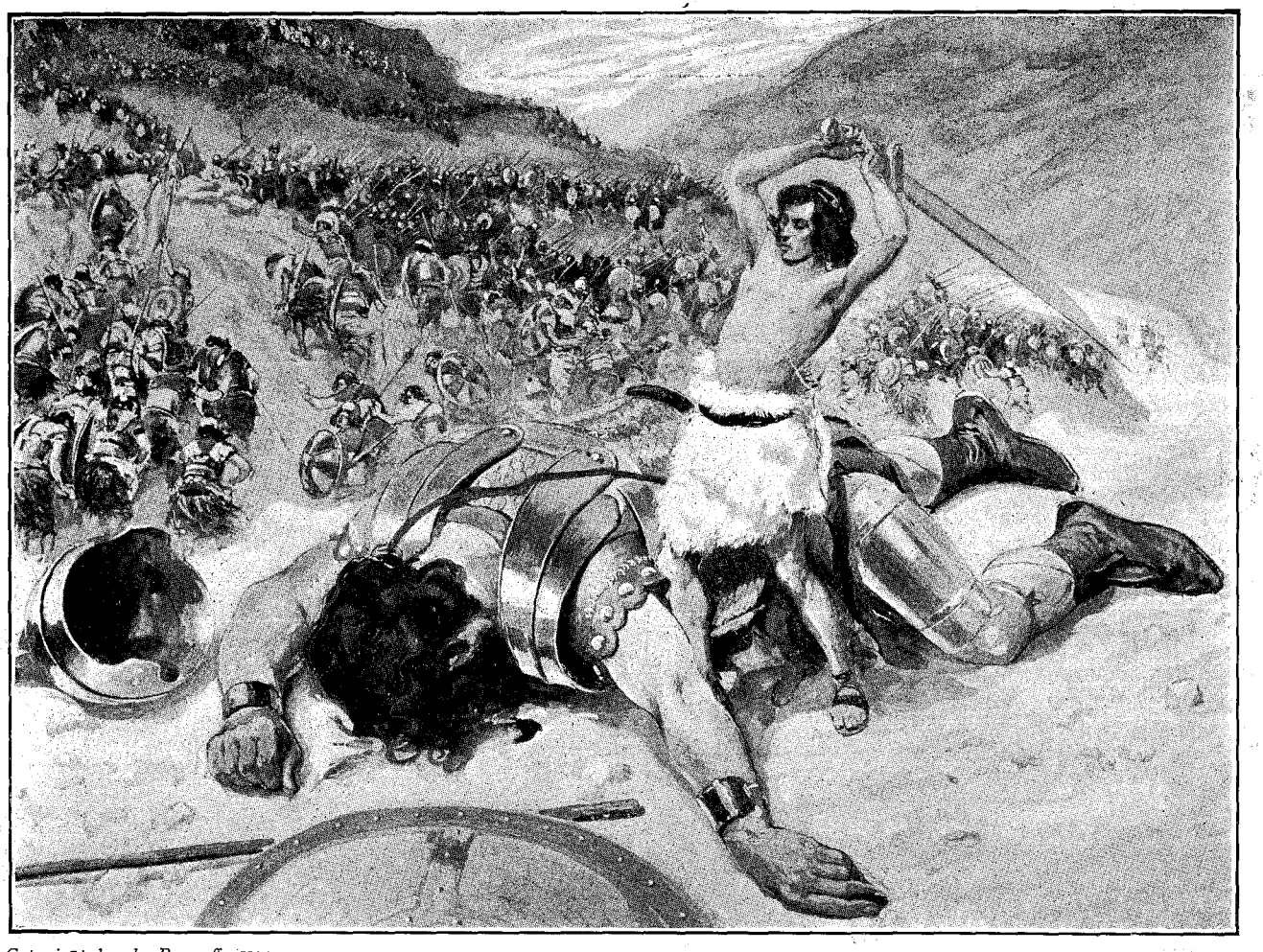
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

SARAI SENDETH HAGAR AWAY. Gen. xvi. 6.
"But Abram said unto Sarai, Behold, thy maid is in thy hand; do to her as it pleaseth thee. And when Sarai dealt hardly with her, she fled from her face."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



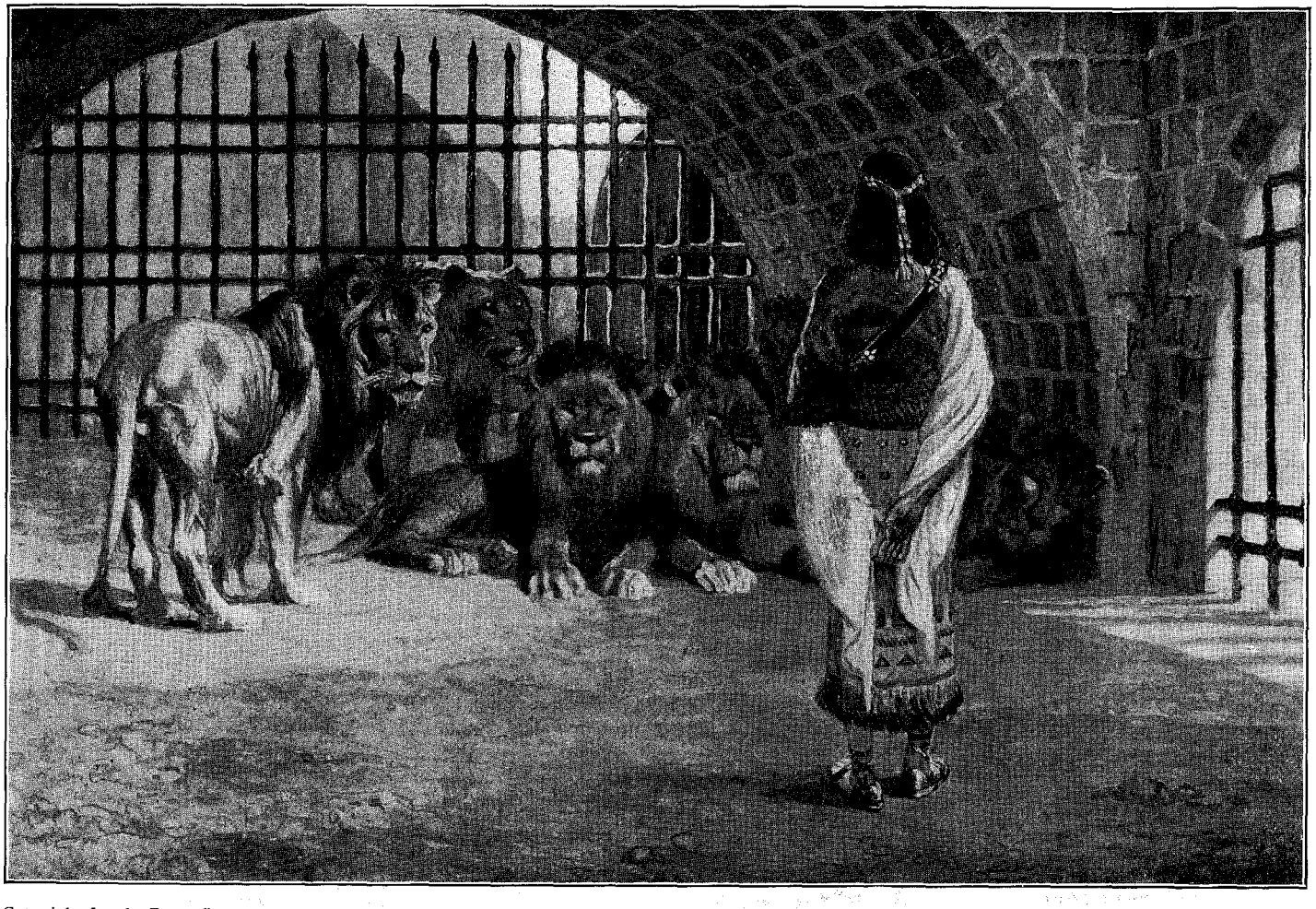
Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

DAVID CUTS OFF THE HEAD OF GOLIATH.

1 Sam. xvii. 51.

"Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

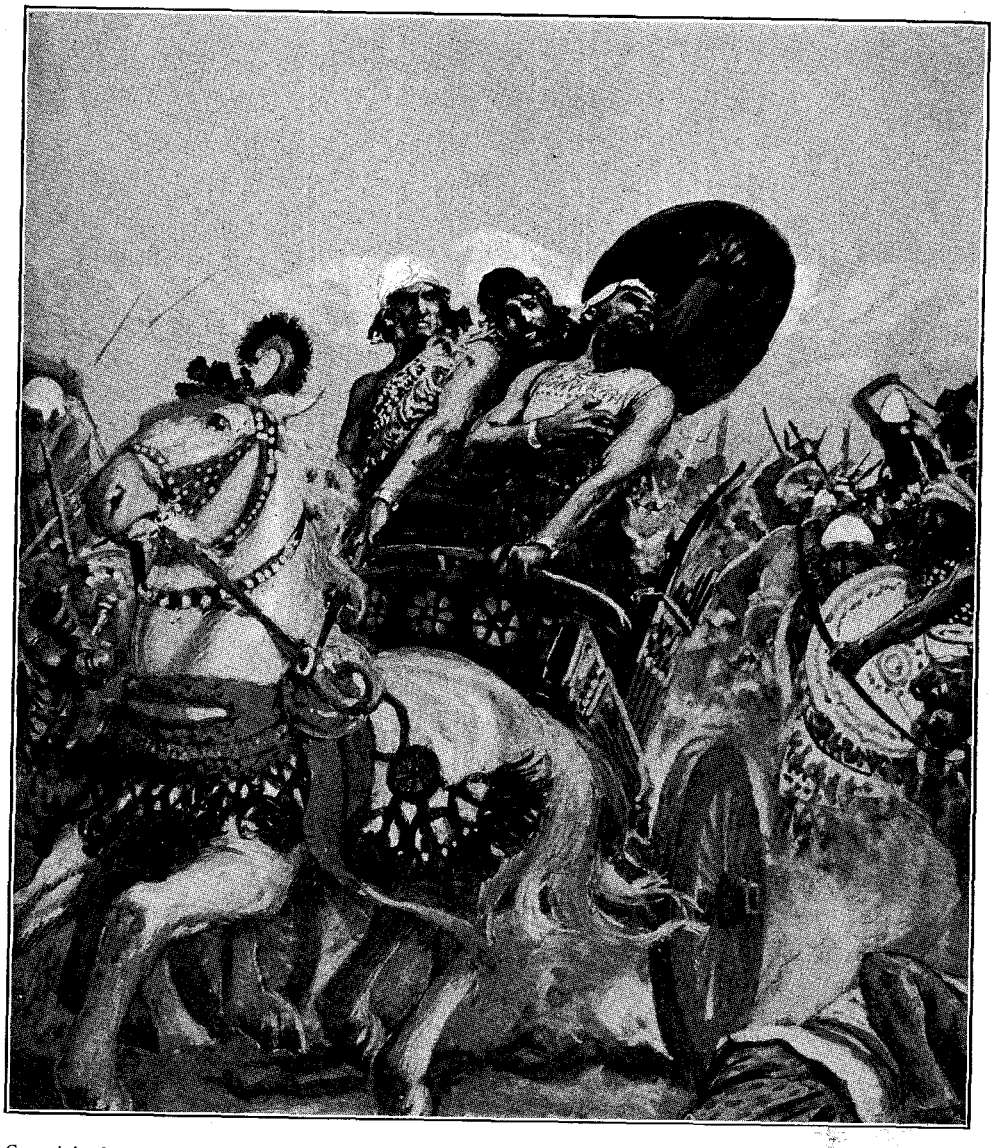


Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN. Dan. vi. 16.

"Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

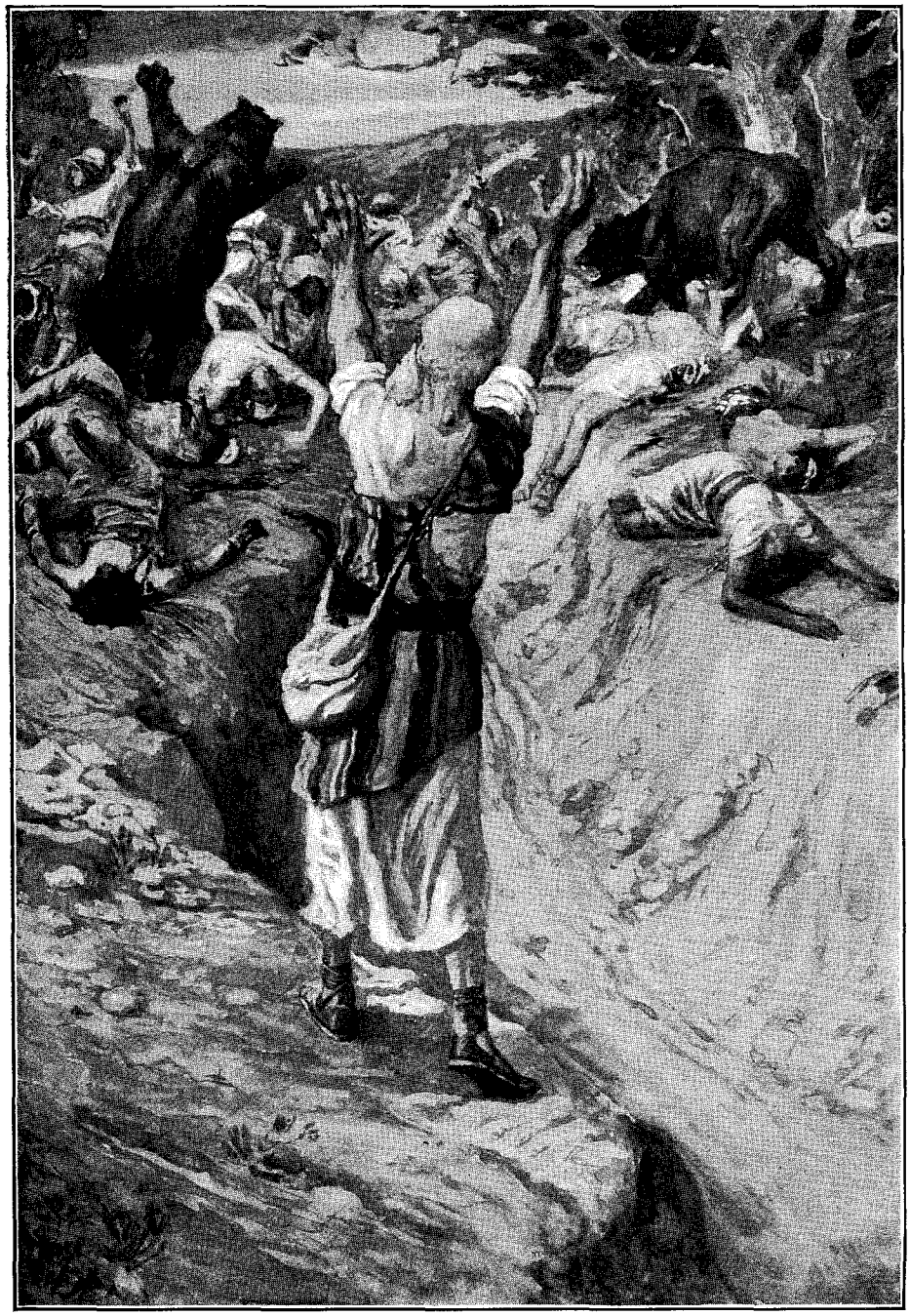


Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

AHAB PIERCED BY AN ARROW. 1 Kings xxii. 34.

"And a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness: wherefore he said unto the driver of his chariot, Turn thine hand, and carry me out of the host; for I am wounded."

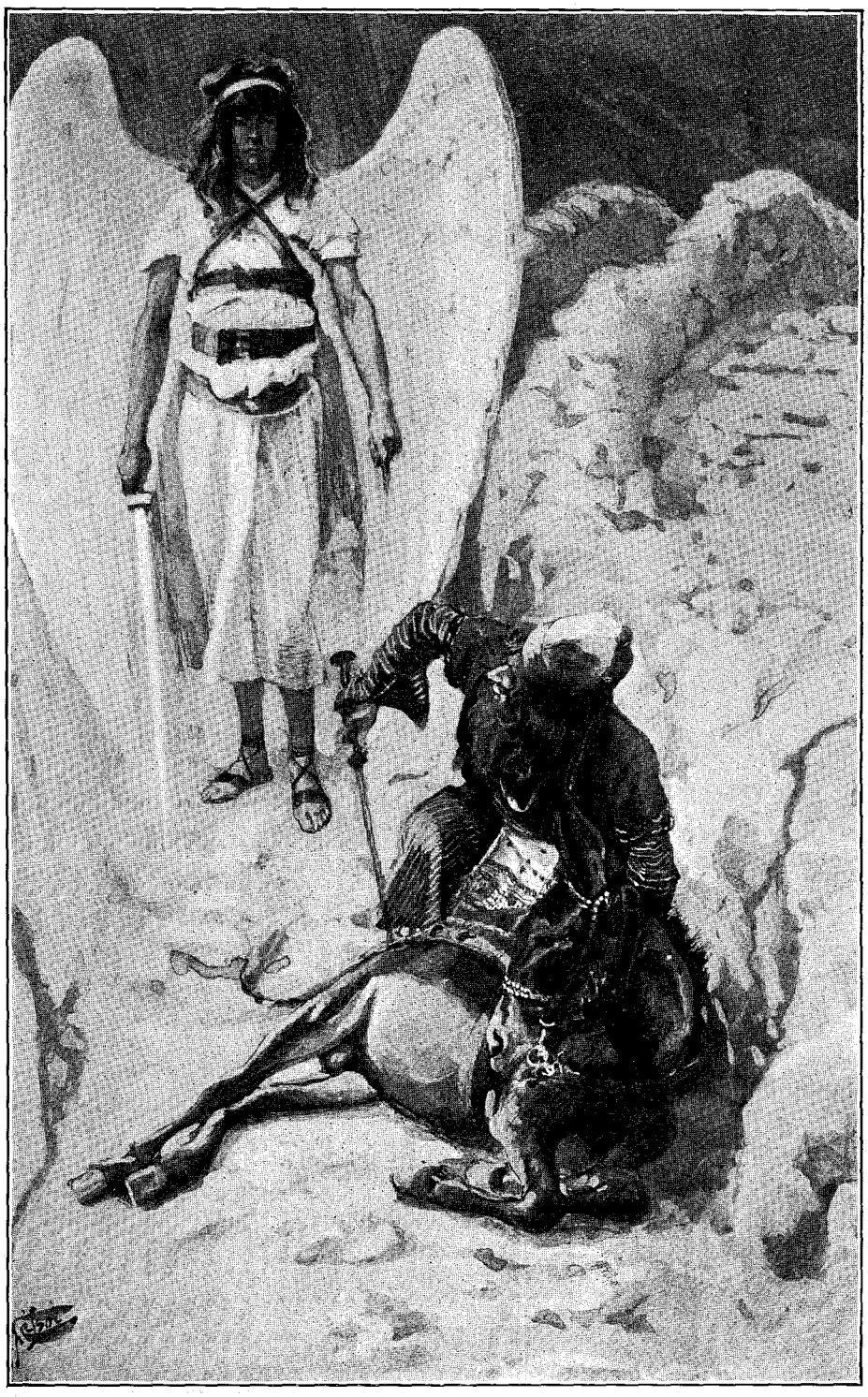
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

THE CHILDREN DEVOURED BY BEARS. 2 Kings ii. 24.
"And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the LORD. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright by de Brunoff, 1904.

BALAAM AND THE ASS. Num. xxii. 30.

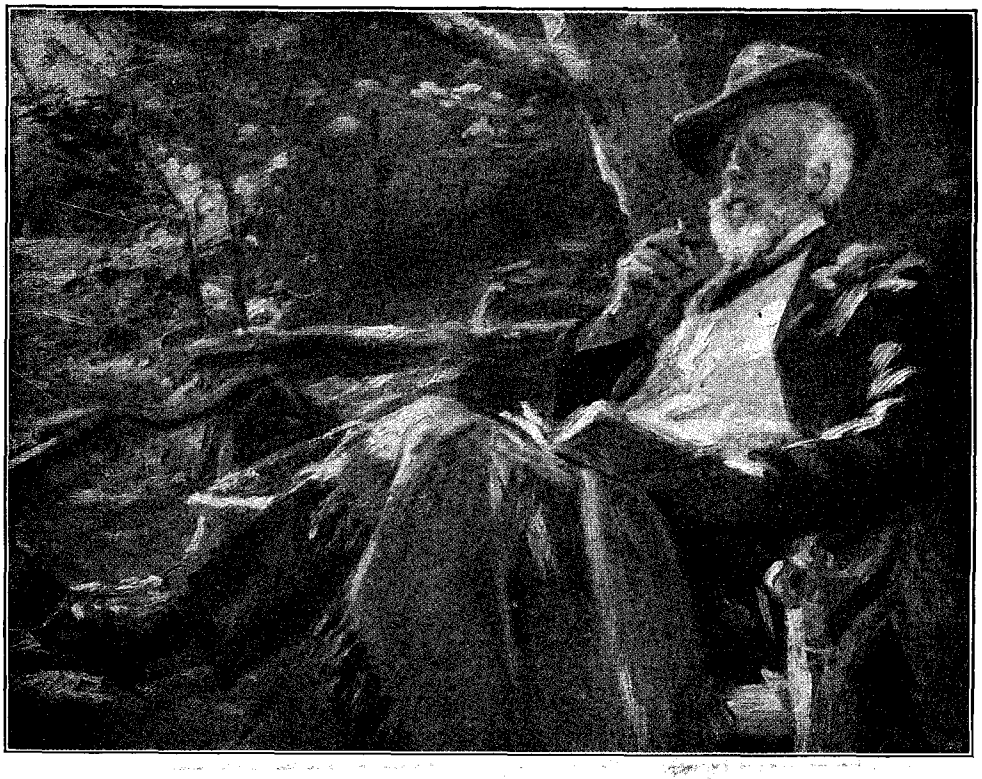
"And the ass said unto Balaam, Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? was I ever wont to do so unto thee? And he said, Nay."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DANISH FICTION OF TO-DAY

About a generation ago little Denmark, still sore and crippled from its recent foolish war with Germany, was shaken by what we mght call a literary earthquake. Many a staid tradition tottered to the ground, many an old, petted principle saw its last hour. And, strange to say, there entered into the Danish temperament—which is, like a sea, ominously sombre—an element that gave a terrific impetus to its undercurrent. The shock stirred the blood of the entire nation and culminated in an awakening more significant than any hitherto known to the Danish mind. There had been a long period of semi-consciousness, a dull time idly spent in worshipping the art that inhabits but idyllic places—ethereal realms remote from the fields mankind possess and cultivate. Now this state of things was to undergo a change. From being a country partly isolated in culture, submerged in glory merely historic, surrounded, as it were, by ancient romance, Denmark began to find itself a natural, constitutional part of Continental Europe. It broke down the walls and admitted the influence of resolute realism, then in its flourishing youth.

Of course, there was fierce fighting against the little company of revolutionary troops who began in 1871 their famous struggle for a wider intellectual territory, for amalgamation with cosmopolitan ideas and, if possible, ideals. The war was waged with a grim seriousness that perverted a certain portion of the literature then produced. Almost every work of fiction tried to answer some question, tried to solve some problem. The whole country verily seemed to be utterly in the power of the pen didactic. Schoolmasters and old maids, professors and clergymen, overtaught students and underfed artists,—all were engaged in battle. There was Holger Drachmann, lately returned from London, where he had shared for many nights a bed of



HOLGER DRACHMANN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shavings with a good-natured carpenter; there was Sophus Schandorph, who was fond of human frailty and good cognac; there was Jens Peter Jacobsen, poor consumptive brooder, who sent out the first message of the Realistic School in Denmark, his novel *Maria Grubbe,* in 1876. Unfortunately, the space at my command will allow no closer inspection of the period referred to. I have reserved, however, for the purpose of introduction, some few lines for the inaugurator of the transition, the illustrious critic and historian, Georg Brandes, whose lectures in 1871, now, as I fear, more notorious than reputable, were the source of infinite inspiration to the young generation.

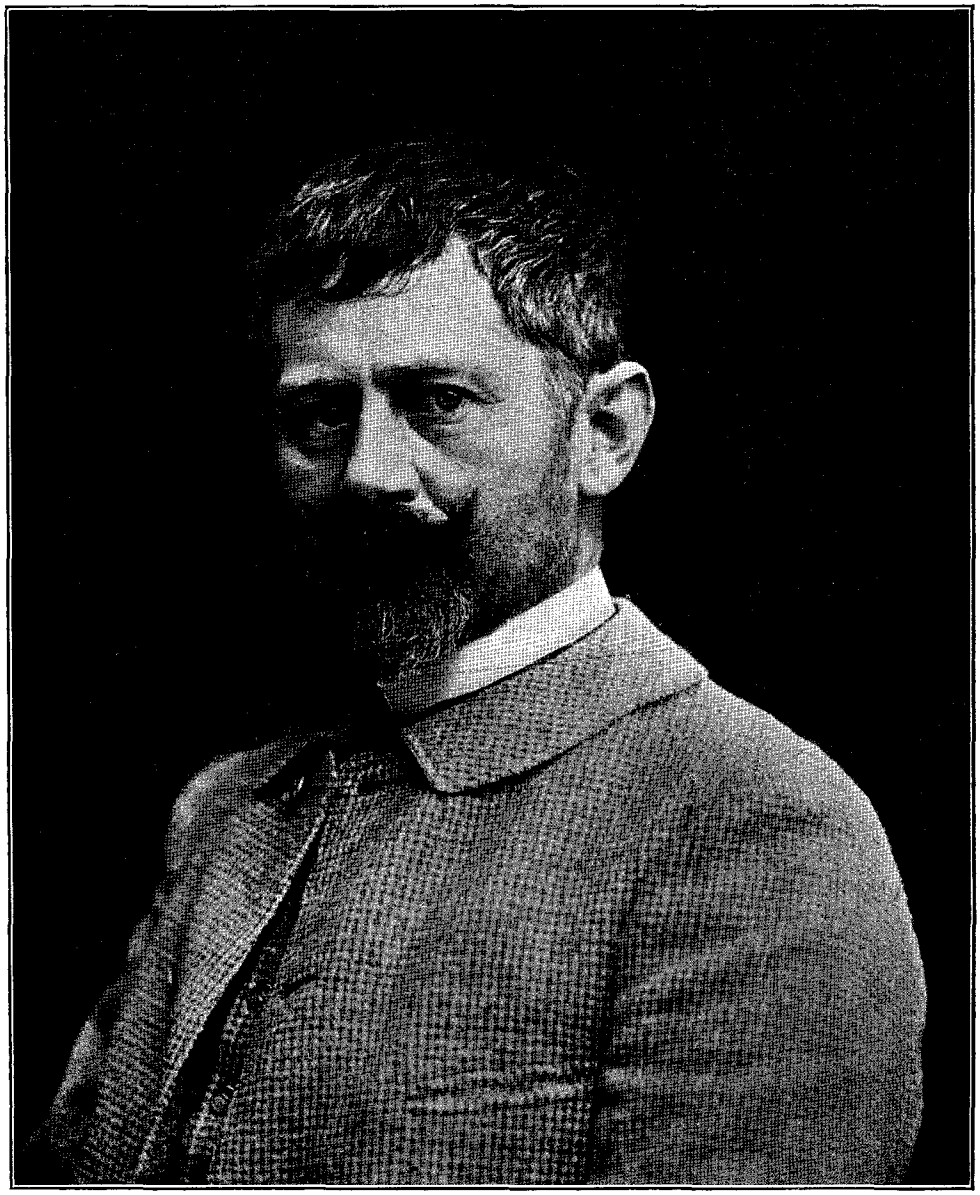
After having explored the intellectual centres of Europe, Brandes returned with his treasures to his native country. He was but twenty-nine years old when he delivered his first important address, on November 3 of the year just mentioned. He was young, but his eloquence, his knowledge, all the features of his personality, attracted a significant fraction of his hearers and transformed their curiosity into admiration They had never before felt such a magnetic power as that which now made the deep fibres of their souls vibrate. The world of artists and authors became as illumined by this literary statesman, a wonderland crowded with real heroes. Brandes knew even then the secrets of the creative passion, the strange play of the imaginative spirit, and the way he deftly, patiently, reverently touched such matters was a revelation to the people who heard him. His voice echoed through the land,—not, it must be added, like a sound sweet to the ear, joyful to the heart. His voice was mighty, but, to the Danish sense, to that of the rural population especially, it was hopelessly harsh. Advancing a few years, we hear thousands calling Brandes a trai-

HENRIK PONTOPPIDAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tor, a cosmopolite, an enemy of the nation.

The terms now used to describe the critic are somewhat milder; in the haunts of his enemies he is generally known as "our domestic missionary of Paganism." Opposed to Christianity as a creed, he has no friends among church supporters; too wise to be able to care for the petty business of every-day politics, his well-wishers in the *Rigsdag* are few; a Republican like Swinburne, the Social-Democrats claim a large share of his interest, and flagrantly misrepresent his attitude and sentiment toward certain questions. Brandes is no reformer, belongs to no party, and is allied with no "school." Brandesianism, so called, means in Denmark red radicalism, a violation of laws dignified by the protection of centuries. The man who took so many young writers by the hand thirty years ago, who



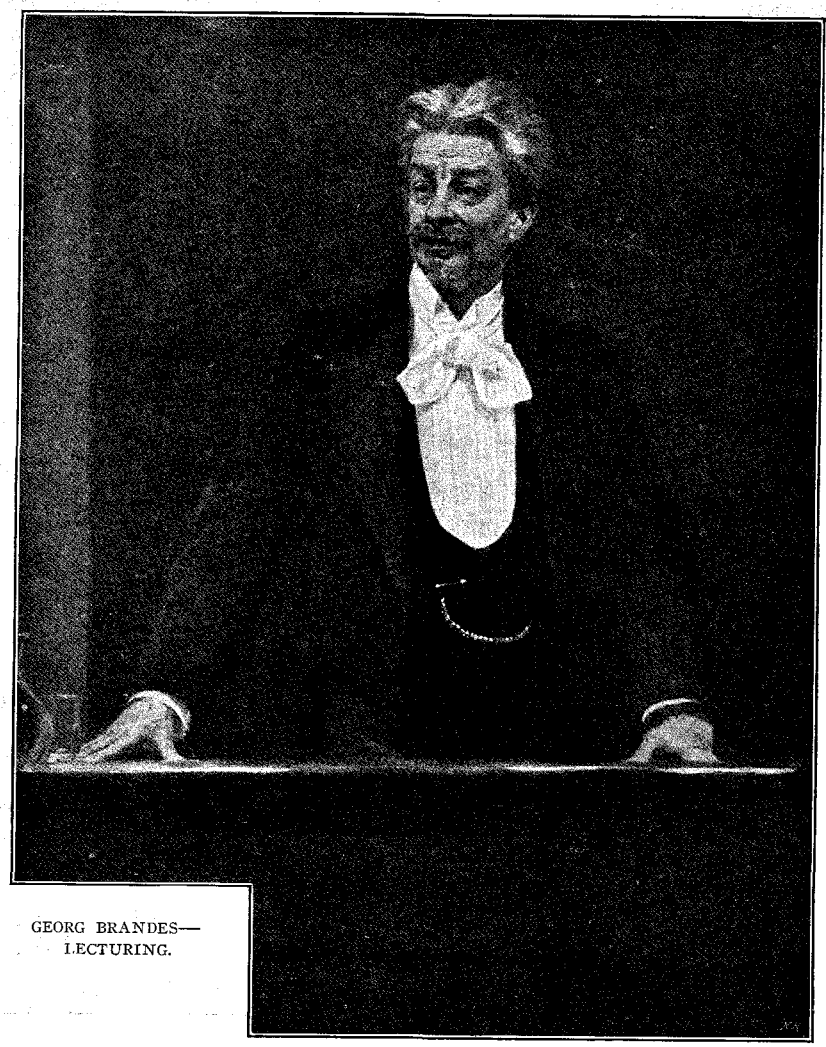
GUSTAV WIED.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conducted the streams of Continental culture into his native land, and who, above all, attempted to show what was great in his own age, presents a rather pathetic figure to the eye that has seen him as he was in the spring-dav of his career. He is still brilliant, still marvellously magnetic, but what has become of the group that marched with him in years gone by?

The story of the distillers of current fiction in Denmark is (to get into the core of our subject) without a hero. In the national arena of novelists, playwrights, poets, there are no giants. We have a Henry James, the English a George Meredith, the French an Anatole France, the Germans a Gerhardt Hauptmann, etc.; Denmark is crowded with men who rise just an invisible point above the watermark of mediocrity, but whose powers in the scales of world-judgment are found too light. It is indeed doubtful if any great literary masterpiece has been produced in Denmark since the epoch of Holberg, the middle of the seventeenth century. Yet, we hasten to add, many remarkable, many valuable, books have been written during the past two or three decades. Drachmann, Jacobsen, Gjellerup, Pontoppidan, Bang,—these are names to which no student of Norse literature can refer without regard.

Thanks to a visit here, in 1900, Drachmann is not entirely unknown in our United States. A number of his shorter poems have been rendered into English,



GEORG BRANDES—LECTURING.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and several years ago there was some talk of translating the poet's best books. The plan was given up,—wisely, it must from a commercial point of view be assumed, for Drachmann's range of appeal is very limited. The Scandinavian people understand him, of course, and even Germany gives him a large public, but in our Anglo-Saxon world his manner, as well as the tendency of his productions, would slip through the fingers of the average reader like fine sand. He is the first lyrist of his country, though the dawn that awakened and the day that inspired him are no more. Since 1872 he has produced over forty volumes containing dramas, verse, novels, short stories, and sketches. Most of his plays have been seen on the stage of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, and in 1898, when the erotic melodrama *Völund Smed* (Völund being a proper name, Smed meaning a blacksmith) was performed, Drachmann, by the way, responded to the applause of an enthusiastic audience by loudly proclaiming his gratitude to "the noble woman who inspired me to write this piece." Other successful dramas by the same author are: *Once Upon a Time,* 1885, and *Gurre,* 1899. His biggest book, entitled *Forskrevet* (Pledged) is as bulky as Meredith's *The Amazing Marriage*—850 pages, in two volumes. His monumental achievement, however, is his excellent translation of Byron's *Don Juan,* completed two years ago. Drachmann doesn't carry the burden of fifty-eight years lightly; during the past few seasons he has considerably aged. The music of his verse, once so gay, so defiant, so fervid, has lost much of the charm that distinguished it. While a large group of young lyrists are fast pushing him into the background of contemporary life, Drachmann's place as the chief poet of the Danish renaissance remains secure. The government, it may be of interest to state, gives him an annuity of about $1,000.

Jacobsen, the author of but two regular novels, a few tales and hundred lines of poetry, was the most exquisite of writers, the most lovable of men. In approaching what his genius preserved from the embrace of the dust, there comes to the heart a sense that makes one pause with a haunting desire to reveal to the sympathetic spirit some quality of his rare nature that might substantially enlighten the stranger as to the trait that has made him the most beloved of Danish prose writers. Read *Niels Lyhne,* published in 1880 (there is, I am glad to be able to say, an English translation) and you will find a delicacy of feeling and a purity of thought matchless for rhythmic expression. You will find, moreover, a soul overflowing with tenderness, unspeakably enraptured with the love of flowers,—the only love that ever deepened his life. But it was great enough, it was wonderful enough, it was visionary, mysterious, and whole. In *Maria Grubbe,* too, Jacobsen often lingers by some strange plant to describe it poetically, and we see how it came about that he discovered a new word-vein in the mine of Danish speech. *Fru Föns* (the last fiction he lived to compose) and *Mogens* take a very high place among the writings of the realists of modern Denmark. More than twenty years have passed since the first tale was published, yet few intelligent people in the kingdom have not read and been moved by it. The little work contains a letter which is generally taken to stand for Jacobsen's farewell to his friends.

Jacobsen saw but thirty-eight summers. He died in 1885. This author was a loyal disciple of Georg Brandes, marched close to the banner, in the very firing line of controversy. He has had many imitators, but the excellence of his manner has also been a source of beneficent instruction to some of those whose gifts need no borrowed aid.

Karl Adolph Gjellerup is the most scholarly of living Danish poets. He published his first book, *An Idealist,* in 1872, and in the following year *Young Denmark* appeared. Both works attracted some notice. The writer was praised for his elegance of composition, for his "fighting spirit," which was exactly what the leaders of the day were looking for in young men. Gjellerup *could* fight, and his weapon was the fine foil of irony, but there came a time when he turned the point of his blade upon all old friendships, deserting familiar fields to adopt new measures, to become a factor in the movement carried on by the opponents of Brandes and his adherents. This happened in 1885, after Gjellerup had attained solid prominence by his beautiful tragedy, *Brynhild.* He significantly represents the antithesis of the realistic doc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trine in Denmark. With social problems he is not in the least concerned; he takes no interest in the struggle of the individual as opposed to the collective force of society. In short, Gjellerup is intensely un-modern,—the only notable living Danish poet who has no faculty for representing his age. He likes to wander through Arcadia, where the rivers, mountains, fields and forests are wondrous with the spirit of legendary love-lays. Some twenty volumes have come from his hand, none of which has been widely read, for somehow Gjellerup's temperament is too exotic to be able to commend itself to the interest of the reader. In Germany (the poet lives in Dresden) his productions, even in translated form, have met with very cordial appreciation. Gjellerup was born in 1857.

In the same year both Henrik Pontoppidan and Hermann Bang first saw the light of day. Pontoppidan owes much to certain clever Frenchmen whose sense of humour revolves around a single subject. There are things in his books that would make the self-appointed guardians of our moral estate leap up, with hatchet and club. Yet this eminent novelist has, behind his "naughtiness," a quality which only a hopelessly prudish person will deprecate—his sincerity. To a large extent the mood has determined with him selection of subject, or—more particularly—his stops on the road of execution to discourse on this or that possibility or incident. It is thus in *The Old Adam,* thus in every volume (though not in so pronounced a degree) of the *Lykke-Per* series; Lykke Per (Lucky Peter) being a civil engineer who has interesting love affairs. Pontoppidan has taken his hero on a long, picturesque tour through many countries; he figures in five or six books, the last issued being entitled *Lykke-Per; His Journey to America,* which continent he, by the way, didn't reach, didn't even start out for. The altogether serious novel, *Muld,* and the little masterpiece, *Livets Kilde* (The Fount of Life), seem to say to the critic: This is what I can do; this is what I am, when I am not tired of brooding over this awful farce which we call human life.

He has written numerous short tales, and in the matter of execution they are (as is the case with Maupassant) more meritorious than his novels. Having threatened the reader with a comparison (odious offence, as the masters declare), I quickly "duck" my head to explain that if Pontoppidan is artistically related to the author of *Une Vie,* Maupassant might well have been proud of his kinsman. The relationship is, however, distant, and perhaps on my part quite illusionary. In spite of all, the Danish author, whose style is as fresh with simplicity as it is powerful with perfection, is to-day the best-equipped, broadest, most mature writer of fiction in his own country. He is entirely without affectation.

This virtue cannot be said to be a distinguishing quality of Hermann Bang, who is generally afflicted with a thousand imaginary ills and ten thousand two-penny ideas, which he would, by the liberal use of the exclamation mark, the paragraph, and all the various methods of emphasis, smuggle into the word as high-priced articles. It is not—decidedly not—the modesty of his talent that speaks well for him, and were he not the fine impressionist that he undoubtedly is, criticism would leave him to bask under the sun of public comment, which certainly sheds the warmer, if not the more invigorating, light. Bang sees and feels with rare understanding the life of certain quarters of Copenhagen, which town, with its 500,000 inhabitants, fairly holds the will of all Denmark in its clutches. Copenhagen is cosmopolitan; it is a hundred years younger than the country of which it is the capital. Hermann Bang knows this place, knows the men who make its bread, and admirably indeed has he on more than one occasion revealed the fruits of that knowledge. He is a skilled craftsman, too—very polished, very nervous. His poetry, though, is almost grotesque. One stanza of a characteristic "poem" may serve to illustrate Bang's poetic recklessness:

> In its silent chamber,—
> In its silent chamber,—
> Reposes my heart,—
> Reposes my heart in death.

We may smile at Bang's little literary follies, still we have much reason to greet him cordially as a master of what we may call the art of expressing an impression. *The White House* and *The Grey House,* recent productions, abound with examples. The crowded ballroom, the merry banquet table, a man and a woman alone,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a background of sea, or a solitary pedestrian making his way to a village on a frosty night—such visions Bang is remarkably felicitous in finding words for. His temperament holds up to certain forms of human life a mirror that lends a wealth of colour to the objects it reflects, and it reflects them not as glass does, but as the pool, the shadowy lake overhung with boughs through which the sunlight drips. The author's notable books are *Haablose Slaegter* (Generations Without Hope), 1880; *Stille Existencer* (Lowly Beings), 1886, and *Ten Years*, 1892, being essays and reminiscences.

A Danish author once wrote to me: "In our little land writers are as plentiful as toadstools in September." Almost every young woman in Denmark who has been disappointed in love promptly sits down to give the world a meagrely veiled account of her actual experience with some dark, broad-shouldered man whose love was the greatest thing on earth—while it lasted. Almost every schoolmaster manufactures fiction. There are many clergymen with immense literary aspirations, too, as, for instance, Edward Blaumüller, who reflects somewhere in a poem that, though a father of seven or eight children, it is a great open question whether he had any right to beget these offspring. Edward Egeberg, a schoolmaster, is armed to the teeth with moral lessons. Fortified thus is also Mrs. Jenny Blicker-Clausen, so adored by all young ladies, who, to the number of ten thousand, dispense with sleep's blessing to sacrifice to her luxurious altar. Mrs. Blicker-Clausen has nerves, a shrill voice, a shriek that penetrates the universe. She is the most widely read, most talked about penwoman in Denmark to-day.

Carl Ewald and Gustav Wied are a pair of humourists, who once in a while frown and sigh. Wied is more boldly adventurous than any other writer of light books. Ewald has published a few volumes of modern fairy tales and successfully tried the historical novel form. His long tale, *The Scottish Lady,* is perhaps the most entertaining romance published in Denmark during the last five years. It exists, I believe, in English.

A somewhat dignified author is Sophus Michaëlis, translator of Flaubert's *Salammbô*. He has a competent rival in the person of Viggo Stuckenberg, who writes delicate poetry on snow and faint shadows and sweet bird-song. Neils Möller first made our Walt Whitman known to Danish readers; the same man has translated some poems of Swinburne, notably *The Ballad of Burdens,* with rare sympathy and excellence. Karl Larsen knows the soul of the young girl whose life is yet all possibility; in the matter of form his productions leave little to be wished for.

There are many, many others—perhaps twenty more of no meaner ability than the writers just mentioned. As I have intimated, there are no giants in the world of Danish fiction, the "middle height" predominating. But the forest is young, and with the years there may spring up a tree mighty as the oak, handsome as the beech. Who could have foretold half a century ago that Norway was to have an Ibsen or a Björnson? As Hans Christian Andersen captivated the hearts of millions of readers in many lands, so may some future Danish genius replenish the sources of universal thought.

Paul Harboe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LARRY DOOGAN

A Christmas Story

By Arthur Stringer.

For the twentieth time Larry Doogan pushed up his Lord High Chamberlain's ruffled sleeves, and with the back of his hand carefully wiped the tears from his eyes.

Yet Larry's tears were due to no sudden stress of feeling. For, bless you, where could you find anything lachrymose about our brave and genial old Larry,—the very Larry before whom our mothers and fathers once laughed and rocked and held their aching sides, and girls now all but grandmothers once sighed over, and dreamed of, and sent perfumed little notes to, and in secret reverie even eloped with, dashingly, gloriously, and altogther recklessly!

Every feature of our Larry's now somewhat wrinkled old face, in fact, betokened placid and untroubled satisfaction, as we behold him rubbing his hands gleefully together, cocking up an eyebrow, and demanding of himself just what could possibly be better than bread and butter, with fine sliced onions!

What, indeed, could be finer than onions, he asked still again, with a knowing wag of the head and a tentative sniff or two at the old chipped bowl into which, with many solemn puckerings of the mouth, he had sliced and dropped no less than four of that odorously delectable vegetable. For the humble stomach under the silk and velvet cloak of the Lord High Chamberlain was uncommonly empty, and after many impatient peeps at the little broken-faced alarm-clock he sighed prodigiously when, at last, he heard Spider coming up the stairs.

And something had happened with Spider; anyone who knew her could have seen that. For she came clattering up that narrow old stairway with a noise that must have made the tea-cakes of the baker below settle a good half inch. This calamity Spider could never have dreamed of, for her one aim in life had always been to stand in with the baker, from whom she bought cut pies at one-half the regular price, and bread two days old—far better for the digestion, Larry maintained—at a like reduction.

But that night Spider had winged her way home treading on clouds instead of the mere mud and slush of a grimy and wintry city. Still, as she thrust her head in at the door, she sniffed at the onions eagerly; and then pursed up her lips into determined silence, and said nothing of the momentous thing that had befallen her. All through her supper, however, she fidgeted a great deal, and tried to avoid the gently reproving eye of Larry. Then she wiped the crumbs from her mouth and asked casually, but, oh, so slyly, if Double Breast was still hanging up in front of Goldberg's.

Larry, who had been looking intently into the bottom of the chipped bowl, said he had seen it there not more than two nights ago.

"Hully gee!" murmured Spider, inconsequentially, suddenly kicking on the floor with her heels.

Larry looked at her with one eye cocked up in alarm.

"I'm dead scart, Pop, somebody's goin' to freeze onto that suit!" lamented Spider, whose tongue, it must be confessed, went astray much more often than her heart. Then, as she saw the troubled look that came into Larry's eyes, she felt sorry that she had said it.

"Isn't it just a lee-e-etle short in the legs, Spider?" he asked anxiously. "For the ordinary run, I mean?"

"I guess that's all w'at's savin' it!" said Spider. And Larry sighed voluminously, and wagged his head once more.

"*I* call it a miracle, the way that suit hangs on, and on!" he declared, hopefully. "And double-breasted, too!"

"And 's good as new!" added Spider.

"And as warm as toast!" put in Larry, working his shoulders around appreciatively.

Then a silence fell over them.

"I s'pose it'd feel like a hug all over,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wearin' a suit like Double Breast?" asked Spider, deliciously, watching Larry out of the corner of her eye.

"I suppose so," said Larry absently, looking out into the falling snow, and trying to thrust from him that dream too fondly golden.

"An' it's so dirt cheap!" persisted Spider. And Larry dolefully agreed that it was remarkably cheap, for such a fine suit.

"An' the card says 'Extra Nobby,'" went on Spider.

"It used to say 'Broadway Style,'" interposed Larry, pensively.

"They keep changin' 'em!" said the aquiline Spider. And again there was silence.

"I guess this here old velvet 'll do me, through to spring now!" Larry at last protested, bravely enough. "It's fine and warm, *once* you get used to the feel of it!"

"But say, Pop, if we'se only could!"—

"Could what?" Larry's patience was being over-tried.

"I mean, wouldn't it be great to have Double Breast for Christmas, an' git 'round an' take in the sights!"

Such things as that Larry well enough knew weren't even worth supposing. So Spider went to bed that night, in her little corner, decently walled off from the rest of the room by a calico curtain, thinking great thoughts, and wriggling her toes delightedly as she recalled bit by bit the happenings of that afternoon.

It had all come about as she stood before the window of old Otto Kuhn's store in Hudson Street. It was a truly wonderful window, prodigally made ready for Christmas, profuse with balls of green and red and yellow glass, and many-coloured candies, and raisins and nuts, and a barrel of pressed currants, and strings of dried popcorn, and glitter-gold, and cherubs swinging on elastics.

But Otto Kuhn was still not altogether satisfied. In the next block but one Spielmann's window-automaton was drawing the crowd, where fifty times a day a pasteboard donkey kicked over a pasteboard fat man and a patient mother eternally spanked an equally patient and long-suffering offspring.

All that day, in fact, Otto had been oppressed by an idea; and as he stood disconsolately at his door, and beheld Spider—fairly watering at the mouth over a basket made of solid candy woven together, and filled to the very top with the same compelling compound—still a second idea came to him. He stood there, be-aproned and impassive, however, studying Spider's meagre dimensions. Her quick eye caught sight of him; she was a past-master in diplomacy. She put her clustered fingers to her lips (as she had often enough seen the Dagoes do) and blew a rapturous and eloquent kiss of admiration into the air.

"Hul-l-l-ly gee, but you'se got a great winda', Dutchy!" she cried, in her enthusiasm, remembering more than one dubiously sound Dill pickle which the rotund Otto had bestowed on her in times past, with now and then a handful of time-hardened chocolates for Larry, who loved sweets.

"Choost so?" said Otto, guardedly.

"She's a peach, for sure!"—here Spider drew back, with her head critically on one side—"a reg'lar peach!"

"Choost so?" said Otto again, but less impassively, for he was sizing up his none too commodious window and inwardly taking the dimensions of Spider once more. And as he did so a heavy problem solved itself in his mind.

"Vat you tink, Shpider,—I vant some good leedle mädchen to be Sandy Claus in my vinder here, mit a false-face, und all dose tings! How do you like dot job, eh?"

"Watcher givin' a day?" said Spider quickly, fighting inwardly to hold herself down, doing her best to swallow her eagerness.

Otto, if the Sandy Claus showed his "goots" off well and broke nothing, was ready to give fifty cents a day for each day of twelve hours.

Spider said she would take it for seventy-five cents a day. Otto threw up his fat arms in despair. Spider said sixty cents, then, and stuck to it. And so the bargain was sealed; and as Spider, wriggling her toes ecstatically over the memory of it, chortled aloud, Larry the Scribe, struggling desperately with the Muse, almost dropped his pen in astonishment.

The Muse at that moment, let me hasten to add, partook more of the nature of Urania than of her sister Calliope,—for behold our Larry deep in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intricacies of his weekly account, wondering if, after all, they had not dined just a little too sumptuously that night. And yet the Larry Doogan of old had never shaken his head over his suppers in that way. Bless your benighted soul, I should think not! Once, indeed, he had lived in state, and dined, too, at the old "Parker House,"—once, in the days when they had proudly called him "The King of Vaudeville." And once, too, still further back, in the happy, prosperous old days of *The Romantic,* over which Memory had long since draped her veil of gold and rose, in the old days, I repeat, when Larry was known as "The Prince of Stage Lovers," landaus and broughams had whisked him proudly off to his suppers,—all of which you would surely have known, had you once looked into the great, faded, old yellow scrapbook of press-clippings at which our Larry, on cold winter nights, warmed himself genially, with many smacks of the lips, like a man with a pint of mulled wine before an open fire.

Yet behold our Prince of Lovers tonight, in his little top room on Clarkson Street—scarcely bigger than a ship's cabin, and twice as trim!—meditatively tapping the little bald spot on the top of his head, and screwing up his eyes over an outrageous expenditure of good pennies, and plaintively murmuring that here was a pretty kettle of fish! First notice the courtly, if somewhat incongruous costume, the ruffled silk and velvet cloak, the archaic knee-breeches, obviously of another century, and the tattered slippers, obviously of our own era. And lastly, note over all this the huge, white, butcher's apron.

One month before, that apron had covered an even more startling costume, of tremendous checks,—the coat-tail of which extended backwards with a sort of bird-like pertness,—and gay with enormous buttons of mother-of-pearl, a garment much affected by the stage Dandies of the early seventies. Still previous to that, it had covered the sinuous frock-coat and voluminous trousers of the Count de Varville in *Camille.* It was, indeed, an apron that had dangled and coquetted about in strange company; yet, nowadays, Larry was never happier than when he had tied on his old friend, and went pottering about his little room, righting up, or doing his bit of cooking, to say nothing of a Sunday morning's washing, whereafter he handled his solitary flat-iron with all the airy lightness with which he had once handled his rapier, in the earlier days of *The Romantic.*

Nor did Larry even scorn the darning needle. Once each year for some twenty-six years now his one known relative, a maiden sister, despatched to her lost, depraved, and long-estranged brother two pairs of hand-knitted socks; and from time immemorial Larry's darning-wool had been unravelled from the tops of this footwear, so that the years had shortened them grotesquely, and some came scarcely over his boot-tops.

But when your managers, even in the proud and careless days of your prime, have told you to wear "lifters" that you may simulate the true stature of the hero, and the footprints of the hurrying years have left a little bare spot on the top of your head, and the burden of life's sorrows and disappointments have weighed down your shoulders a bit, and the ploughshare of time has driven his furrows across your face, and when the theatrical agents have mildly hinted to you that you are of the old style, and when the wide door of vaudeville has been closed to you, and it is only now and then that even the wordless rôle of the supernumerary comes your way,—then it is high time that you faced the fact that you are a failure in life, that your good day is over and done, and that you must wriggle and worry along as best you can, a paltry back-current in the city's great, careless tides of success.

And therein—let me whisper it to you under the rose—therein lay the secret of the Lord High Chamberlain's ruffles, the last of all those carefully treasured old costumes which Larry had told over so often, and so often, with doubtfully pursed lips, replaced in his battered old theatrical trunk, long since artfully converted into a chintz-covered settee. And it was only after many sighs, and even more numerous pains in the pit of his empty stomach, that Larry had first rifled that beloved old trunk. But month by month the ship's cabin had been searched over for odds and ends, that might be sold or pawned, till it stood as bare as a December peach-tree. During those days of trial Larry had grown to understand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ways of the pawnbroker and the second-hand shop; and he knew that his own carefully sponged but woefully thin suit of grey serge would bring him as much again as any one of his grotesque old character suits, for which there was little call, however brilliant it might be to the eye.

And so the dismantling of Larry's long-treasured sartorial album of past glories began, when, one chilly September night, he crept and dodged and scurried down to a certain dealer's on lower Sixth Avenue, jauntily garbed in the sailor-suit of Dick Deadeye of *Pinafore*. After much argument and eloquence and solemnity of gesture he carried home one dollar and eighty cents, and a few days later had the thrice melancholy experience of beholding his renovated grey serge dangling forlornly from a suit-form in front of the shop, marked "Stylish—Five Dollars To-day!!!" And Larry went almost white as he looked at it, feeling as though he were at last a disembodied spirit, gazing down on his sadly familiar corporeal shell.

As time went on, though, the pinch of poverty could be felt even through the good blue of Dick Deadeye, and the old trunk was again ransacked, and the sailor suit went the way of the serge suit, and in due time appeared before the shop proclaiming itself dirt cheap at three dollars. So Larry went wistfully over and over his shrinking wardrobe, wagging his head prodigiously at each new conscription, and parting with suit after suit only after weeks of affectionate valedictory wearing.

But as the bottom of the trunk came nearer and nearer the design of Larry's costume grew ever bolder and bolder, ever more archaic and bizarre, until the good people of that part of New York City known as Greenwich Village gazed after him with startled eyes, and sometimes a cluster of boys even followed him home to his door, where he was wont to address them reprovingly, yet with much Boothian gesturing and fire. He had to forego his fond and futile old habit of a daily visit to the theatrical agencies, where he still hopped meekly about for a falling dramatic crumb or two. Even his nebulous but long-cherished dream of forming and conducting a great fencing school had to be regretfully thrust away; and Longacre Square and the Rialto looked in vain for the familiar old figure with its slow, pompous walk, and the wrinkled face with its nimbus of scant, straight hair peeping whimsically out from under the flat, well-frayed hatbrim. Yet many a lonely day he sighed for a sight of The Street—there was only one, to his way of thinking!—and when an old *Mirror* or even a *Clipper* fell into his hands he read it through, from cover to cover, advertisements and all. Or when he had the rare good luck to get a week's "suping" he asked invariably and in vain about the older names, and the old houses, and the old plays, a very Rip Van Winkle of the theatrical world. Even when Stetson & Riley, the Irish Comedians, bodily made away with his sketch, *What Happened to Hilhollen*,—and what hours of terrible thought and labour he had put into that initial creation!—he found himself dolefully marooned, as it were, on an island of habilimentary antiquity, and able neither to give chase to the robbers nor to seek out the offices of the law. And when, as winter came on and Larry saw that it was perhaps best to do his modest shopping by night, he beheld in front of his old friend Goldberg's, the Sixth Avenue dealer, a fine double-breasted suit of heavy blue serge which he only too poignantly realised would fit him to a T, as he confessed to Spider, he gave vent, in secret, to many heavy sighs. And when Larry even took Spider round to it, and displayed its glories to her, that young lady sighed quite as heavily, and quite as often—on one occasion, indeed, even boldly confronting the dealer and valiantly beating down the price from four to three dollars, on triumphantly discovering that the nether garment was copiously, if adroitly, patched.

All of which brings us round to Spider once more, and to the advent of Spider. This circumlocution, alas, sends us harping back eleven long years, and leaves our little story, perhaps, sadly disjointed and anachronistic. But as Larry himself would straightway have told you, the advent of Spider was no small affair.

They had always called her Spider. She had gone through her eleven eventful years of life and borne that name quite untroubled by any thought that a certain meagreness of body and unnatural lankiness of limb only too well betrayed the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

origin of the denominative. But here again we must jump half way across the continent, to Logansport, Indiana, and loiter discreetly about the background while the Ariadne Road Company take up a collection and send a very pale-faced and hopeless-eyed young woman back to New York,—a young woman, it has been whispered, whose predacious and volatile husband had fluttered away with a fairer and fresher face, after only three weeks of married life. There we must still trudge about in the weary footsteps of this young wife, who shall be mercifully nameless to us, as she seeks out our soft-hearted old Larry, over whom she weeps and tells her broken story and protests that he had always been more than a father to her. And we must watch Larry pat her hand, and make tea and toast for her, and then go scurrying out for a cab to carry her to the Maternity Hospital. And before he returns we find Spider there, wailing at the coldness and neglect of a world to which she is as yet unreconciled. And in a week or so we see poor Spider left motherless, and with an ever-roaming father already in Australia, as penniless and yet as care-free as any light-hearted actor of his kind. And as Larry comes up from hanging the black crêpe on the tenement door—where the children group wonderingly about it for a minute or two, and then straightway go on with their noisy play—we see him look down at the little waif that chance has washed up on the shores of his life, and since he is a veritable child of the Romantic, tainted with the taint of the school in which he had studied and worked for so many years, we know that he is going to do what many a wiser man would never have dreamed of, and many a bolder man would never have dared.

It is all very easy to tell of, but quite different to go through. There were bills to pay, and milk to buy, and clothes to have made, and medicines to be got, and now and then even a little borrowed cradle to be rocked and a home-made cart to be toted about. So Larry migrated. He gave up his Thirteenth Street flat and sought out the tiny ship's cabin on Clarkson Street, over Tishman's Bakery, where the smell of cooking bread smote alluringly on Larry's nose, and seemed home-like and decent, after the mingled odours of the tenement.

Here Spider duly took unto herself legs and a tongue, and was soon brave company for the somewhat lonely yet uncomplaining outcast, who of necessity sniffed less and less frequently the beloved fragrance of gas and grease-paint, and not only declined all engagements for "The Road," but even when a small part came to him, bundled off costume and make-up before the curtain was well down, and went flying home to see that all was well with his tiny family. Once back in the ship's cabin, the apostle of glamour and romance donned his huge apron and performed the last of his domestic duties, and washed up and made ready for bed whilst sadly misled neighbours, seeing the light from the little room, solemnly wondered what fly-by-night held out in such mysteriously humble quarters.

But oh, what a ceaseless scramble it was for this fly-by-night to keep his rent and his gas-bills paid—Larry did his cooking in a corner, on a "hot-plate"—and his little larder replenished, and his own back and Spider's decently covered! Many a day, as he sat and watched her, to see that she did not crawl out over his box of geraniums, where he fed the city sparrows from the window-sill, and go tumbling down among the barrels at the back of the bake-shop, he gazed at her puny body and wondered in cheery melancholy where she *could* put it all, chirping even then, like a young robin, for her next meal.

Then, one fine morning—at least, so it seemed—Larry rubbed his eyes and discovered that Spider had grown up, and was more or less able to shift for herself. Thereafter, instead of being locked in of a day, she chose to be locked out, where she soon fell to wandering the streets at her own sweet will. Up and down what is truly the back yard of all New York, from the lower fringe of Hell's Kitchen to Canal Street, she wandered and foraged and pillaged, a buccaneer on the highways of the West Side, carting home many a largesse of old vegetables from Washington Market, and fish and fruit—usually in the sere and yellow leaf—from the commission houses, and some richer find, now and then, from one of the North River wharves. And thereafter Larry's suppers became less woefully frugal, for many were the tid-bits Spider smuggled up to the ship's cabin, and many were the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guesses Larry had to make as to the nature of each delicacy,—whether or not it was boiled cabbage, or liver and onions, or even the good half of an abandoned melon. It was on these wanderings that she first met Buntie Ford, and seeing that he owned a box-cart and lived in her own street straightway became his "steady." The two of them thereafter roved and pirated about like twin dock-rats, sharing their sorrows and their hokey-pokey, Spider even valiantly fighting by the side of Buntie when the Clarkson Street gang withstood some intended invasion of the dreaded "Perry-Streeters," who came armed with stones and insolence, and were often dislodged only after much bloodshed and broken glass.

But all this while we have neglected Larry, who about this time—in sheer desperation—took to the pen, and brought forth his first vaudeville sketch. Over that sketch he laboured and groaned for many weeks, while Spider, who had now assumed certain household duties, leaned on her broom and looked on in wonder, knowing it was hard work, indeed, by the faces Larry made. Yet it almost startled Larry out of a week's sleep when his sketch was snatched up for ninety dollars, paid down, and a five per cent royalty—which he never got, and never really expected. There were gay days then down in Clarkson Street, though it was many a month before that much money once more came out of our budding dramatist's ink-pot. Still, it was the means of starting Larry on a new tack in life, to say nothing of first suggesting the Great Play. The Great Play, or most of it, was written on ridiculous shreds and scraps of paper, on paper of all kinds and conditions, with the tongue of its creator well out whilst he worked, and with much puckering of the face and scratching of an ever-enlarging bald spot. The spelling, too, was very bad, for Larry was no scholar. But a life of play-acting had taught him the sort of line that would catch "a hand," and he had a foxy eye for the speeches and situations that always took well with the house. Day by day he duly tried these on Spider, who drank them in and vowed them glorious and laughed over them immoderately, for Larry's sake alone. Then at times she would look up wistfully and ask him yet again if *she* "couldn't ever, some day, be a actress?" And Larry, biting his pen-handle abstractedly, would gaze at her spindle legs and her gaunt and ever hungry-looking little face, without knowing it. And Spider would understand, and sigh heavily.

But the Great Play was still a-writing, and Larry's tongue was still sympathetically following each movement of his pen. Yet nothing came of it all, and life brought its new trials, and winter its cold nights, and sometimes when they scarcely knew just where their dinner was to come from, Spider found it hard to applaud the finest new turn to the familiar old act. Yet neither of them quite gave up, though that was really why Larry had fallen to wearing his outrageous old stage-suits, and as he went out shopping by night often gazed up at the fine double-breasted suit of heavy blue serge which still swung in front of Goldberg's store on lower Sixth Avenue.

But, heigho, all this was to be changed now; and Spider herself, mark you, was to be the god from the machine. And she sighed many happy and hopeful sighs, as she beheld herself under the hand of Mrs. Otto Kuhn slowly transformed into the now illustrious Santa Claus of Clarkson Street. This transformation was brought about by means of much padding, a generously be-whiskered false face, and a garb of turkey red, over all of which was scattered much flour and powdered mica. The pride of the spindle-legged and attenuated Spider, on seeing herself thus transmuted into the most rotund and roseate of Santa Clauses, would be hard to put in words. Otto Kuhn's shop window was not high, and she had not much room in which to move about, but the glee and ceaseless vigour with which she went through her improvised pantomime, and the energy with which she incidentally displayed the more tempting of her employer's choice stock of Christmas novelties, delighted that gentleman himself quite as much as it did the crowd which collected before the window and half blocked the sidewalk.

O Spider, however and wherever you may some day act, you will never play a happier part than this one in Otto Kuhn's Christmas window! For not only was it like unto real play-acting to Spider; there was, besides, the secrecy of the whole thing, the joy in the quite unguessed dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guise. Then, too, she had carefully figured up that out of her six days' masquerading she would, on Christmas Eve, have three dollars and sixty cents. The three dollars were to go for Double Breast, the fifty cents for a certain fine red necktie, with a pearl pin thrown in, on which she had feasted her eyes for months, and the remaining ten cents for a *Mirror,* the last two mentioned articles to be slipped into the pockets of the first mentioned, and the intoxicating *tout ensemble* to be hung secretly over Larry's broken-backed old arm-chair, very late Christmas Eve.

If her hours were long and wearisome, it gave her plenty of time to think these things all out,—then, too, she had the continuous consolation of seeing street-urchins once almost contemptuous of her sidle up and stand and gaze and wonder, round-eyed with open and undisguised admiration. It made her feel, indeed, like a queen on a throne. Buntie himself came even more often than the others, and lingered latest at night, often causing Spider to worry sorely as to how she might slip out and away unnoticed. For it would never do to be found out,—that, of course, would spoil it all. Though once, when Spider beheld Buntie soulfully licking the plate glass of the window, in the throes of his vivid imaginings, she was sorely tempted to slip aside her mask, for one supreme moment. But she resisted that weakness of the spirit, and day after day the nose of Buntie was still flattened unsuspectingly against Otto Kuhn's window, little dreaming that the fascinating and agile figure before him was a hollow-cheeked, skinny girl of his own tribe, and the very young lady, forsooth, to whom he had once plighted his troth. How Buntie would have stuck out his chest if only he had known!

Even Larry himself crept up late one night, and stood before the window looking enviously in. She could see well enough, as she watched him out of the holes in her rose-tinted mask, that he was regretfully thinking that there was a part which *he* might have played. And Spider nearly burst her stuffing with inward and suppressed glee, and began such a pointed pantomime at the face of the quite abashed old gentleman that he drew back and vanished amid the laughter of the good-natured Christmas shoppers.

"My, my, Spider, that's a fine Santa Claus they've got over on Hudson Street!" declared Larry that night, at the supper table.

Spider gave Larry to understand that she was too busy minding Mrs. Brannigan's baby those days to get a chance to see the sights.

"W'at 's he like, Pop?" she asked guilelessly, dipping her crust in the pea-soup. "Reg'ler play-actin' sort, or jus' standin' round thinkin' o' his whiskerettes?"

"Dear me, no," declared Larry, and as he went on to tell her about the dumpy little fellow who couldn't keep still, and was a regular born actor, Spider could have shouted with mingled pride and joy. But still she hugged her secret jealously, though cunningly enough forcing Larry to confess that such a Santa Claus had the making of a good actor in him. Then she grew wide-eyed and wistful, dreaming of far-away things, and wondering if she, *she,* skinny little Spider Doogan, would ever rustle out to soft music, and hold and sway a sea of upturned faces with the words of her lips, and, what was far grander, ever have *her* picture pasted overnight on the ash-barrels! Whereupon she shook herself together, and slipping down the narrow stairs, scurried all the way round by Goldberg's, before re-donning her mask and turkey red, to make sure that Double Breast still shone forth over Sixth Avenue, the most celestial looking of human adornments.

As the week slipped away the popularity of Kuhn's window increased. The fame of it went far and wide on the West Side, till children with carts, and men with parcels, and women with baskets, blocked the sidewalk. Aliens, even, who did their shopping on Eighth Avenue, came to see the wonder, and nodded their heads at it approvingly.

It was the day before Christmas that the "Perry Streeters" came in a body. As Spider looked out through the holes in her mask and beheld that army of invaders she was troubled in spirit. It meant much the same thing as a British fleet steaming up the Hudson and anchoring off Grant's Tomb. So with their curiosity once satisfied, the intruders fell to flinging soft snowballs and sand at the window, and what "Clarkson Streeters" were about quietly and discreetly withdrew.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And then for many minutes an ominous quietness reigned.

Spider was just displaying the wonders of the Automatic Kicking Mule when her eye caught sight of Buntie and his followers advancing in a body, their pockets bulging with stones. She knew what it meant.

It was then that the Clarkson Street Santa Claus did her best turns and revealed her finest riches, hoping thereby to beguile the enemy into a momentary forgetfulness, since she realised only too well that the call for the home guard had been a hurried one.

The two gangs were within fifty yards of each other when the Perry Streeters beheld the enemy, with a cry of great alarm, and broke and scattered. The loungers about the shops and the corner-saloons saw and understood, for the "street" fight is no uncommon thing on either the East Side or the West. If mere spectators, all they asked for was fair play; if property owners, all they demanded was that their windows should remain unbroken. Onlookers drew discreetly back, there was a hurried grubbing and grabbing for stones and broken asphalt and bits of cinder, and then the battle began.

It started with a fusilade of missiles from the home guard, and was as vigorously returned by the enemy, who hopped and writhed and twisted dexterously to avoid each stone as it fell and bounded amongst them. As one side rushed forward and delivered, the opposing side sagely retreated, a strategic movement seldom overlooked, otherwise there must surely have been sadly broken heads, since many of the missiles weighed a pound, a few of them even two pounds. When a fighting urchin was hit, by any chance, he simply limped and hobbled back to his own lines, and others forged cautiously to the front to take his place. Sometimes the wounded rejoined the fray; sometimes they were helped home, weak and red-eyed, by friends of the softer sex, whose cause, in a way, it was felt they were championing.

Amid a shout of laughter from the loungers on the corner, Spider saw Buntie go ignominiously down. A stone had caught him neatly in the pit of the stomach, and for a second or two he lay stunned, catching at his breath with ineffectual gasps. Then he fell back towards Kuhn's corner, very white-faced and wobbly on the legs, his disconcerted gang following, hard pressed by the enemy. By dodging behind passing wagons and trucks, however, and disposing themselves before protecting windows on the opposite side of the street road, the Perry Streeters artfully crept up and encircled the little band of Clarkson Street. Otto Kuhn beheld a shower of stones raining and rattling about his shop-front, and threw up his hands and shook a threatening finger at Spider, in whom he found the root of all the trouble.

"If von of dose vinders vas broke, by Gott, I don' pay you von cend!"

Was it any wonder Santa Claus forgot his part, at those words! Was it any wonder poor Spider looked round-eyed and trembling through the holes of her carmine-cheeked mask, and felt her heart sink, as a stone fell with a resounding whack against Otto's very window-sill! The Perry Streeters were advancing. In two minutes Buntie and his followers would be in the ignominy of defeat. In that time, too, all her carefully built air-castles might come crashing to the ground, with the fall of one spent stone. It was bad enough to see her Street thrashed and bruised and beaten, but to lose Double Breast now, at the last, was too much!

Yet it was neither of these things that prompted Spider suddenly to act. It was the unexpected sight of a wrinkled old gentleman in ruffled sleeves and knickerbockers, half concealed by a tattered great-coat, standing a target for the cruel fusilades of the advancing Perry Streeters, as he valiantly bent over a fallen urchin of his own district. The contents of his covered market-basket lay scattered in the centre of the road,—a head of cabbage, a little bag of what seemed to be English walnuts, a parcel of coloured candies, and an embroidered white petticoat, the very white petticoat that Spider had been eyeing and pointing longingly out to Larry in its shop window for months past! It made her blood boil.

She vaulted the barrel of pressed currants and shot out through the shop-door. And at that precise moment the street-corner loungers and teamsters and bartenders and spectators from fire-escapes and windows beheld a strange sight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They beheld a short, rotund, white-whiskered figure garbed in bright turkey red appear in the very midst of the bewildered Clarkson Streeters, as a deliverer descended from the skies. They beheld this strange figure, with shrill cries and many wild ravings of the arms, recklessly charge the Perry Street ranks.

That army, aghast, fell back; but only for a moment. Instead of stoning the old man in the ruffled sleeves, with one accord they directed their volleys against the scarlet intruder. But they might just about as well have stoned one of Goldberg's suit-dummies. Sodden and ineffectual each missile fell against the generous padding that surrounded Spider's lank frame. If a stone or two unhappily struck her face, the stiff mask broke its force, and it drew no blood.

Then Spider showed how she could fight when her blood was up; and how she could throw a stone when there was need for it. In dismay the front ranks of the Perry Streeters wavered and drew back. Still she followed them, delivering stone after stone well in the thick of each hesitating group. Then the enemy flung a despairing volley or two, and turned and fled, fled to the vociferous "goots!" of Otto Kuhn, and the derisive laughter of the crowd that now lined and over-ran the sidewalks. By this time the Clarkson Streeters had once more gathered courage and ammunition, and with much brave but belated shouting rushed out to their deliverer's support.

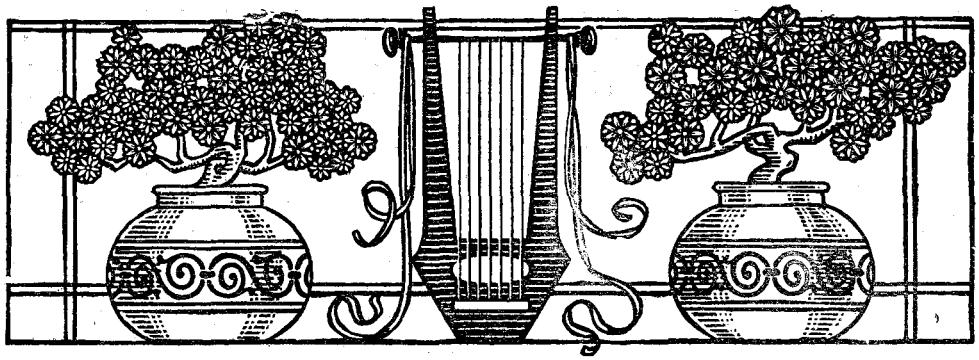
But they came too late. The vandals of the North were already in full flight, wildly scattered. All that Buntie and his gang could do was to keep them going, till they were driven pell-mell past Christopher Street, where they faced obvious annihilation, had not a policeman seen the crowds and promptly stepped out and stopped the disorder.

As Spider limped back to the door of Otto Kuhn's grocery, amid a scattered round of cheering from the spectators, she was sorely tempted to lift her mask and disclose herself to Buntie. But at that moment our panting Joan of the Gutter caught sight of Larry, dolefully picking up his scattered belongings. So she elbowed her way quickly in through the crowd, and confronted her employer triumphantly.

"Do I git that mon', Dutchy?" she demanded, rubbing a bruised shin. Otto had brought out his broom to sweep up the doorway. He leaned on the handle of that instrument of order, and looked down at Spider with not a little pride.

"I dink so, Shpider; I dink so!" he grunted, gratefully. "Und mebbe dot leedle turkey mit de bruised chesd, und mebbe, too, a leedle box of chocolades for de old man!"

As Spider put her costume to rights, and crawled in around the barrel of pressed currants once more, the thought of this ultimate and undeserved good luck,—the thought, I repeat, of how fine would seem a box of chocolates slipped into one of the pockets of Double Breast, filled her cup of happiness to overflowing. Behind his battered mask Santa Claus shed a few womanish tears of joy. And that was the longest, and, I dare say, the happiest, night of all Spider's life!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MARKET VALUE OF GRIEF

There was a time when the minor poets babbled of green fields, or wrote yards of guileless verses about "When Phyllis lifts her dainty foot."

There was another epoch when it required hard labour to find out what they meant. The ungrateful reading public then complained that contemporary verse was shallow or that it was obscure. But we really were well off then, for anything is better than the bursts of melancholy and floods of tears with which our poets and poetesses afflict us to-day.

Impossible to open the average periodical without being bedewed with a poet's tears. Graves yawn from the pages of every other magazine. Wretched men and women cry out that there is "no rest, no peace beneath the sky."

Some of them shriek loudly about their unsuspected sorrows, and others tell us that "in the red returning of roses my heart will break."

Many of these unhappy ones have gotten beyond the point where they rail at life. Mostly they only ask "leave to die," as Miss Emily Dickinson phrases it. But as the *Child's Book of Repentance* says, "There are many kinds of sorrow"—that, for instance, of the young lady who tells us how badly she feels when she wakes up in the morning.

"The melancholy morn is here again.
I see her bending ghost-like over me,
For in her arms she holds my waking woe."

It seems there is a "great load" to be fastened to the "old bruised place."

Again, one falls foul of the unpleasant spectacle of a soul rushing to its ruin. The poet ends dourly:

"There creeps into the Terminal the man
Who has had his day
And I wonder, oh my soul, just what his
God will say!"

The title of *The Fortunate One* cheers with the hope of something more gay at last; not at all, the fortunate one turns out to be dead.

Again, a poem about a field violet deceives us. Again we learn that the violet field is only for us when we die. It is hard for the seeker of a little innocent amusement to find all his magazines littered with tombs, death, and misery walking about unchecked, while the poets sob aloud.

But it seems grief has its market value as well as anything else. An author can exchange a "tortured moan" for a new pair of gloves. One would be overcome with pity at the spectacle of so much "sullen agony" if it were not for the comforting reflection that heart sobs sell from twenty-five cents a line upwards, and that while emotions do pay, like onions, they will be cultivated.

It is the public, after all, which suffers. This has gone so far that even the usually genial Mr. Howells complained recently in verse that even his sorrow had forsaken him. There are some people we can't please.

However, these lachrymose ladies and gentlemen have only to wait and let nature take its course and they will have their heart's desire. They will presently find themselves laid alongside of the Fortunate One.

"I would I were asleep, forgotten and alone," said a far greater poet than any of these. He has had his will.

Mary H. Vorse.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMANDA OF THE MILL*

By Marie Van Vorst

BOOK II

THE CAPTIVES

. . . Nor does a woman know at once she loves;
Subtle, intangible, a change has come
In fibre and in blood. The world grows wide
In one day—dwindles to a span the next.
Heaven touches her, then Hades mocks her bliss.

Suddenly she is all made of tears and strange
Sweet tremblings . . . and yet she is deceived,
Till sharp and swift and deep a knife has pierced
Her uttermost life; she holds her aching heart,
And finds how she can suffer—then she knows.

CHAPTER I.

Six weeks later Euston, on a bed in the McCullough gaol, was awakened by a shaft of sunlight falling lightly across his closed eyelids. It was morning. His routine called him to rise and dress, but he was not in a hurry to obey.

It was the day of his trial. To-day should see him either freed, or condemned to whatever justice South Carolina might see fit to extend to a man who had struck another in his indignant claim for the body of his wife. Euston thought not at all of the outcome. His mind, on the contrary, went to his past as though this seclusion were a hive, into which at appointed hours the bees came swarming home. So his hours swarmed around him.

CHAPTER II.

He had been born on a farm in —— County, an only child of a mother he adored. She taught him to read, and later there was a small stock of good books to be enjoyed. He was not made to work, and never did anything but those things which he wanted to do, until he was a big boy, and then his mother broke to him the fact that he was to go to school.

On the day his mother told him this news she held an open letter, and from it a cheque for money rustled to the ground. Henry picked it up and gave it into her hand, not without remarking a name, never very clear to him, and the bank engraving surrounded by a grey sea of pictures.

"You are to go to school, Henry, in Boston."

To his weeping refusal to leave her Mrs. Euston replied:

"It isn't what I want, nor what you want; it is what *he* wants."

When Henry had said, "Who is *he?*" she had replied: "Your father;" and that was the first time this factor of his life had been mentioned.

He exclaimed with childish frankness:

"I didn't know as I had one."

Through her tears—for she had been crying—Mrs. Euston laughed a little.

"Well, of course you've got a father! Every little boy's got a father, and he wants you should go to school."

"What is that money for?"

And she answered quickly:

"For your schooling, and for nothing else."

Henry, who had never learned to work with his hands, worked as well with his mind as he knew. He was more than an average scholar, and when at length another letter came, with another display of bank engraving on the cheque, and he was prepared for college, at seventeen he found himself more advanced than the average man of his age. By nature extremely indolent, he accepted everything without question. But in his junior year he was determined to ask his mother much, when he should go back to the farm for his holidays. Before those holidays fell, he was summoned home by telegram, and hurried with sinking heart to find his mother very ill. He stood by her side in a passion of grief, one of her beloved hands between his own.

"There isn't anything to say to you,

*Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry, excepting don't ever be too hard on a woman."

The message was so extraordinary that, his breaking heart in his throat, he bent and listened closely. His mother managed to make him understand thus far.

"Your father, he *is* your father, Henry —*has never been my husband.* I wasn't meant to be like that; it has broken my heart."

"*Mother,* do you mean to tell me I have no name?"

Greater grief could not settle over the features of the woman before him than had already possessed them.

"I mean to say that he has promised to come every year to marry me; he has never come."

Although Euston, as gently as he could, besought for the name of the man, he could gain no information. The young man sitting on the bed by her side never left her throughout the afternoon and late into the evening. There was an iron in his soul, as there was infinite grief in his heart. He listened to her wanderings, and as one listens to intangible things in dreams, and with the consciousness of another identity strives to grasp the meaning of the visions of sleep, so he strove to gain some revelations from her lips. There was none. At sunset she closed her eyes, drew a long breath, like a sigh, which was her way of delivering up her spirit. She did this silently, and with no tirade against the world of wrong, with no blaming of the man who had made her a victim, and her son nameless.

His position regarding the world was different. His attitude was in strong contrast to her feminine acquiescence.

CHAPTER III.

He found himself after the settlement of farm and properties with a hundred dollars to his name. In his own humiliated eyes he had no name! He went back to Boston, feeling that it would have been his mother's wish, and made up his mind to work his way through college. The experiment was a failure. He had never been ambitious, and whatever might have grown to stand in ambition's stead was nipped in the bud by the morbid, recurring fact of his birth. The desire to discover the personality of his father became an obsession with him. He believed that the stopping of the cheques of this man at the last period of his mother's life had hastened her death. At all events, he felt sure, now that he was older and more enlightened, that a sacred grief had been at his mother's heart for years. He determined to seek out the man who marred her life, and who dared to fling him a nameless and unprotected existence, and to heavily charge him with responsibilities.

It is not strange that his misery ill prepared him for study. At the very thought of his father his morals folded their wings. The aerial creature, his spirit, fell to nothing more than a crawling thing—a veritable expression of the beast, kin with the animalism which had called forth his nameless existence.

He drank at first because he wanted to drown his thoughts. It did not take him long to discover that he had more than a taste for it, and he decided it was in his case an inheritance, and therefore useless to battle against it. Little by little he grew to consider himself a reproduction of his father's indulgences, and longed to present himself, an accusing entity, to his parent.

He was obliged to work very hard in order to pay his tuition, and he waited at a club restaurant and studied at nights. Intelligent and of unusual refinement, Euston could have only fraternised with men from whom, by his own knowledge of his birth, he felt himself to be ostracised. He rejected all expressions of friendship from class men whose social position was better than his. He was good looking, of an attractive personality, and when perfectly sober possessed of great charm. But his morose, ungenial qualities repelled anyone who sought to force an intimacy upon him. One young man in particular, son of a New York millionaire, vainly tried to chum with Euston. After repeated rebuffs the young fellow withdrew chagrined. That a chap who worked his way through college, whose habits were already looked upon askance, should have the aplomb to refuse his society! Indeed, he damned Euston with the decision that he was devilish queer, and going to the dogs as fast as a man can. After this he was left alone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHAPTER IV.

All of this he reviewed as he lay in his prison cell. Now, long debarred the solace and excitement of drink, he found himself regarding his past debauches with disgust. His body bore the record acutely of all he had undergone; his thin limbs, his emaciated hands, his face, displayed history he had no desire to read.

The episode of his advent into the South and his marriage was half to him a nightmare and half a reality.

Thus he lay musing until a clanging clock without and the clash of the bells from the church tower warned him of the advancing day.

When he was dressed, he turned to the table whereon stood the breakfast which the gaoler had brought him an hour before. He had scarcely finished when the door of his cell was pushed open. With the light that streamed in from the corridor, a little figure entered, preceding the gaoler.

"Hyar's a lady to see you; try to treat her like a gentleman."

With this singular recommendation, the functionary withdrew, and the girl he had ushered in came forward.

"Whar's my sister? Whar's Lily Bud?"

Euston blinked at her. He had not seen many objects of interest during these past three weeks. His cell was dark. He stared at Amanda, for it was she.

"Where did you come from?"

She did not reply; she was trembling with the excess of her feelings; her breast was heaving; her hands were clasped to her.

"Why did you come here?" exclaimed Euston. "Sit down on my cot beside me. You look as if you had been sick."

The girl shook her head, refusing his invitation and his interest as well.

"Whar's my sister?"

He frowned.

"I don't know."

"You-all carried her down from gran'maw's, an' gran'maw sayde: 'Mr. Euston you suttinly look after Lily Bud.'" She paused. Euston did not seem moved by the appeal. "Gran'maw's dayde." She nodded her fine little head at him, accusing him of being false to his vow. Her face was thin as a lily, and very pale. Her grey eyes, deepened by grief, and from which sorrow had smitten all merriment, made a shadow against her face. Her hair, cut short, lay warm and heavy around her brow. She had no hat, and over her calico dress was pinned a little grey shawl; it covered her shoulders, and added to the meek appearance of her extreme youth. She repeated, "Gran'maw's dayde."

"I am sorry—very sorry," said the man. "What was the matter?"

"Ih do'no," said the child, "and never mind, anyway. Ih want you to give me back ma sister."

Euston put his hand on her shoulder, and, without much resistance from her, forced her to sit on his cot; he sat down beside her.

"You are played out. You are not the same girl I left in the hills. I don't know where your sister is, and I wish to God I could give her back to you just as I took her from Mrs. Henchley's."

"What's happened to her?"

He said: "Well, let me tell you how it was. But first answer me, who brought you to the gaol?"

"Is Lily Bud dayde?"

"No, indeed."

"Porely?"

"No; she was well enough when I saw her last."

These details satisfied for the moment the anxious sister.

"Ih come down with Falloner. We was going to find Cally Griscom. You-all remembers him?" (Euston had good reason to remember him!) "We struck Radnor's tavern no more 'n an hour ago, and when Falloner was seekin' out Cally, Ih asts for Lily Bud. They-all didn't know her name hyarabout; then Ih ast fer you, and the gentleman reckoned you wuz in gaol, so Ih ast where et was. He laughed at me so's he could skeercely pint the way, but Ih came hyar, and ast if Mr. Henry Euston was hyar; they said 'Yes,' and Ih told them Ih was from where *he* come from. . . ."

"Is that all they told you at Radnor's?"

Amanda nodded.

"Yes, you-all kin tell me the rest."

"I will," said Euston. "When I married your sister——" Amanda's hands went to her heart; she gave a start, and said "Oh!" in a soft, birdlike way, something between a call and an appeal. Eus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ton saw it, and misinterpreted her emotion. He said apologetically: "I know you don't think I was fit to marry her. I should not have done so, but I couldn't help it. We were alone there, and she needed someone; and if I hadn't done what I did, something worse would have happened; and we had to find work immediately. The mill-owner of Crompton turned me off, but I got a job for us both in the Ralings Mills, and they advanced us a week's pay." Euston frowned as he talked. "The men were crazy about Lily Bud; they couldn't leave her alone. I was trying to keep sober those days, so that I could get along with my work, but one night I came out on the porch of our boarding-house, and Lily Bud was holding a man's hand; he was a weaver in my room. I didn't say anything, but just turned around and went in. Pretty soon she came in to me, crying, and said she hadn't wanted him to make love to her, and I forgave her."

Here Amanda interrupted him.

"She was coaxin' allers—she suttinly was, tew."

Euston ignored this.

"I told the fellow the next day that if he did not get out of our boarding-house by night he would go out too fast for his own pleasure. Well, he went!" Euston began to walk up and down the room. "That was the first. . . ." Then he appeared to forget the little girl on his bed and her white, pathetic face as she listened, and he broke forth into fury. "That was the first, but there were many others! I couldn't trust the girl out of my sight. . . . I fought two men at the boarding-house . . . then the landlady put us out, and we had to go into a hotel. Here they didn't regard dispensary law, and I made a beast of myself over and over again. One night I was coming out of the back of the hotel where I had been drinking, and I saw my wife with Griscom. He had his arms around her, and it was unlucky for him that I had my gun on me! When he saw me he dropped the girl, and I saw him reach for his pistol. I got mine out first, and they say I nearly killed him. He'll get well, thank God! I don't want his blood on my soul; I have about as much as I can carry without that. I'm not at all afraid they'll do anything to me; they can't."

"Ih'm right glad you didn't kill him!" Amanda was breathless.

Euston stopped, and faced her.

"Well, what about *me?*" His voice was irritated, like a child's asking in vain for sympathy. "Aren't you sorry for *me?*"

Her hands were folded in her lap, and Euston had never seen anything like the face raised to him; it made him think of certain pictures of the Virgin and Saints.

"Ih *am* right sorry," she said gently. "You hadn't ought tew of merried her; if you'd of ast *me,* Ih could of told you. She was always that a-way."

Euston sat down on the bed beside Amanda.

"Your grandmother was a good woman; it's not her fault if one of you has gone wrong. Tell me about her—if it doesn't make you feel too bad."

"It makes me sayde," the little thing said slowly—"powerful sayde. . . . Ih ain't ne-vah goin' to git over it! . . . Sometimes Ih hyar her trampin' round in the night. . . . Sometimes Ih hyar her callin'. Las' night she called . . . 'Lily Bud'—plain as plain! You-all ain't goin' back on her?" she asked timidly.

Euston exclaimed: "I don't ever want to see her again, to tell you the truth."

"Yo' suttinly *must,*" the child said firmly. "Why, Ih come all the way from Daco tew fin' her. Thayre was a washout to the railroad, so Dex Falloner an' me got an ole boat jest below Daco, and we come down the river, 'cause Ih was tew weak f'om the fever tew walk. We travelled that a-way all night. . . . Sometimes the wind blowed the boat into the reeds . . . but Dex, he waded out, and drug her into the stream."

"What do you want me to do?"

He looked hopelessly down between his hands on the floor of the gaol.

"Why, Ih want you-all should take her back again."

"She doesn't want to come back to me."

"She will," encouraged the child, "fast 'nough, you'll see. It's her ways."

Euston said restlessly: "I'm shut up here; I don't know when they will let me out."

"Well," said Amanda, "Ih kin git a lift over tew the mills where Dex Fal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loner works, and Ih'll make him dew somethin' or other 'bout you."

She didn't look more than fifteen years of age as she stood before him, small and thin. He put out his own slender hand, and laid it on the shoulder of the grey shawl.

"You're worth your weight in gold."

She stirred from under his touch.

"Ih reckon Ih'll be quite a fortune to the one what gits me," she said, with her sweet, short laugh.

He was glad to hear it, and looked at her affectionately.

"No one's good enough to get you! Have you any money, Amanda?"

She shook her head.

He thrust his hands into his trouser-pockets, uselessly—he knew how empty they were—then he shrugged his shoulders, and smiled at her; but the smile was sadder than tears. He shook his head without speaking. Amanda understood.

"Don't you-all fret; Ih'll git hold of Dex—we'll fix up somethin'."

At the click, click of the gaoler's key both started.

"Come, young lady."

She put out her hand, and Euston clung to it. There awoke within him a great gratitude to her, and a dawning appreciation of what she was; but as he clung to her hands it was not so much gratitude for her help of him as a desire to protect this frail, kind little creature.

"If they don't get me out, you will come back?" he asked eagerly.

"Ih suttinly will."

"What's that?" he asked.

He put out his hand on her hair, and took from it a brown leaf.

"Ih reckon it felled from a tree as Ih come along in the boat. Like as not thayre's burrs in it, tew."

"Come," said the gaoler, "don't stay spooning any longer."

Amanda had on her grandmother's slippers; they hung on her feet as she pattered out of the cell into the corridors. She cast a terrified glance from side to side at the grated doors that they passed. She slunk close to the gaoler. Despite her terror, tears came to her eyes for the man she had left and for herself; she wiped them on the end of her shawl.

"Come along," said the man not unkindly. "You've no call to be afraid of those fellows. The only difference between them and some of the rest outside is that these are caged up safe and the others *ain't.*"

CHAPTER V.

In what is known as a six-roomed shanty, in this case part and parcel of Jacob Grismore's mill property, one evening in May, 189-, a group of mill-hands sat before their evening meal.

There were only two women: one a corpulent, blowsy creature, who plied her knife and fork both at once, piling into her mouth, as fast as she could, hominy and bread. She was a weaver. Her companion, Lily Bud, indifferently sat before her plate, on which was a bit of bread and some molasses, just as the "bo'din'-haouse keeper" had placed them.

At a timid knock on the door the inmates of the kitchen looked up, and Gerkins went out to see who it might be, and returned, followed by a strange girl.

"Hyar's a caller for you-all, Mis' Euston."

And Mrs. Euston, starting in expectation of at the worst Griscom or Euston, beheld none other than Amanda. But, as though she had never expected anything but the appearence of her pale sister, bareheaded, wrapped in an old grey shawl, Lily Bud made her way from between pine dinner-table and seat and slowly advanced into the kitchen.

"Howdy, 'Manda. . . ."

Amanda had no smile to give her. Glancing at the curious faces around her, she said:

"Ih suttinly hev got to speak to you-all, Lily Bud."

Congeniality had never existed between these two vividly distinct natures forced by birthright (arbitrary conjunctive, too often of enemies) to be companions. The vain, light mind of Lily Bud resented with positive hatred even Amanda's sense of humour.

"Folks always laugh when 'Manda sayde anythin', and *she* suttinly didn't see no fun in et."

Now, scornful of the queer figure before her, ashamed of her relationship, she said:

"Ef you want to tell me anythin', go on. You-all fetched youse tongue, Ih reckon."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At this the mill-hands laughed aloud, enchanting Lily Bud, who could not recall ever having awakened merriment by her sallies before.

But Amanda's sober face did not change its expression as she said quietly: "Gran'maw's dayde," and looked dry-eyed at her sister.

One by one the men rose awkwardly, but with comprehending courtesy, and left the kitchen.

Lily Bud's face softened a little. She began to cry.

In an undertone, Amanda slowly told her simple account of "Gran'maw's" death, her own flight and illness, then said, and with effort:

"Ih come from Rexington—bin thayre ever sense day befo' yesterday. Ih seen yo' husban'." Lily Bud dried her eyes. "Yesterday Ih was done comin' out to fin' you-all, but Dex Falloner reg'larly run agin et. So we went to the Co't Haouse 'n waited twell the Jedge calls 'Henry Euston!' Well, suh, thayre suttinly wasn't no one fer to speak agen him, so he come out."

This news was vital indeed to his wife. Euston free! He would look her up and make enough money when he was sober, so that she need not work in the hated mills. She was at once alarmed and pleased.

"Whar's Henry?"

Amanda started violently. It was the first time she had heard Euston's Christian name, and it seemed to her like a liberty on her sister's part. She gave Lily Bud a hostile glance, and said sharply:

"*That's* what you-all call him?"

Lily Bud giggled.

"Well, et's his name, ain't it? You-all don't reckon Ih call him '*Mister Euston,*' ef he does give himself airs?"

Amanda interrupted quickly:

"He's to Rexington, 'n he-all's a-goin' to stay thayre."

"Fer what?"

"Twell you-all seeks him out 'n tells him you'll be good."

She said petulantly:

"He-all dew drink so po'ful; I reckon you-all ain't got no idee."

Amanda smiled subtly.

"He ain't drunk fer weeks, anyhow," she said, " 'nd ef you-all acts pretty, like's not he'll give it up."

Here Lily Bud, whose train of thought brought her up to a sigh and whimper, looked curiously at her sister.

"You-all suttinly mus' of got the fevah agin; yo' eyes is wild and yo' cheeks is so rayde." She yawned and stretched out her arms. "Them darned spools!" she said. "Ih cayn't run enough sides yet to pay fer ma bode."

Cinny Jones, the other mill-hand who hadn't left the room, broke in:

"You-all suttinly should take this hyar gyrl to bade. Gerkins will fix yo' up, ma'am."

"Ih kin pay," said Amanda hastily, "and Ih reckon to git work to-morrer. Is thayre any?"

Gerkins appeared on the scene, followed by a shuffling negro in rags, a humble, brow-beaten creature who slunk in softly to attract as little notice as possible. The host replied to Amanda's question:

"Work? Wal, I reckon! I've lived in the world forty-eight years, 'n I've seen all kynds of yarn run out, but that thayre brand ez always handy. Whar you want to work, ma'am?"

She liked him, and smiled, tired as she was.

"To wharever they're a-lookin' fer 'Manda Henchley," she said. "Ih ain't particular. Can Ih get bode hyar?"

"You kin tew," he said heartily. "Thar's nobody but Mis' Euston and Mis' Jones 'n the lof." I reckon you-all kin fit in with 'em."

CHAPTER VI.

It was noon at Crompton some five months after Amanda had come to the mills. The steam was not entirely shut off, and an undertone—a semi-panting vibration—kept the monster in evidence to a little group at their luncheon, lest they might chance to dream of absolute freedom and repose!

One girl, seated on the floor in a nest of filth and grease, held between her knees a piece of newspaper containing a bit of bread and pork. Perspiration ran down her cheeks; under her eyes were blue rings. The hands, busied with her wretched food, were discoloured with work. Her feet were bare; the collar of her brown wrapper was open at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

throat, disclosing a neck white as snow. Cinny Jones and Lily Bud sat talking near her. Lily Bud was hot, greasy and dirty; she seemed in good health and animal spirits. Her girlishness had disappeared, her figure was changed. The clothes at her waist were loosely knotted, and in front her dress rose well above the floor.

She was talking with animation to Cinny Jones.

"*He-all* ain't no good!" Lily Bud said in a contemptuous undertone. "No, he don't want I should speed! First it was spoolin' 'too hayrd on ma side'; now it's speedin' too hayrd on ma arms; he-all wants I should stay thar to the bodin'-'ouse and do nothin'."

"Wal, that suttinly ain't hayrd to dew."

"It *is* hayrd, tew!" contradicted the other. "Who'll I talk to? Thayr ain't nobody but the ole niggar thayr, en ef I wus to look at anybody full in the face, why, Henry'd hev his gun on him, like es not." She lowered her voice a little, and wiped her face on her cotton sleeve. "Why, who's goin' to pay fer our keep if I don't work?"

"Don't he make good money?" Cinny asked; and the wife laughed scornfully.

"Money?" she said. "He suttinly *weaves* all right, Henry does, but he spends every cent on drink, suh . . . !"

Here the reclining figure on the floor got up, and Amanda rose and came over to them.

"That's a lie!"

Lily Bud turned indolently, and fixed an insolent look on her sister; her lip curled.

"Et's the truth," she said. "I am married to a drunken man; an' ef I didn't come hyar en speed fourteen hours a day, why, I reckon I wouldn't hev a bayde to lie on to."

Amanda faded paler. She was so white that even her nose looked pinched.

"It's a lie!" she repeated; "and you-all never did tell the truth sense yo' was bo'n. Who's the best weaver to Crompton? He done beat the record max'mum speed; thar ain't a man to the mills can tech him!"

The little thing spoke with pride that would have sat well on his wife. She drew her thin body up in her queer dress; the veins in her neck commenced to swell and palpitate.

Lily Bud regarded her with curiosity and a dawning intelligence in her eyes, and for once in her life she was attentive to the quick words that Amanda was powerless to restrain.

"Thayr ain't a girl to this country thet's got a man like you-all. Why don't you stay to the house, and keep it like gran'maw told us tew—clean and pretty?"—she looked at her sister firmly—"and keep washed up and pretty, 'stead of showin' yo'self to the mill—*now, as yo' is?*"

Here Lily Bud made a desperate move forward, and struck her sister a quick, short slap in the face. The pale cheek reddened under the blow.

"You shut up, gyrl!"—advancing her chin toward her sister; "though ef you-all is so quick to remember me of gran'maw—why she sayde, *"When a pusson kin tell you the way to the well, it's a po'ful good sign he's drunk the water thayr."* How you-all know so much 'bout Henry? . . . I reckon I'd be doin' better things 'fore I stole my sister's husban'."

Amanda's patience was at its ebb. The suffering of the past weeks had worn away her self-control, and had developed a morbid rebellion against the state of domestic misery in which the man she loved was a victim.

She raised her own hand threateningly.

"Don' you dast speak to me so!"

But Lily Bud was roused to a greater fury than Amanda knew, and she was obliged to defend herself against a cat-like onslaught from her elder sister. The two locked in a hand-to-hand struggle, and were nothing but a pair of panting, furious young animals. Although Amanda's first blow was defence, the attack altered. The aisle of the mill was all too narrow for the sisters' struggle. Amanda, the less angry, and the stronger and better fitted to overcome, got an easy victory. She forgot Lily Bud's condition; she fought with all the vigour and strength of youth, and she had the satisfaction, such as it was, in a second or two of seeing her sister stagger, and her lips grow white. Lily Bud put her hand to her head, and fell backward full length on the floor. Amanda was herself again.

Cinny alone had watched the battle, for the hands had not returned from lunch. When Lily Bud fell, Cinny took flight, and just at this time the mill-bell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rang. The noon hour was past, and the power, once more panting and humming, echoed through the mill. Cinny returned, scuffling after the boss from the spooling-room, whom she had persuaded to come to the scene of attack. Bachman was the young Yankee who had brought the Daco "hands" to Crompton. He now wandered in, as he had been in the habit of doing, to direct his very questionable attentions to Amanda Henchley. He found her bending in tears and terror over the figure of Lily Bud.

"What's up, little girl?"

She raised her streaming eyes to him.

"I reckon I done killed my sister."

"Oh no," he said soothingly—"oh no, you haven't. She's a bad lot, anyway. You go and get some water, Cinny."

When the dipper came he dashed the contents mercilessly over the face of poor Lily Bud, but her eyes remained terrifyingly closed and her lips terrifyingly blue. She was so changed that even Bachman himself began to think the affair more serious than usual.

"You go down and call her husband from the weaving-room, Mrs. Jones, and we'll get her home; she can't work any more to-day."

CHAPTER VII.

To poor Amanda the ensuing weeks had been repetitions of toil and weariness sharpened by distress and fear. Lily Bud was terribly ill; if she should die, Amanda would be little less than a murderess. She ventured not a foot towards the Eustons' boarding-house; and was given to understand by Cinny that it was just as well for her to keep away, and, in truth, she was glad to do so. Euston stayed close to his wife, and Amanda's news—hearsay—garbled by some was by Cinny made as bad as possible.

This Saturday afternoon she had finished cleaning her machine, and as she refilled her ropers, deep in dreams of the backwoods, the clicking mill sound seemed to soften to calls like the birds who used to nest in the clearing. There were nightingales there, too! How often she had listened to their enchanting song! The speeders swam before her eyes. She was crying.

"What's the matter, little girl?"

It was Euston. She turned to meet his smile fixed on her. The tears dried on her lashes.

"I came to tell you some news of Lily Bud."

Amanda ran to him, and put her hand on his arm. He little dreamed what salvation he represented.

"Take me to ma sister," she urged; "Ih want to see Lily Bud."

He led Amanda along the aisles out of the mill. But no sooner were they alone together and she safe than the shyness she always felt in his presence came over her. She longed to appeal to him, to cling to him, but the very character of her affection for him made it impossible.

"Let's go along over here a little way and find some shade."

He led her to where a row of new mill-houses were in process of building; the work, deserted on this Saturday afternoon, left the scaffolding a shelter from the sun and the boards a seat for these two.

"Lily Bud's coming along all right," Euston informed her before she had a chance to ask. "She'll be up and around in a little while now."

Amanda's expression was flushed and grateful. She wore even her graceless cotton wrapper with charm. Perhaps as much to protect her face from him as from the sun, she put on her sun-bonnet; it completely shut her away.

"Mrs. Cardlin thinks the doctor won't come any more. We haven't any money to pay him, and I owe her already for three weeks." He spoke his troubles out to her selfishly, no doubt, but the fact of having a human being to speak to, and one, moreover, whose sympathy was so quick as Amanda's, was too strong a temptation to be resisted. "I find I can sell myself, as it were, to the Company; that is, I can go and get some coupons and work them off. I hate it," he continued; "it's absolute slavery, but it will only be the last grain of self-respect gone." She remained silent, and he followed his thoughts: "It's better, of course, than to owe that poor woman, and I must have the doctor a few times more."

Here Amanda turned her sun-bonnet to him, and he saw her face framed by it.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "what a sight you are, Amanda! You're killing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yourself." The pinched suffering of the little face struck him above his own anxieties. "What's the matter, child? Are you worried about Lily Bud? It wasn't your fault."

Amanda was beyond tears: she had shed them night after night, day after day, at her speeder; they were all gone now, and her eyes were hard and dry. The control she was exercising not to sob and wring her hands before him made her body rigid as a little pole.

"Ih reg'larly ort to be killed! Ih didn't go fer to hurt her, that away. Ih wist somebody would kill me—Ih dew so!"

Euston took both her hands in his—poor, thin, convulsed little hands. He said tenderly:

"Look here, Amanda, don't you go on so; you're a good little girl—the best little girl I ever saw. Everybody knows just what she is. If she is my wife, I say it. I won't have you fret your life out so; do you hear?"

She drew a long, sobbing breath, but even as he was speaking she took heart again; his tone of tenderness fell softly about her bleeding heart.

"It ain't only the worry," she said, and hesitated. "Et's the work. I'm so tyard!" She longed to throw herself in the arms of the pale, dark man whose eyes, fastened on her, were so deep and full of kindness and pity. "Ih don't reg'larly git no sleep. When Ih come in, Ih cayn't skeercely git up them laddah stayres; et seems ez ef thar's somethin' a-holdin' onto ma laigs, 'n' ef Ih dew fall to sleep the mill sings 'n' ma hayde all night. Ih reckon et's a-callin' me 'n' straitchin' aout ets han's like et's boun' to hev me, sleep or 'wake."

Comfort came to her as she talked, but she disguised the existence of the greatest danger of all—Bachman. Embarrassment, shame, fear kept her silent about the worst haunting evil. The mill could only wear her body out of the hard life from which she was better away; this other peril could corrode her soul.

Euston held her hands strongly whilst she talked.

"These hyar las' nights seems ef Ih could git a leetle rest ef the mills ud rest tew! Whar Ih bode, you kin hyar it all night, 'n' Ih cayn't bear to think o' Cinny Jones' little gyrl spinnin', spinnin' all night long." (This one who pitied so readily was scarcely more than a child herself!) "Th' other day th' boss fetched Milly to ma speedin'-frames, 'n' got her to clean the frames. It's awful dang'ros," she said. "Ih seen one gyrl git her haynd ketch thayr."

"Don't you clean any machinery, Amanda!" Euston's tone was quite different from any she had ever heard him use. She looked up surprised.

"Why, Ih suttinly am boun' tew!"

"No," he said slowly, "you are not. There's the spool-room. . . ."

She shook her head and flushed.

"Ih don' want tew go thayr; Ih make bettah money speedin'."

Euston had forgotten who was the foreman of the spool-room.

"I can get you put there—it's safe and clean—and you have no one but yourself to keep."

Without reply to this, she made one of her hands free, and took from the bosom of her dress a handkerchief tied up in a knot at one end. She undid the knot, and took out a five-dollar bill.

"Ih saved this hyar—fer Lily Bud; et's all Ih could lay up."

Euston exclaimed: "Saved!"

"Why, Ih make clost ter fifty cents a day, 'n' Ih saved up sence two weeks 'n' more." Seeing his face so working in its expressions, and expecting a refusal, she pressed the bill upon him. "You-all gotter tek et—et's all Ih kin dew to make up to her."

The bill fluttered between them. Euston's eyes were fixed on his sister-in-law with intensity.

"You couldn't have saved up five dollars, Amanda."

"Ih did so!" she flamed. "Where'd you-all think et come from?"

"You only make three dollars a week, and there's your board to pay," he persisted.

"Ih ain't paid no bode," she said slowly, her eyes on her hands.

"What do you mean?"

"Gerkins he done give me free, tew weeks. His nigger's took sick, 'n' Ih do chores fer him when Ih gets in from th' mill, 'n' Ih gits up 'n' cooks th' vittles fer th' bo'ders."

Euston gave a cry; he passed his hand over his pale brow. He bit his lips, and murmured things she could not fathom.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ef you don't tek it, I'll never speak tew you agin. . . ."

"*Take it!*" Once more he put his hands over the devoted ones. "Not if I was starving to death . . . . not if it could buy for me all the things which would have made me a man . . . a man! Put it up again . . . there, in your handkerchief—so. Take it, and pay your next week's board, and rest—*and rest!*" His eyes were full of tears.

"Don't go fer tew feel so," she whispered gently; "all that ain't the worst!" Her words were low, and in his suffering he did not hear them. "How you-all git the doctah, then?"

"I'll sell myself if needful," he said. "Don't you worry, Amanda; we'll pull through."

He controlled his emotion, and tried to smile at her. She timidly touched his arm with her hand.

"You-all ain't drinkin' none."

She never called him by name, but he had not observed it.

"I haven't drunk a drop for two weeks."

Her face was eloquent; it said plainer than any words of preaching what she felt and what she asked.

He nodded, and said quietly: "I have to *want* to stop, Amanda. You can't understand me; I don't understand it myself. I have to care enough whether or no to swear off. Just the past few weeks I had something to do. I couldn't do it and drink too. . . ."

"Take cayre of Lily Bud?"

He looked full into her eyes.

". . . I was determined she should get well. . . ."

Amanda murmured, "Of co'se."

". . . For your sake," he said.

She grew deadly cold, and, until he quietly removed his eyes from hers, she sat fascinated, her lips parted. Euston now let her hands go, and in another tone of voice, quick and practical, said:

"What's Bachman to you, Amanda?"

She gasped at the sudden change of subject so barefacedly broached by him.

"Why, he suttinly ain't nothin' at all!"

"Then, for God's sake keep clear of him. Don't let him touch you—don't let him kiss you. Get married, if you can—the sooner the better—but don't be cheap."

The character of his wife made him put a double bitterness in his tone with the last words.

Amanda grew fire-red; a sea of blood must have lain dormant around her heart, for floods of colour poured on her face and neck.

"Ih know what you-all seen," she managed to get out. "Ih hate him, 'n' you-all needn't to jedge every gyrl by the one you merried."

She got up proudly, and so stood in her miserable garb, her head thrown back. She was beside herself with wounded pride and love.

"Thayre ain't never but one man kissed me what Ih call kiss—'n' ef he's forgot it Ih ain't, 'n' nobody 'll ever git another chance. . . ."

They both stood facing.

What man—whom did she mean? As he wondered, it came to him in a flash: the night at the ladder stairs of the backwoods shanty. That kiss—that wonderful thrilling kiss, to taste whose like again and again he had married the wrong woman. He made a step forward.

"*Amanda!*"

She was emaciated and frail and worn, but her eyes were humid—filled with a fire and feeling that transfigured her to absolute beauty; her red lips, with their pretty melancholy droop, were alluring.

She drew back from him, and her face hardened quite suddenly, as if she recognised all that separated them, all the blindness of his mad act when he made the miserable choice that divided them. Then, with the caprice that made her nature feminine and charming, she laughed a little, and, drawing near him, she whispered:

"Ih reckon you-all stole ma pink ribbon; you ain't chanct to got et nowhars?"

Euston blushed. As the reading of the whole matter explained to him now his error and mistake, he seemed to see again the little fluttering bit of colour on the grass by the pool, and a sharp pang shot through him.

"What ribbon, Amanda?"

"Why," she said, smiling, "Ih done lost mine by th' pond—the day we taked you-all in—'n' Ih suttinly did see et pinned to you-all's shirt when you wuz sick."

Euston put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a bit of paper. Slowly he un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

folded it—there lay the talisman. He held it out in his hand.

"I've kept it . . . up till now. I was going to throw it away one of these days. . . . Now that I know who it belongs to I would like to keep it still."

He raised his eyes to hers. She had many fancies and queer thoughts, and she thought his eyes looked clean, as though they had been washed, the whites were so clear, the brown so shining; her own, tell-tale, ardent, dropped.

"Ih reckon you kin keep et . . . et's got ust to you-all by this. . . . Ih'm goin' home tew sleep. Ih'm clean wore out."

She turned her back on him, and went quickly away toward the settlement of shanties raised on their stilt-like elevations. Whatever feelings the interview roused in Euston, it greatly comforted Amanda.

* * * * *

Two weeks later saw Lily Bud, although still an invalid, able to be about again amongst the mill-hand world.

She was more jealous of her sister than angry with her. The quarrel's result, now danger was passed, had done her a good turn—the annoyance of motherhood was spared her. She said to Euston the day before he was to resume his work in the weaving-room:

"Thayre's bin a right nice gentleman hyar. Et's a minister; he's from Ireton Mills. He says thayre's a new mill yonder whar's thayre's better pay, 'n' he reg'larly thinks Ih ought to have a change o' air. Won't you-all carry me over to the new mill, Henry?"

He hesitated, then said decidedly: "I am bound to the Company."

"Fer how much, Henry?"

"Ten dollars."

To his great surprise, she took out a ten-dollar bill and a five.

"He give it tew me—the minister; you-all ain't got no call ter look so," she said feverishly. "Ask Mis' Cardlan."

It was true: a tremulous ascetic priest had passed through Crompton on a sort of missionary visit from mill town to mill town. Out of his slender purse he had given the invalid this money to help her, as she had pointed out to him, to flee with her husband from the dangerous proximity of a designing sister-in-law, and to begin a new life in new mills. As her husband still made her no answer, Lily Bud leaned forward from her rocker, and said in a voice weak with sickness and sharp with jealousy:

"Ef et's fer that thayre gyrl what tried to murder me ez you're stayin', why, Ih kin go alone, Henry Euston. . . ."

At his face she shrank back whimpering. He had never struck her, but she was afraid of him now.

"We'll go to Ireton," he said, "on this minister's money; and if I ever hear a word like that from you again, I leave you, never to return. Do you hear me?"

And he forced her to answer "Yes."

* * * * *

Now began for the sixteen-year-old toiler at her machines the actual battle for existence. Not a unique battle by any means. You may see her like any day if you will take a train to the heart of South Carolina, then penetrate to some mill-village where men, women, and children are weaving and spinning their lives into cotton cloth.

Euston and Lily Bud left Crompton, and Cinny Jones, when she brutally broke the fact to Amanda, felt a sense of pity at the start of dismay, the sudden dilation of the girl's eyes.

"Why, I ain't got nobody to own me!"

Poor little slave! the mill owned her; and she grew to be in some mysterious way part of it, its living soul, palpitating with its life. Grief at her desertion, loneliness and despair, wore her to a thread. Long before day she was at her speeders; when night came (blessed night, whose falling should surely smite the shackles from toil!)—long after the stars were out—in the artificial light of insufficient gas-jets, she was before the ropers which often she could not see for tears.

(*To be continued.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEB OF LIFE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

One of the best tests of a novelist's constructive powers lies in his ability to make us feel the complexity of human life. This is quite a different gift from that of picturing mankind in the mass, jostling throngs, vast popular gatherings, armies in the heat of battle. All these are part of the pageantry of epic fiction, the shifting, kaleidoscopic background; they do not necessarily enter more deeply into the central human drama than the distant vista of sky and mountain, the panorama of busy streets, the glow of colour in a shop window. A recognition of the complex, web-like nature of life is a very different matter. It makes no difference whether the novelist is picturing an individual, a family or a community; whether his plot is some simple, clear-cut issue between right and wrong, or a tangled skein of legal and ethical paradoxes. In every case there are other individuals, other families, other communities, outside of the principal actors in the story, whose daily and hourly influence cannot be disregarded if the illusion of real life is to be maintained. Take the simplest sort of a plot that you can imagine, the intimate history of just one man and one woman; and yet, unless you segregate them on a desert island, you cannot shut out the outside world. This man and woman are each of them surrounded by a score of other lives, that push themselves in, to influence, to interrupt, to hinder. And unless you know something of the life story of each of these other men and women, you cannot understand what form their influence is likely to take. Consequently, every novel which deserves to be called a picture of life contains not only a definite central story, but the germ idea of a score of other stories, in varying degrees of development. And one great distinction which marks the novelist of the first rank is the instinctive knowledge, just how much prominence should be given to these subordinate plots.

It is very easy, in theory, to lay down the rule that a novel should contain no superfluous characters or episodes; nothing, in fact, that is not a structural necessity. Ibsen's plays probably come as near to a realisation of this theory as is humanly possible, every incident dovetailing into the others with the nice exactness of clock-work; and every character obligingly limiting his remarks to the development of the specific story. But in real life, people are not so accommodating. Callers drop in at unseasonable hours, whether they fit into our scheme of life or not. Talkative people will make inapposite remarks, with the persistence and usually without the unconscious humour of Jane Austen's Miss Bates. And if the novelist should persist in bringing out his story with the logical exactness of a jury trial, shutting out everything but strictly relative testimony, suppressing garrulous witnesses, and clearing the court of all outsiders who ventured to express an opinion, he would leave about as much real life in his pages as there is in the wooden body of a decoy duck. Suppose that the vital question at issue is the whereabouts of Brown on a certain day at noon, and Brown can prove an alibi by showing that he lunched with Smith. That is all that Smith has to do with the point at issue. He is a prosy, plodding man, let us say, whom Brown has successfully avoided for the past ten years, and whom he will try to avoid for the next ten; he has absolutely nothing to do with the real story. And yet, if Brown knows in his own heart that, but for his encounter with Smith and his enforced attention to Smith's stale and stupid jokes, he would not have had time to take a sober second thought, to alter his plans, to go quietly back to his office instead of taking the irrevocable step that he had planned to take when he started out to lunch,—then, in such a case, Smith belongs in the novel, and with him some part of his history, his personality and his stale jokes, even though it is his first and last appearance in its pages.

It is not the presence of subordinate characters and secondary plots that robs a story of cohesion, but a lack of that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense of proportion which assigns to them their true value. One writer will weave you a picture of life on a broad scale, with a multitude of figures and a hundred intricate and tangled threads. And he will work them in with such rare skill that the result is one perfect, symmetrical whole, a piece of living, human tapestry. And another author, who lacks the sense of proportion, will limit his novel to the history of half a dozen human lives, and the result is like the parallel threads of the warp upon the loom, without the woof to bind them together. Suppose, for instance, that the novelist's theme is war, with men dying on every side by the thousand. He must not harrow up your feelings over each individual death, or you will have no emotions left for the hero when his hour comes. He must do one of two things: either throw all the minor characters into shadow and focus attention upon the one central figure, as Stendhal did in the Waterloo episode of the *Chartreuse de Parme;* or else he may follow the bigger, bolder method of making a nation and not an individual his protagonist,—as Zola did in *La Débacle,* where the interest centres not in any one regiment or captain or sergeant, but in defeated and humiliated France. The author who follows this method may carry on a score of parallel threads, each equally vital and dramatic, and the result is still a cohesive and artistic whole, because each of these different threads of story are subordinated to the big, dominant symbolic purpose of the book.

There are two books of the current month which are peculiarly adapted to show both the use and the abuse of a number of parallel plots interwoven in a single story,—*The Undercurrent,* by Robert Grant, and *Double Harness,* by Anthony Hope. It is interesting to consider these two books together, because they have just sufficient points in common to make their structural differences all the more noteworthy and significant. In a general way, both these books deal with the ethical problems of marriage as complicated by the present-day conditions in the higher social circles. Both books present some striking instances of unhappy unions due to temperamental incompatibility, and touch upon the question of divorce from its moral, religious and social aspects. Of the two volumes, that of Mr. Hope's contains far more subtlety in character-drawing, and the psychological issues involved are worked out to the last degree of sympathetic understanding. And yet the book which leaves an impression of solid, definite unity,—a single purpose, logically worked out,—is *The Undercurrent;* while *Double Harness* gives rather the effect of several short stories, kindred in theme and cleverly fitted together into an artistic piece of literary patchwork.

Mr. Grant has the initial advantage which comes from a strong and clear-cut issue,—a very big and vital issue, in fact, in the social life of to-day. Reduced to its simplest form, the question raised by his book amounts to this: whether the thoughtful and intelligent men and women of the present generation are to solve the problems of divorce in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences, or whether they are to submit to the radical rulings of a priesthood. With a general theme of such wide dimensions behind his specific story, Mr. Grant might have allowed himself considerable license in the number and variety of his characters. He might have shown us a dozen unhappy couples, victims of the conflict of divorce laws in a dozen different States, and seeking their freedom on all the various grounds recognised by illogical statute makers, from the single cause recognised by the old Hebraic law, down to the flimsiest form of desertion by collusion. But Mr. Grant has done nothing of the kind. If he errs at all, it is toward the extreme of conciseness and brevity. *The Undercurrent* is a model of rigid self-restraint,—a problem of national interest, worked out with the minimum number of characters and situations. There are plenty of cases which might serve to befog and complicate the point at issue; cases, on the one hand, where flagrant cruelty, intemperate habits, the honour of a proud old family, cast a deciding vote on the side of a legal separation; and on the other hand, cases where the inheritance of property, the moral and physical characteristics of little children, the pathetic appeals of an older generation, count as powerful factors toward conciliation. All such cases Mr. Grant has discarded,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

limiting himself to a single clear-cut instance, where the issue is directly raised between a woman's heart and her conscience. This woman was unfortunate in her first marriage. Coming as an inexperienced and orphaned girl, from village to city life, she was dazzled by the attentions of the first man she met. She mistook his arrogant boasting for the pardonable pride of success, his bumptious self-assurance for conscious strength. She did not discover until after they were married that his glorious air-castles too often floated in the hazy fumes of too much beer; she did not know him at his worst until some years later, when having run through her slender patrimony and his own, he appropriated some trust funds and disappeared from the pages of the book, leaving her penniless, with the responsibility of two small children.

In this heroine of his, Mr. Grant has depicted an interesting type. Frail and delicate, with a fund of nervous strength, and a pride that refuses to allow her to become dependent upon charity, she resolutely sets herself the task of making her way in the world, and with some temporary aid from her rector, is soon supporting herself as stenographer in the office of a young lawyer. Three years go by, the time required by the statute of her State before a divorce for desertion may be asked. The thought of applying for a divorce has, however, never even occurred to her. She is content in her independence, in her children and her work; and quite unconscious of the love that has gradually dawned in her heart for the young lawyer who employs her. With him, however, there is no doubt about his feelings for her; and when the three years are past, and the law entitles her to a divorce for the mere asking, he asks her to be his wife as soon as the courts can be made to set her free. Unfortunately for the man, she is one of those women whose emotions, though capable of the most prodigal self-abandonment, are quite apt to find an outlet in religious exaltation. She is a devout Episcopalian, and the rector to whom she goes for council happens to be uncompromisingly opposed to divorce under any and all circumstances. Recognising the religious fervour latent in her nature, he throws all his energy into the task of convincing her that even if divorce is in some cases justifiable, with a nature of such exceptional fineness as hers, it would be "incompatible with the highest spirituality." So successful are the rector's arguments that an angry and discomfited young lawyer promptly betakes himself to the rectory, to wage battle for the possession of the lady's soul. And the verbal duel which follows, and in the course of which the whole matter of marriage and divorce are exhaustively threshed over, from their moral, religious, and worldly aspects, forms what is easily the strongest chapter in the book. Mr. Grant argues both sides with an impartiality that is eminently judicial. But in this case, victory lies not with the man who can convince his opponent, but with him who wins the lady to his way of thinking. And through her decision the author makes clear that in his opinion divorce is a question for the individual conscience, and cannot be settled for us by any hierarchy.

If Anthony Hope has intended to propound any definite thesis in *Double Harness,* he has so wrapped it up in subtleties that more than average ingenuity would be needed to discover it. In choosing a title, he seems to have meant scarcely anything more definite than Miss Ferrier meant when she named her novel *Marriage;* in constructing a plot, he seems to have meant rather less. There are, he apparently means to say, a good many unhappy marriages to be found in the "smart" society of modern London; indeed they are so plentiful, that a victim of one of them need not go outside his own particular set, in order to find companions in misery. This idea is not especially new; neither are the specific cases of connubial discord that he depicts, with one single exception. There is, for instance, the genial, peace-loving and rather weak husband, tied to a wife with an inborn strain of vulgarity, and a shrewish temper that finds vent in periodic outbursts of the coarsest Billingsgate, and ends in an attempted murder and a successful suicide. Then there is the plodding, dull-witted business man, complacently trustful of the butterfly wife who for years has systematically deceived him; and who, under the stress of a financial crisis, can think of no more brilliant remedy than to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make the wife borrow the money he needs from the very man who is responsible for his dishonour. And then again, there is the clear-headed, masterful man, a power in the business and financial world, because he knows how to manage men. He makes the mistake of thinking that he can also manage women; and having married a very young and visionary girl, who dreams that life will be one wild, unending, breathless gallop against the wind, right into the heart of a golden sunset, his typically British stolidity very nearly wrecks both her happiness and his own. This girl is the single exception among a group of characters whom we have met before—and this is not surprising because she does not altogether convince the reader that she belongs to real life. At first one is inclined to sympathise with her, for she has no lack of grievances against her husband. But the one that she finally chooses to seize upon and exaggerate and taunt him with month after month, for a year or two, is so preposterous that all the psychological skill in Mr. Hope's possession fails to make the episode convincing. Shortly before the birth of her first child, a fall from a horse and a mistaken diagnosis by a fussy old country practitioner, cause husband, wife and reader a great amount of needless anxiety. A special train with a famous London surgeon is speeding to their aid; but meanwhile the husband, who is quite genuinely fond of his wife, insists that her life, rather than the child's, is to be saved at all costs. The wife overhears this, and forthwith insists that it is her privilege as well as her duty to sacrifice herself for her child; that in preventing this, her husband shows that he cares nothing for her wishes and has ceased to love her, and that unless he at once countermands his orders she will never be his wife again. Such is the excuse for an estrangement that keeps the reader in suspense almost to the closing page of the book.

The structural fault in Marion Crawford's *Whosoever Shall Offend* does not lie in a multiplicity of issues and a lack of cohesion between them, but in the equally common mistake of beginning a story in the wrong place. Indeed, the history of young Marcello Consalvi might readily have afforded material for two dramatic stories instead of one. When his widowed mother married Corbario, a stranger to Roman society, and shortly after altered her will so as to leave all her ample fortune to her husband, in case she survived her frail young son, friends whispered that she was running a grave risk. But months lengthened into years, and he slowly gained a reputation as a model stepfather and a devoted husband. And then suddenly a day came when the wife mysteriously died and the boy disappeared; and even the vast fortune which devolved upon him could not keep Corbario from looking like a man haunted with a spectre of fear. He knew that the boy, whose body he had gone back to bury, must have survived the murderous blow struck behind his head; that he probably wandered off, dazed no doubt, perhaps permanently deranged; that somewhere in Italy the boy was wandering, with his memory asleep, and that some day it might awake and remember who struck the blow. Now this in itself is a novel and dramatic idea, and it was nothing less than spendthrift recklessness for Mr. Crawford to squander it as he has done. After keeping us in suspense through fully a third of the volume, he rediscovers the dazed Marcello, who has been nursed back to life by a sturdy Roman peasant girl, takes him to a hospital, and has his memory restored by an operation—which is disappointing because Marcello remembers nothing of real consequence. He had not seen who struck the blow. Having run his first idea into a sort of blind alley, Mr. Crawford is ready with a second, equally novel and ingenious. Corbario has had too narrow an escape from his last attempt at murder to try again the primitive methods of physical violence. Instead, he conceives the idea of leading Marcello on to kill himself through self-indulgence. Marcello is a frail young man, doubly so since the operation on his brain. He has sensitive lungs to which tobacco is an active poison; a physique which in wisdom should shun wine, woman and song. Now the peasant girl who saved Marcello's life has fallen in love with the lad, with the unreasoning passion of her class, and Corbario, looking around for a tool, finds in her the unconscious instrument he needs. The theme is worked out with a strength and boldness unlooked for in Mr. Crawford, who is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usually scrupulous in his observance of the requirements of the Young Person.

A piece of fiction, conceived and executed with a rare literary touch, comes this month from a new writer—*The Reaper,* by Miss Edith Rickarts. It is a picture of life in the Shetland Islands, a picture of a miniature world, bounded by sky and sea and a narrow circle of rugged coast. The web of life that Miss Rickarts has woven is a strong and rugged one, as simple and primitive as the seines the fishermen net themselves during the long winter evenings. It is a curious fact that wherever we find the lives of fisher folk depicted in fiction, by the Spaniard, Valdés, or the Italian, Verga, by Pierre Loti or Gwendolyn Keats, or any one of a dozen English and American writers, there is always the same sombre leaden tinge to the narrative, the same burden of sorrow and hardship and patient bravery, of men who work and women who weep, with the eternal call of the sea ringing in their ears. It is rare, however, that an alien ever succeeds in getting so close to the heart of a people as Miss Rickarts has got to the hearts of these Shetland folk. We know intimately every man, woman and child on this particular little island; we share their hopes and fears, their luck and their losses, their superstitions of all the uncanny spirits that lurk in wave and rock, and wood and heath, to do strange mischief to those who do not keep a strict guard on their tongue. But above all, we are made acquainted with one man, idealised no doubt, yet unmistakably drawn from a living model—a man with Viking blood in his veins, who, nevertheless, stifles the heart-throbs that answer the call of the sea and lives out the sum of his years as a landsman. His mother has one besetting sin, the sin of intemperance, and it is Terval's self-appointed task to save her from herself and keep a knowledge of her shame from his fellow islanders. It is part of Terval's creed that there are two ways of meeting sorrow, either to take it by the throat and strangle it, or to bid it enter and make a friend of it. The second was Terval's way, and that was why, after many years of patient sowing, he reaped an abundant harvest of contentment.

It is hard to imagine life woven after a simpler pattern than that which you will find in Brand Whitlock's new volume, *The Happy Average.* It is just the record of a courtship in a somnolent little village in the Middle West,—a courtship so peacefully prosperous that the young couple might well feel themselves defrauded out of many of the thrills and heartburns that rightfully belong to them. There are no quarrels, no misunderstandings, no psychological problems or treacherous rivals, no parental opposition that needs to be taken seriously; only a mother whose vague misgivings take flight before the memory of her own early romance, and a father who threatens portentous things, but whose wrath evaporates at the sight of the first tear in his daughter's eye. In short, there would not have been enough material for any story at all had the scene been laid anywhere else than in the sleepy old town which Mr. Whitlock has pictured with such felicitous realism. All that stands in the way of this young couple's wedded happiness is the lack of a good business opening, and this the somnolent little town persistently refuses. It is a question whether the nervous strain of a prolonged engagement was ever better depicted; the man slowly losing his grip, after repeated failures; the girl striving valiantly to keep up her own courage, but drooping sadly from lack of the old-time festivities, from many of which her engagement bars her out; the parents finding the suspense almost as hard to bear as the young couple themselves, until at the end of the first twelve months we find the old father wrathfully groaning, "One year? I thought it was ten!" Yes, it is just a prosaic courtship, and it finally ends happily, and one likes to share Mr. Whitlock's belief that with all its hopes deferred it represents the happy average of American courtships.

Black Friday, Frederic Isham's new volume, would have been a stronger piece of work if there had been more figures in what, for want of a better phrase, may be called the middle distance. The background, representing New York City in the years immediately following the Civil War, is filled in with unusual skill and vividness,—the New York of the Tweed Ring and Jim Fiske and Lydia Thompson, of Niblo's Garden and Stewart's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

store. In the foreground, sharply defined, are just two or three figures,—the keen, alert, self-made man from the west, who has become a power in Wall Street; the proud young girl of Knickerbocker birth, who tries to deceive herself into the belief that she has married him for his money, to save her father's credit, but who knows in her heart that she married him for love; and the weak, vain, unscrupulous cousin to whom the young wife turns for consolation, when in her pique at her husband's absorption in his business, she utters words that she cannot recall and thinks that she has forfeited his love forever. The Wall Street side of the book is very well done indeed. It is full of life and movement, the tension of a panic, the mad fluctuation in values, the frenzy of the famous "corner in gold." Admirable, too, is the atmosphere of the fashionable part of the city in those days whose memory is still dear to the heart of the veteran New Yorker. Despite all this, there is something distinctly feeble in the presentment of the young wife, in the development of her character, and the sketchy picture of her surroundings and her social life,—above all, in her bizarre Odyssey to Paris, during the siege and the Commune, and the series of melodramatic adventures she has there. These shortcomings, however, do not prevent *Black Friday* from being a very readable story, and one which, regarded as a "story of the Street" possesses considerable power.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I.

F. M. Colby's "Imaginary Obligations."*

The discursive essay with the personal note survives to-day, among English-speaking peoples at least, where it started, in periodicals: rarely in the magazines, in which (*exceptis excipiendis,* like the Bookman) there is commonly nothing between popularised science and fiction, but frequently in the newspapers. Some of our best dailies, when there is a shortage of political and economic topics, give an occasional column to such matters as made the staple of *Tatler's* and *Spectator's* pages. Of course these lighter articles are nearly always as ephemeral as the neighbouring leaders on imperialism or the tariff or Tammany, but once in a while they are literature. There appeared some years ago, in a New York evening paper which does not often sin against seriousness, and in which the humour is apt to be more ponderous than the invective, an editorial on the evolution of the dude that has been a bright spot in my memory ever since. The anonymous author must have made—he was certainly capable of making—other equally important contributions to social self-knowledge and general hilarity, and his fugitive essays ought by this time to be under cover; but I have not seen again the article that so attracted me. It apparently slumbers still in the files of the journal, which it irradiated on that memorable evening.

Some of the work now included in Mr. Colby's volume has been happily rescued from such hiding places. Some of it has appeared in the Bookman. All of it seems to me worth saving. Hoops, as Addison showed, may be of lasting interest when the passing vagary of fashion is viewed in the light of the eternal feminine, and of lasting attraction when the topic is treated with literary art; and Mr. Colby's reflections upon things equally transitory—an ovation to a general, an investigation of hazing at West Point, a senatorial speech, a play of Bernard Shaw's, a baccalaureate sermon or a doctor-dissertation—are well worth reading, and even re-reading, because of the way in which they are connected with the eternal human and because of the individuality and charm of the writer's style.

*Imaginary Obligations. By Frank Moore Colby. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The instance of Addison is meant not as a comparison, but as an illustration. How lasting the attraction of Mr. Colby's style will prove it would be rash to attempt to predict. This author would be one of the last to thank a reviewer for telling him that he had produced a classic.

"There must be," he writes, "a point beyond which the praise of an author cannot go without making him doubt the truth of it or the worth of it. In defiance of a great many authorities on human nature I hold that most men do discern a dividing line between appreciation and gush and feel vaguely uncomfortable when that line is passed. The limit may be indefinitely remote, but there is a limit. . . . It is probable that sense persists in an author longer than is supposed."

He adds, in the same paper, a veiled threat against possible flatterers.

"Many authors," he says, "suffer under certain kinds of eulogy. But the pity of it is that they suffer in silence. They reply to their critics often enough, but to the men who praise them foolishly they say never a word. If they would burst out upon a rapturous appreciator once in a while and shake him in the full public gaze, it would be a good thing all around. It would help to remove some misconceptions."

Elsewhere, in many places, Mr. Colby indicates his belief that there are no fixed standards in matters of taste and that literary values are such matters. Sharing his belief, and not desiring to be pilloried for injudicious praise, I shall only say that to me his style seems a very good style, and that I like his book. His general attitude toward mankind is to me a sympathetic one. He is not writing sociological essays: he is, in the sense in which Thackeray used the word, a humourist. He exhibits, good-naturedly enough, some of the common foibles of our common human nature. That which most interests him, and gives the title to his book, is the disposition of people, and especially of the American people, to take too seriously things that are really unimportant, and to impose upon themselves laws of conduct and of thought that are unreasonable and that lessen their enjoyment of life. This does not mean that he takes nothing seriously: between the lines, at least, he shows the contrary; nor does it mean that there are no laws or conventions that seem to him reasonable and necessary. When he is most individualistic, not to say anarchic, he is talking not of matters of morals, but of matters of opinion and of taste. He resents the intrusion of conscience into "the zone of the morally indifferent." To me it seems that the task which Mr. Colby has undertaken is, under existing American conditions, more useful than that which another lay-preacher, Mr. Roosevelt, some years ago assumed. Strenuousness has long been our besetting national virtue, and its further exaggeration may easily make it a national vice.

Not everything in the book is connected with this crusade for a wholesome indifference. The literary and dramatic criticism, of which there is not a little, is largely independent of any such purpose. What is said of Kipling fits into the general scheme, for this writer is made to illustrate the wisdom of the author who goes his own way and disregards the demand always to produce the kind of thing that first struck the public fancy. "With Kipling, politics serve the purpose of a rotation of crops." And the "Adventures of a Playgoer" illustrates the contention that neither playwrights nor dramatic critics owe exclusive allegiance to the superior person. But the acute analysis of *Sentimental Tommy* and the closing paper on Henry James have no discernible connection with imaginary obligations. Tommy's obligation to strike attitudes and James's obligation to "mouse around in a mind" are very real. All the same, we are glad to have these studies; and in dealing with James and his "complicated amours of spooks" the author has freed many souls besides his own.

Agreeing in general with Mr. Colby's opinions regarding writers, on one matter I am moved to express dissent. In his chapter on "Literary Reputations" he says that people like Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine "do not have the pleasure of their craft. To them the dull grind of literary work is never alleviated by the consciousness that the work is good." I do not think that this is true. I do not think that the satisfaction of the author who produces what contemporary critics regard as a masterpiece is, as a rule, appreciably greater than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that of the writer of popular books which the critics damn. The former cannot be sure that his work is of enduring quality nor can the latter be sure that his is not. It is only the opinion of posterity that will be decisive. In the meantime, the fact that an author appeals to large numbers of readers who have little or no culture is no proof that his works will not become classics: witness De Foe and Bunyan. In other respects than in this matter of self-appreciation there is some reason for thinking that the psychical phenomena of imagination writing are fairly uniform. A very popular novelist who died half a generation ago, and whose books are now nearly dead, once confided to me that during his periods of production his characters were to him real living persons. It is safe to say that they never seemed so to other people. He, however, saw them and heard them talk, and they did and said things he did not mean them to do or say. Given these symptoms, and large sales of his books, was it unnatural that he should consider himself inspired? From this and other instances I have sometimes been tempted to infer that there is as little correspondence between the value of a book and the sensations of the writer as between the lustre of a pearl and the presumable feelings of the oyster; but this, I suppose, would be going too far.

Negatively Mr. Colby's style is characterised, like that of all literary artists, by avoidance of the over-worn phrase. "To most men," he says, "the platitude is as natural as the bark of a dog," but it is equally ineffective. "It is indiscreet, for instance, to tell young graduates that they stand on the threshold of life in the presence of golden opportunities. The truth of that statement is unimpeachable, but the time has now come when it should be conveyed in some other way. It can never reach any human mind in its original package." Another negative characteristic is his scrupulous avoidance of exaggeration. "What is the use of raising one's whole vocabulary to the tenth power? It simply inflates the verbal currency. Other people involuntarily extract the tenth root of everything you say." For humorous purposes, indeed, he sometimes exaggerates; but even here he makes his best effects by understatement.

Among positive assets, Mr. Colby has humour, and humour of a very pleasant sort. In reading him you seldom laugh, but you often chuckle. Of humour, he himself says: "It is the one valuable thing which it is worth no man's while to work for. . . . When the labourers in this vineyard take pains they always give them." He certainly gives no pains of this sort: he is content at times to be serious for pages, and when the humorous turn comes, it seems to come of itself. A single exception, however, must be noted. He not infrequently produces a humorous effect simply by massing incongruous illustrations. For example: "There are things in which it is desirable forever to disagree: the meaning of life, the proper way to boil an egg, choosing a wife, which of Shakespeare's plays is the best, and the real reason for disliking Jones and admiring a sunset." Such collocations are of course funny, but they are a little forced; and when the trick is played for the third time it loses its effect.

Another positive asset is a light touch. His writing suggests good talk. Of course it is not talk: the real thing is not art, but only the suggestion of the real thing. With him the suggestion is very complete. He is best read at night, with the aid of a presomnial pipe. Then you feel that he has just dropped in from the theatre or from a ball or a campaign meeting, has borrowed one of your spare smoking jackets and a pipe, and is telling you what is uppermost in his mind. Sometimes a sentence is missing, but it supplies itself. When he pauses to keep the sacred fire burning, he does not go on exactly where he left off, but your thought has filled the gap.

Lastly, Mr. Colby's manner is not an imitation of some other writer's imitation of talk: it is not a reminiscence of Montaigne or Steele or Holmes; it is twentieth century New York talk. I do not mean that it is in any sense a dialect; it is good English always, without a suggestion of provincialism; but it is the light touch-and-go talk of an educated Manhattanite. Further south, talk is rounder and more rhetorical. Further north, it is more conscientiously consecutive. Further west, it is less respectful of literary tradition, and it is aggressively assertive of its locality. In London,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where the difference between speech and writing is greater than in America, such written talk would be either more interjectional or more ponderous. We are constantly complaining, in this country, of the absence of local colour in literature. The trouble is that unless it is laid on with a palette-knife we do not recognise it.

The temptation to quote other and better things than I have already quoted is very strong. There are good phrases, such as "the drier criticism," meaning the scientific dissection and desiccation of literature, and there are occasional epigrams, as, for example, "plain people have a rooted aversion to plain truths"; but the happiest bits are not phrases, but turns, and the lightest-running style needs more room for turning than it can find in a book-review.

Readers who know Mr. Colby only from his *Imaginary Obligations* would not suspect him of having been a professor of political economy or of having written a text-book of universal history or of having edited an encyclopædia, and it would doubtless surprise many of them to discover that sense of humour and grace of style can survive such occupations. Others will find that years of grinding labour on more solid matters have given to these essays a certain body and substance without making the author's touch a pennyweight heavier.

Munroe Smith.

II.

Armstrong's "Gainsborough"* and His Place in English Art.

Whatever contributes to the popularisation of sound art is to be welcomed in these not too artistic times; so that when we see before us a substantial and richly illustrated volume on so worthy a painter as Gainsborough, and at a price which places it within the means of almost any one interested in the subject, it is a fact for congratulation. About six years ago Sir Walter Armstrong put forth this work in a sumptuous quarto at a price prohibitory to many, and it has been a happy thought on the part of the publishers to offer this new edition in a handsome large octavo, containing eight photogravures and forty excellent half-tones, to a public whose interest does not seem to wane concerning the English portrait painters of the eighteenth century. Aside from his art, perhaps no painter of that period possessed so strongly marked personal characteristics as this Suffolk-born painter, who rose to rival even Sir Joshua himself in the most brilliant epoch of English painting. This work on this peerless painter is so well considered, just, and subtle, that it belongs to the exceptional class of art writing,—to that class, in fact, which may arouse the interest of artist as well as of layman.

We may as well admit that it was Fromentin who opened the path for true art criticism. Until he spoke in his *Masters of the Past,* a study of Dutch and Flemish art, the æstheticians, psychologists and theorists practically beat the air so far as a technical comprehension of a work of art was concerned. In spite of the long list of preceding writers on art, criticism was comparatively empty and valueless to the painter until 1876, when Eugène Fromentin cleared the darkness, astonished serious thinkers and artists also by this illuminating and even audacious book, in which he demolished accepted notions concerning certain masterpieces while placing the masters themselves on a more secure basis than they had occupied before, because a more rational one.

This departure by Fromentin has coloured all subsequent art criticism, and being made as it was by an expert painter, himself a polished writer, his dictum carried authority, and those who at first were disposed to scoff have remained to pray. Following this stimulating and searching book of Fromentin's came another critic with some practical acquaintance with art, R. A. M. Stevenson. His book, *The Art of Velasquez,* was perhaps the most vital and substantial enunciation on the art of painting to which the English language had hitherto given expression. And now comes Sir Walter Armstrong, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, with a monograph on Gainsborough, a most subtle painter, which is worthy of all praise. Not only the biographical story is told

*Gainsborough, and His Place in English Art. By Sir Walter Armstrong. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with vivid picturesqueness, but what is still better, the methods, prepossessions, emotions and influences which traverse the work of this peculiar personality are given by Sir Walter with a clear though subtle perception of the temperament he is revealing.

Gainsborough, as we discover him in these pages, was eminently a person of genius—his mental processes were not logical but they were brilliant, and in the course of his letters we see the bright play of a singularly vivacious mind. In a letter to his friend William Jackson, of Exeter, describing Mr. Dunning, a lawyer, whom he met at Lord Shelborne's, and comparing him with himself: "He is an amazing, compact man in every respect, and as we get a sight of everything by comparison, only think of the difference betwixt Mr. Dunning almost motionless, with a mind brandishing like lightning from corner to corner of the earth, whilst a long cross-made fellow only flings his arms about like thrashing flails, without half an idea of what he would be at—and besides this neatness in outward appearance, his storeroom seems cleared of all French ornaments and ginger-bread work, everything is simplicity and elegance and in its proper place; no disorder or confusion in the furniture, as if he were going to remove. Sober sense and great acuteness are marked very strong in his face, but if those were all, I should admire him as a great lawyer, but there is genius (in our sense of the word). (It) shines in all he says."

Is there not genius in our painter who writes so intuitively of a person he meets and is struck with? Gainsborough seemed swayed by his emotions; conventional society had no charms for him, he preferred the company of musicians who could give him pleasure or instruction, for he took the fancy to attempt any instrument which charmed him, possessing himself of costly ones, and would at times give a precious picture to one whose playing he had particularly enjoyed. The author discusses sympathetically and well the force and charm of Gainsborough's landscape work; for in conjunction with Constable he really gave an impetus to landscape painting, while the grasp and comprehension of the painter's mental attitude before his sitters, and the manner with which he fused, so to speak, the animate and inanimate on his canvases are most intelligently presented in the course of this memorial and appreciation of this master mind in English art.

He traces whatever derivation can be traced of this original worker, for although Gainsborough had little consecutive instruction he had his preferences, a flavour of Watteau in some of his compositions, such as "The Mall." But his portraits seem to be the sum of his emotion before a given subject; and in these few notes on this valuable contribution to the literature of art I cannot do better perhaps than to quote a few concluding sentences of the writer:

"Gainsborough was the first to concentrate all his powers on the translation of his own *continuing emotion into paint, to make the* vigour, heat and unity of his own passion the measure of his art. . . . As for his place in the general hierarchy of art, it depends entirely on his positive qualities. It is easy to see his defects. It is easy to point out that his ambition was narrow, that his culture was small, that his faculty for taking thought was a negative quality, and that in certain matters of equipment he has been surpassed by many unimportant people. But his art was all art. It was the pure, spontaneous expression of a personality with which no anti-artistic leaven had been mixed."

Frank Fowler.

III.

Mr. White's "The Mountains."*

Once upon a time we read in our geographies that a mountain was an elevation of the earth's surface larger than a hill. When we went out into the world we made our own idea of what a mountain was. But our ideas differed greatly. To some a mountain is always an elevation of the earth's surface and not much else; to others it represents many little impressions of height and atmosphere, of difficulties and alluring invitations to measure its steeps and distances beyond, of beauties and forbidding dangers. And what some regard with respect as a mountain, others would sniff at as "noth-

*The Mountains. By Stewart Edward White. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing more than a hill." Whatever ideas of a mountain a man already may have, I warrant that he will have fresh ones after he has travelled with Mr. White through the pages of his new book. The author of *The Blazed Trail* came near to doing his best work in his book *The Forest,* which was issued within the year, but no one who enjoys out-of-door life can afford to miss the new story of what Mr. White saw in the mountains and how he came to see it.

It is his unflagging enthusiasm, which carries you with him always; his ability to pick out the little things, which, after all, are the material of our impressions, and to tell about these so that a picture is instantly flashed before the mind's eye, give his book the charm of reality always. He is a "nature lover" of the best sort, and, after travelling with him on his trip, the mountains must mean more than they ever did before to nine readers out of ten. We have had very many descriptions of the scenery which is spread before the man who looks away from great heights, and, perhaps, there is not all of the poetry in the following passage which there is in some others that might be quoted, but could the thing be made more clear to the vision?

"It was nearly four thousand feet down. Do you realise how far that is? There was a river meandering through olive-coloured forests. It was so distant that it was light green and as narrow as a piece of tape. Here and there were rapids, but so remote that we could not distinguish the motion of them, only the colour. The white resembled tiny dabs of cotton wool stuck on the tape. It turned and twisted, following the turns and twists of the cañon. Somehow the level at the bottom resembled less forests and meadows than a heavy and sluggish fluid like molasses flowing between the cañon walls. It emerged from a bend of a sheer cliff ten miles to eastward; it disappeared placidly around the bend of another sheer cliff an equal distance to the westward.

"The time was afternoon. As we watched the shadow, the cañon wall darkened the valley, whereupon we looked up.

"Now the upper air, of which we were dwellers for the moment, was peopled by giants and clear atmosphere and glittering sunlight flashing like silver and steel and precious stones from the granite domes, peaks, minarets, and palisades of the high Sierras. Solid as they were in reality, in the crispness of this mountain air, under the tangible blue of this mountain sky they seemed to poise like so many balloons. Some of them rose sheer with hardly a fissure; some had flung across their shoulders long trailing pine draperies fine as fur; others matched mantles of the whitest white against the bluest blue of the sky. Toward the lower country were more pines rising in ridges, like the fur of an animal that has been alarmed."

It is characteristic of Mr. White's work that, with all his fluency, he seldom lapses into over-refinements of language. He writes in the terms of speech which he doubtless would use if he were talking to us face to face. There is seldom a chance to mistake what he means to say. Nor is there apparent an attempt to create illusions in his pictures. Following the trail has its delights, but they are the delights which come to one who buckles to hard work and willingly encounters risks, who has a sharp appetite for the food furnished by the simplest of materials and rudimentary cookery. One who wishes to see the mountains at close range,—to be of them—we are frankly told must know how to care for and shoe his own horse, to mend his clothing, to sleep with satisfaction on the lee side of a fallen tree, perhaps to face cheerfully a temperature which ranges from below the degree of frost to one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and he must do all this while thinking first of the safety and comfort of his mount and pack animal, next of his companions, last of all of himself. At least this, in effect, is the philosophy of the thing. It may be that only of such a philosophy can be born the spirit of pure joy in the trees, the rocks, the grass, the river, the sky and the magnificent distances which flushes every page of this book.

The mountains of the title, I take it, are all or nearly all of the extreme western part of this country—most of them of the Sierras. For this reason there are conditions which the climber of the Alleghenies, of the Catskills, and the like may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never encounter. But, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. White has aimed to have his volume, in a way, a guide to the man who would try climbing on his own account, it is rather as the story of his own climbs and adventures, that it makes its wide appeal. There are chapters in it on equipment, on horses, on "how to go about it," on camp cookery, on the camp itself, and the tricks of climbing and making one's self contented; but it is the account of what happened and what was seen on the ridge trail, in the desert, in the foot-hills, the valley, and among the pines and giant forests, and those chapters which concern "the wind at night," and the lure of the trail that charm one into belief that, for the time being, the reader is actually with the writer and that all these beauties and wonders unroll before his vision. Such a vigorous, true and wholesome book is the next best thing to out-of-doors itself.

Churchill Williams.

IV.

Mr. Howells's "The Son of Royal Langbrith."*

By every accepted canon of taste and expediency, it is the part of a reviewer to assume the attitude of a disembodied spirit, possessing complete wisdom, unassailable authority, with particular stress upon the authority. In the majority of cases this is doubtless a sound convention, but how does it, how can it apply, when the reviewer, nobody at all, is called upon to give judgment about the work of a master?

This is the first sensation (very rare) inspired by reading *The Son of Royal Langbrith.* Whether you fancy Mr. Howells's special talent or not is a different matter. Whether you enjoy mid-Massachusetts people in a mid-Massachusetts mill-town, is another question. That which lies entirely beyond question is Mr. Howells's indisputable mastery, a mastery never more fully displayed than in his latest novel. Those of us who have wished that he would leave Altruism alone, who have wearied of the acidities of Basil and Isabella March, we who have considered *Letters Home* an error to be gently dealt with, for old times' sake, will put down *The Son of Royal Langbrith* with a delighted assurance that Mr. Howells has magnificently caught his second wind. In view of this even praise savours of impertinence. I uncomfortably remind myself of young James Langbrith fresh from Harvard (very fresh), benignantly distributing pats and patronage, puffed up with a pathetic delusion of greatness, depending only on the forebearance of his elders and betters. And here another difficulty crops up. How to speak of these people and events with sufficient lightness to avoid bruising this reader's delicate pleasure in the way the story unfolds. Looking back, you recognise that the march of events could hardly have been otherwise, looking forward, you see—not the very next move. The wiliest novel consumer, inured to every known trick of fiction, cannot predict whether . . . but I've promised myself to lay no tampering finger upon Mr. Howells's plot.

The Son of Royal Langbrith is frankly a problem story; being in New England the problem is of conscience. Should truth be told at all costs, punishing alike innocent and guilty, but chiefly the innocent? How far are we ever justified in concealment (with no base or selfish aim) when truth will wound, and silence only tarnishes an abstract figure of Justice?

James Langbrith, child and man, grows up in an ecstasy of reverent worship for his father's memory, since Royal Langbrith, with a scamp's customary luck, has died when the boy was no more than a baby. This cherished parent had actually been several kinds of a scamp, unfaithful and cruel husband, dishonest though highly successful in affairs, successful likewise in hiding his real character from an all but broken-spirited wife, a reticent brother, the family doctor, also one Hawberk, an irresponsible opium eater, and a woman whose present interest is not to make public their past connection.

The problem of allowing this unsavoury memory to be glossed over becomes acute when the son's expansive nature impels him to do public homage to this precious father, by erecting a memorial tablet, with civic ceremonies of public unveiling, and laudatory addresses. Through the entangling interdependence

*The Son of Royal Langbrith. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of human life, this occasion sardonically tests the consciences of all those who know the outrageous secrets of Royal Langbrith's history; and in their midst the young man, proud, effulgently happy, detestably priggish, blindly rains favours and approval. Whether to let him radiantly possess his fool's Paradise, whether to let grim justice be done come what may, that is Mr. Howells's problem. He solves it as far as such questions ever can be solved in this curious world after his own intelligently quiescent fashion, as a tolerant observer who has pondered deeply over the bewildering complexities of life. And here let me say, throughout this is the book of a man who ages . . . gracefully, whose impressions have not crystallised early, with whom observation and new understanding adjust themselves to each new period of personal existence, whose point of view keeps pace with the changed emotions and interests of maturity. The test of illumining genius of course, is to divine life, without waiting to learn from experience, only second to that comes the power to derive its characteristic flavour from each passing lustrum; in short, the capacity for continued development. The Mr. Howells of the seventies saw through the eyes of Lydia Blood and Staniford, *The Lady of the Aroostook* was from their standpoint, the young people's; while the grandfather and maiden aunt, though admirably clear, are more objective. In the case of *Indian Summer,* however, although Imogene could hardly be more convincing, it is from the angle of dawning middle life (if I remember rightly Colville was feeling the melancholy of the early forties) that we watch that earnest young lady's adventures. In other words, Mr. Howells never gives us a series of increasingly dim or conventionalised impressions from a set of plates exposed long since and never renewed. Consequently he surmounts those limitations of sympathy and invention, that tendency to refurbish familiar material, to use pigeon-holed and stereotyped wisdom which bring about the downfall of many an established reputation.

Because he observes afresh from his own shifting point of view, this late book shows all the vigour and spontaneity of feeling which we are wont to associate with impressionable youth.

Through dread of damaging his story by indiscreet revelations I have perhaps suggested too much the idea of an abstract treatise, and insisted too little upon the fact that Mr. Howells, philosophical as he may be, is now as ever a highly accomplished novelist. When he deals with the lively village belles in all their raw provincialism, his humour is obvious and diverting, growing subtler and not of the kind to provoke mirth when it turns upon Mrs. Langbrith. With a tender sense of absurdity he lingers over her predicament, hopelessly engulfed as she is in the myth with which her exuberant son surrounds his abominable father, not voluntarily creating the false impression, but forced into passive connivance by the young man's incurable optimism and hero-worship. There is delightful skill in the treatment of this poor creature's vacillations. A cheaper art would have been tempted to make her a willing party to the deception, a cheerful and exalted martyr; but this art is never cheap, never obtrudes itself. It is entirely conceivable that a large (and important) fraction of the public may read this book from cover to cover with no disconcerting suspicion that it lies under the stigma of being "well done," only occupied with the quaint and entertaining characters and above all with the absorbing story. On the other hand, people who take their pleasures more consciously, will pause here and there over a passage, with that slightly chastened satisfaction which arises from finding in another mind the echoes of personal perplexities and personal speculations. And Mr. Howells's own view of this queer world is perhaps summed up in a sentence which seems a key to the problem of Roval Langbrith's son, and to our own problems of every day.

"It was one of those experiences that intimate a less perfect adjustment of the moral elements in this life than we may hope for in the life hereafter; as if the earthly materials of conduct were cruder and coarser than the spirit which dealt with them, and which was attuned to finer issues of behaviour."

A very serious excerpt! The book indeed is entirely earnest, but it also affords a consoling illustration of the fact

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that seriousness need not of its essence make for dulness.

The Son of Royal Langbrith is never dull. *Mary Moss.*

V.

K. D. Wiggin's "The Affair at the Inn."*

Light-hearted joy, and perhaps a certain modest pride of achievement, radiate from the pages of the little book entitled with a *double entente, The Affair at the Inn.* At least the dual refulgence blesses the pages for which Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin is directly responsible; and the justification for its presence is not far to seek. Miss Wiggin has in truth put two distinct marks to her credit, and laid our gratified patriotism under tribute; for she has performed the double miracle of engrafting the spirit of her own charming and American humour on certain British authors, to the number of three, while at the same time—the scheme of the book being hers—she has produced something unique in bookdom. To the specialist in Scotch and British humour —Mr. Crosland, for example—the first will appear the more prodigious feat; but while the elated national bosom expands at the spectacle, we who have dealings with what is called "current literature" on this side of the water, and know that one author differeth from another author chiefly in the avoirdupois of his royalties, yield our sincere homage to the inventor of an original idea. On the double count Miss Wiggin is entitled to her modest pride.

The "scheme" of the book is then its foundational merit; and for the benefit of the possible misguided person who does not read the book advertisements, the "scheme" must be retold here. The veracious advertiser relates that Miss Wiggin, in company with Miss Mary Findlater, Miss Jane Findlater, and Mr. Allan McAulay—all authors of unblemished reputation—found herself marooned somewhere in rural England—in Devonshire, to be precise—stalled in a country inn on a rainy day, without occupation or visible means of support for their drooping spirits. Every legitimate source of amusement having failed, Miss Wiggin daringly proposed recourse to their profession, which the others laughed to British scorn. But she, producing pencils and paper, parcelled out a quartet of characters supposed to be met in that very inn, and started them all to scribbling.

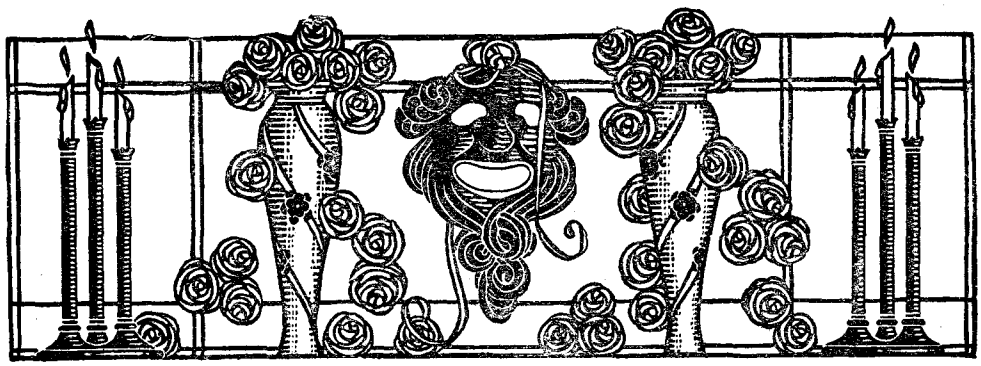
The result was this little international *jeu d'esprit*—this four-in-hand comedy, in which the story proceeds out of the mouths of the four principal characters, each author being responsible solely for his own character. It is a vast improvement over the ordinary ambiguous literary partnership, in that it raises no problems of textual criticism for the conscientious reader. Greatly as I admire Miss Wiggin, I cannot claim to be a real Wigginian, nor have I even the most casual acquaintance with Findlateriana; so I am grateful for the information that makes certain the authorship of each line. Also is it gratifying to discover that our native author's character, one of her own charming American girls, is by odds the cleverest and most captivating of the quartette. The others, to be sure, have their virtues, for, as I suggested, Miss Wiggin's sportive spirit did somewhat infect her co-jesters. Miss Mary Findlater's typical English hypochondriac matron is funny enough in her unconscious absurdity; Miss Jane Findlater manages a touch of pathos along with the sense of humour with which she has supplied the aforesaid invalid's companion; and Mr. McAulay's knight is a capital picture of the honest, downright, matter-of-fact Scottish gentleman. But Miss Virginia Pomeroy, who is Miss Wiggin's own creation, is the life and heart of the book. From her the others take their cue, and around her the näively conventional plot revolves. Hers are the wittiest comments, hers the prettiest outbursts of gentle sentiment. Without undue boasting, or any intentional intrusion of the jingoistic spirit, it may be averred that America has not come off second best in this international clash of wit. No wonder Miss Wiggin is modestly proud.

Furthermore, *The Affair at the Inn* is a love story, and it ends as happily as it begins. It is worth the half-hour it takes to learn all that intervenes between those felicitous extremities.

Edward Clark Marsh.

*The Affair at the Inn. By K. D. Wiggin and others. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

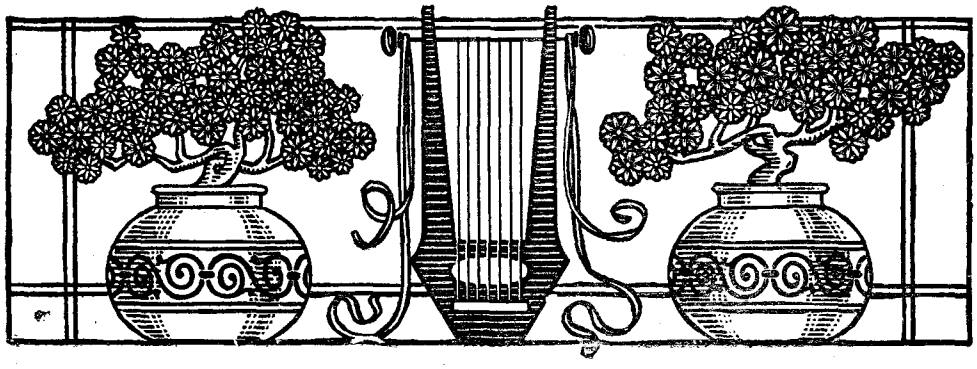
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



L'ENVOI OF THE AUTHORS

When Earth's last book has been printed and the types are twisted and pied,
When the Smallest Maynard has perished, and the Littlest Brown has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it, for The Century, at best,
Till the Houghtons cease from Mifflin and the Scribners are at rest.
And those that were good shall be Harpers, they shall sit with the Putnam chaps,
And write on Doubleday, Pages, or an L. C. Page, perhaps,
They shall have real Britons to draw from,—Macmillan and Kegan Paul,
They shall wait an age for their statements, and never get tired at all!
And only McClure shall praise us, and only McClurg shall bless;
And no one shall write for an Agent, and none for a Private Press.
But each for the joy of the writing, and each in his separate star
Shall write the book as he sees it, for the Dodd of Meads as they are!

Carolyn Wells.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I.

From a librarian in Milwaukee:

"DEAR SIR: Will you kindly give me a list of the best six short stories of mystery and horror, not necessarily involving the element of the supernatural? I mean stories written in English. You will add to my obligation if you would arrange them in the order of merit, according to your opinion of them.

"R. M. V."

Here is our list. Many will criticise the order in which we have placed the stories; but we are prepared to give good reasons for it:

1. The Speckled Band. By Conan Doyle.
2. The Tapestried Chamber. By Sir Walter Scott.
3. The House and the Brain. By Bulwer-Lytton.
4. The Murders in the Rue Morgue. By E. A. Poe.
5. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. By R. L. Stevenson.
6. The Turn of the Screw. By Henry James.

If it be thought that *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is too long to be classified as a short story, our correspondent may substitute *The Brown Hand,* by Conan Doyle.

II.

A question from New Brunswick, New Jersey:

"In your October 'Here and There' you speak of the Perdicaris-Raissouli telegram as 'one of the only two cheap things for which Mr. John Hay has ever allowed himself to be made responsible.' What was the other one?"

The other one was Mr. Hay's circular letter addressed to the signatory powers of the Treaty of Berlin, protesting against the treatment of the Jews by Roumania. Mr. Hay's point was that Roumania practically forced thousands of these people to leave that country and come to the United States, thereby flooding our ports with undesirable immigrants. We consider this protest a bit of very cheap business (1) because if the United States does not wish to receive Roumanian emigrants, it is surely big enough to shut them out itself, as it does the Chinese; and (2) because if the emigrants are so undesirable that the United States wishes to exclude them, our government can scarcely blame Roumania for wanting to get rid of them.

III.

A correspondent in this city asks a question about language:

"I have noticed lately in various publications two forms of speech of which the following are examples:

"'This opportunity was not *availed of.*'

"'Such a sum *allowed of* two simple meals a day.'

"Is either of them good English?"

The former is decidedly not good English. We have a theory that it originated in the Brooklyn dialect of the American language; but it has spread so, that now we often see it in the newspapers, though not yet in books. The second expression, "allowed of," is certainly not elegant, though it occurs once in Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night,* iv. 2). It is in accordance with the tendency to use a superfluous "of" with a number of verbs, such as "admit," "permit," and the like. The employment of the reflexive verb "to avail one's self of," in a sort of bastard passive, stands, however, upon a wholly different basis and is quite unjustifiable.

IV.

An editor in this city propounds the following:

"Which sentence is correct—'Please to tell me this' or 'Please tell me this?' And give me your authority for the answer. What part of speech is 'please' in these sentences?"

Both the sentences quoted are correct, because they are absolutely identical. In the first, "to," the sign of the infinitive mood, is expressed and in the second it is understood; but whether you say "to tell" or simply "tell," the construction is the same. As for "please," it is a verb

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the imperative mood, but it does not come from the active verb, but rather from the neuter verb "to please," meaning really "to have pleasure," "to be pleased," and hence "to vouchsafe." So Milton, in *Paradise Lost* (v. 397 foll.), where Eve says to the angel:

"Heavenly stranger, please to share
our humble bounties."

V.

From a skeptical subscriber in Tiverton, Rhode Island:

"In the last number of THE BOOKMAN, in answer to a question, you say that the name 'carnation' was applied to the flower 'surely before the time of Lord Byron.' Do you know this, or are you guessing at it? And if you know it, how do you know it?

"RHODODENDRON."

Simply because the name "carnation" is so defined by Johnson in the folio edition of his dictionary, published in 1773, just fifteen years before Lord Byron was born.

VI.

A lady in Syracuse, New York, sends us a rather curious letter, which we impart to our readers:

"There is one of the classical professors in the University of Syracuse who habitually says 'You was.' He does not do this because of any defects in his early education, but (so I am told) because he thinks it is more correct than 'You were.' Can you tell me the reason for this claim of his? I am rather curious to find out. J. S."

Then, why not ask the Professor? It is not for us to find reasons for doing objectionable things. But if you will get the Professor to explain why he says "You was," we will undertake to show that his explanation does not hold water.

VII.

Another librarian wishes a bit of literary information, which, oddly enough, is one that we have ourselves long been looking for in vain.

"TO THE LETTER BOX.

"Can you tell me anything about Mr. George Bassett, whose book *Hippolyte and Golden Beak* was published in New York about ten years ago?"

We only wish that we could. Mr. Bassett is apparently one of those authors of a single book who vanish away after doing something which makes discriminating readers look eagerly for more. *Hippolyte and Golden Beak* was published in 1896. Several years after its appearance we asked the Messrs. Harper, who had brought it out, whether Mr. Bassett was going to give them another book. The reply was that they knew nothing of Mr. Bassett or of his literary plans; that he came to them a stranger (evidently an Englishman who had travelled a good deal), and had offered them the manuscript of his book, which after reading, they had purchased outright, and that since then they had heard nothing of him.

VIII.

This letter from Lather Place Oak, California, touches upon a point suggested by the question asked under III.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN.

"Why do you say 'later on'? Is not 'later' sufficient and more elegant? Mr. F. T. Cooper, on p. 501 of your July number, says 'later on,' and I have seen it elsewhere.

"JANE K. S."

"Later" is certainly sufficient but not necessarily more elegant than "later on." A little redundancy in language is allowable for emphasis, as in the expressions "further on," "further along," "lower down," "higher up," and "nearer to," all of which are perfectly idiomatic.

IX.

From Hawarden, Iowa:

"DEAR SIR: On p. 233 of the May BOOKMAN, the phrase 'exceedingly sorrowful' is spoken of as belonging to the translations of the King James Bible. Would you mind giving chapter and verse where the phrase is found? J. P. B."

When the phrase left our pen it read "exceeding sorrowful," which is, of course, the Biblical expression. We had, however, at that time a too ambitious proofreader, who imagined that his functions were partly editorial. His keen eye detected the words "exceeding sorrowful" in the revised proof, and not wishing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to hurt our feelings by pointing out what he regarded as "bad grammar," he quietly changed "exceeding" to "exceedingly." He is working on some other job now.

X.

The following letter was sent to us some time during the summer, and was overlooked by us last month. It evidently refers to the so-called Subway Tavern in this city:

"SIRS: What is your real opinion of allowing the frequenters of a saloon to sing the Doxology in the presence of a Bishop?

"ABSTINENCE."

We assume that our correspondent approves of the Doxology in itself. This would naturally carry with it an approval of its sentiments and injunctions. But the second line reads:

"Praise Him, all creatures here below!"

Now, "all creatures" seems to be sufficiently comprehensive to include even "the frequenters of a saloon." And as to the presence of a Bishop, we should think that the Doxology was just the sort of thing that one would choose to sing in the presence of a Bishop.

XI.

Our old friend, "Polka Dots," of Denver, sends us his opinion of the four subtle questions which we propounded some time ago. His remarks are frivolous, but that is what one would naturally expect.

"DEAR LETTER BOX: Things are quiet at the ranch now. I have ruminated a bit on your questions propounded in the July Letter Box.

"Here is my shy at them:

"(1) Say 'whilst' instead of 'while' when you have your mouth full of buckwheat cakes and sausage and you will see.

"(2) I pass this up to Jessica and the wooden Indian.

"(3) Telegraph offices never have small change because they are run on 'tick.'

"(4) The manners of savings bank officials are bad because they are bound to lose interest after a while.

"Yours,

"POLKA DOTS."

XII.

From a subscriber in this city:

"I wish that you would explain to me the Latin of the Kaiser's telegram of congratulation to President Roosevelt. I cannot quite account for the word *tuum*. Most of the newspapers give a free and obviously inaccurate translation. The *Sun* tries to emend it; while the *Times* cautiously speaks of 'its wandering pronominal adjective and its casually inserted conjunction.' Will you please to make the meaning clear?"

There is nothing the matter with the Kaiser's Latin, except that it is rather elliptical. It reads: *Tuum quod bonum felix faustumque sit populo Americano.* The meaning would have been clearer had it been written in this way: *Quod bonum felix faustumque sit populo Americano tuum est* (*officium*). Literally, "That it may be well and happy and prosperous with the American people is now your concern;" or, in the vernacular, "It's up to you to see that the American people are prosperous, happy, and successful."

XIII.

Some one in Greenfield, Massachusetts, who is a believer in spiritualism, takes us to task at some length and with a burst of italics. This is what he says:

"In the last BOOKMAN there is a review which speaks flippantly of spiritualism and the belief in spirit return. You go out of your way to mock at a *proved truth.* You say that a 'diakka' can pretend to be some other spirit, and so we can never be sure that we are holding converse with our lost ones. If you had as much brains as you think you have you would know that it is easy to test the medium's control by asking questions *about things that only you and the control know anything about.* If you get answers that are satisfactory, then you have clear proof that there is no substitution. I have had many such experiences. For instance, I had an uncle *who died when I was a child.* I never saw him but once, and then he gave me a quarter. Years after his death he made me a communication through a well-known medium, a lady, and when I asked him for a proof that it was really the person who he pretended to be, he reminded me of the quarter that he had given me. Of course, it stands to reason that there are many *dishonest spirits,* just as there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are many *dishonest human beings.* They do not change their nature all at once after they pass over. But anybody can easily detect their impositions. *I never heard the word* 'diakka' until you used it, although I have been a spiritualist for *thirty years.* No doubt you made it up so as to cast ridicule on the subject of spiritualism. Do you believe in *anything at all?*

"TRUTH."

Yes, we believe in all sorts of things. For instance, we believe in the diakka, for whom, indeed, we have taken rather a fancy, and we did not invent the name either. We came across it in the writings of that eminent spiritualist, Mr. Andrew J. Davis, the author of a number of works on the spirit life. His description of the diakka is so attractive that we venture to quote it:

"The diakka is a spirit who takes insane delight in playing parts, in juggling tricks, in personating opposite characters; to whom prayers and profane utterances are of equivalue; surcharged with a passion for lyrical narration; one whose every attitude is instinct with the schemes of specious reasoning, sophistry, pride, pleasure, wit, subtle, convivialities. He is an unbalanced, not always an evil, person; he wanders in his own congenial forest, never resting, never satisfied with life; after amusing himself with jugglery and tricky witticisms, invariably victimising others —secretly tormenting mediums, causing them to exaggerate in speech, and to falsify by acts."

Such is the diakka, not morally admirable, but an amusing creature, nevertheless, and so clever that, as we said last month, he is able to discredit all the communications which come through a medium from the other world. Take, for instance, the case of your esteemed uncle, which seems to you so convincing. Let us suppose that some diakka had had his eye on you and wanted to divert himself at your expense. He would first look up your relative and gradually win his confidence in that ingratiating way which diakkas have. Little by little he would bring the conversation around to you. Now, let us suppose that your uncle was a careful, not to say frugal, person, to whom the gift of that quarter was something to be remembered. He would naturally mention it to the diakka, not, of course, boastingly, but with a certain consciousness that he had been pretty liberal in view of the fact that he had never met you before. Primed with this bit of information, the diakka would watch you until you next went to a medium, when he would show up in the character of your deceased uncle, ready to supply you with a convincing test. Of course, we can't prove that this was so; but, on the other hand, you can't prove that it wasn't. Indeed, when it comes to a contest of wits between a diakka and a simple and unsuspecting spirit, wandering around in space, we should always feel inclined to put our money on the diakka.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Historians' History of the World.

This very important work, upon the compilation of which the editors have been engaged for several years, is now complete. The twenty-five volumes of the series are strikingly comprehensive, and the selections seem to have been made with discretion and judgment. So far as has been possible, the editors, for the description of a dynasty, a people, or a period, have relied on those historians who were closest to that period, people, or dynasty; merely checking these descriptions with the knowledge derived from modern research. The "Historians' History of the World" will be discussed at greater length in a later number.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

Our Birds and Their Nestlings. By Margaret Coulson Walker.

A book designed to give school boys and girls a knowledge of birds and their habits.

D. Appleton and Company:

Modern Industrialism. By Frank L. McVey, Ph.D.

An outline of the industrial organisa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion as seen in the history, industry, and social problems of England, the United States, and Germany.

Little Folks Down South. By Frank L. Stanton.

A book of poems for young readers. Some of them are written in the negro dialect, others on Southern topics and a number upon more general themes.

The Tar Baby and Other Rhymes of Uncle Remus. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrated by A. B. Frost and E. W. Kemble.

A collection of stories told in rhyme by Uncle Remus in the negro dialect.

My Literary Life. By Mme. Edmond Adam.

A history of the life, conversations and correspondence of the author. Mme. Adam relates many incidents connected with such distinguished persons as George Sand, Daniel Stern, Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Musset, etc.

Genevra. By Charles Marriott.

A love story, in which the hero is a painter who had endeavoured all his life to avoid anything which should come between himself and his profession. Thinking that his social obligations were a great detriment to his art, he moves into a new neighbourhood. Here he meets the heroine of the tale, Genevra, whom he at last loves against his will, but he still resents the fact of her coming between him and his work. While she loves him, she has promised to be the wife of another, partly to save the old family property. The necessary delay caused by this state of affairs brings out an important phase of the story.

Bethany: A Story of the Old South. By Thomas E. Watson.

Portrays the life of the South in the years just before and during the Civil War. It is written from the Southern standpoint, although it is in no way objectionable to Northern readers. The hero of the story is an uncle of Mr. Watson's and the heroine a young woman whom he knew in his youth.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Story of the Churches—The Episcopalians. By Daniel Dulany Addison.

The aim of this series is to furnish a uniform set of church histories, brief but complete, and designed to instruct the average church member in the origin, development and history of the various denominations. It is the fifth volume in "The Story of the Churches."

The Art of Caricature. By Grant Wright.

A very interesting book, as well as a manual and an historical guide. It contains the reproduction of over one hundred famous cartoons. These furnish the basis for the instruction and give the book a wide interest historically. The aim of the book is to provide those students of ability who are interested in caricature with a foundation upon which to build an art education.

A Quintette of Graycoats. By Effie Bignell.

A story about five squirrels who lived in Mrs. Bignell's grove.

Old Love Stories Retold. By Richard Le Gallienne.

The title suggests the general character of the book. Some of these stories are Dante and Beatrice, Sir Philip Sidney and Lady Penelope Devereux, Shelley and Mary Godwin, John Keats and Fanny Braune, Heine and Mathilde, Aucassin and Nicolete.

The Appreciation of Sculpture. By Russell Sturgis.

Sculpture, both architectural and monumental, is here treated in very much the same way as architecture in the author's "How to Judge Architecture." He dwells upon its history, the characteristics of the principal schools, and the criticism of standard works.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Island Camp. By Captain Ralph Bonehill.

The first in a series of volumes for boys on outdoor sports. The narration of the adventures of the Gun Club of Lakeport is an exciting tale and one thoroughly capable of holding the undivided attention of the youthful reader.

The Search. By E. P. Weaver.

This story of the old frontier should be of great interest to boys. The hero encounters many setbacks; his friends prove false and the enemies ever active. He, however, wins in the end.

A Captain in the Ranks. By George Cary Eggleston.

Designed as a supplement to "Dorothy South." "The Master of Warlock" and "Evelyn Byrd." The story deals with that wonderful upbuilding of the great West which immediately followed the war.

The Three Prisoners. By W. H. Shelton.

A true story of adventure during the Civil War. It concerns two boys and a schoolmaster who found themselves involved in the war through no desire of their own. The stirring experiences of "The Three Prisoners" are founded upon fact.

Correct Writing and Speaking. By Miss Mary A. Jordan.

The title explains the purpose of this book.

Bonnell, Silver and Bowers:

Last Hours of Sheridan's Cavalry. By Henry Edwin Tremain.

The author, who was aide-de-camp to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Crook during the Appomattox campaign, writes as an eye-witness of the events leading up to the surrender. In addition to the personal narrative, there is one chapter on Appomattox taken from the official records.

Brentano's:

Semiramis and Other Plays. By Olive Tilford Dargan.

The first play, from which the book takes its title, is founded upon the life of the famous Persian queen. "Carlotta," the second play, is a tragedy on the attempt of Maximilian to establish an empire in Mexico; the last play, "The Poet," deals with events in the life of Edgar Allan Poe.

Modern French Masters. By Marie Van Vorst.

The book is divided into five parts, each part being a short description of one of the modern French masters, either painters or sculptors. All the articles are well illustrated by full-page drawings and reproductions. Alexander Harrison has contributed a preface.

The Century Company:

A Transplanted Nursery. By Martha Kean.

A prettily illustrated book in which an American mother tells in her letters home of the adventures and experiences which she and her three little boys meet in a summer's tour to Brittany.

The Art Crafts for Beginners. By Frank G. Sanford.

A manual and guide in Design, Wood-working, Pyrography, Sheet-metal Working, Leather Work, Bookbinding, Clay Modelling, Basketry, and Bead Work.

Mary's Garden and How It Grew. By Frances Duncan.

A volume of garden lore for boys and girls, in fact, for any amateur gardener. The story of a little girl and her grey-haired friend, the gardener, runs through the book.

The River's Children. By Ruth McEnery Stuart.

An idyl of the Mississippi, in which the author of "Sonny" portrays, in her characteristic style, the life of men and women who live along this great river.

Sonny: A Christmas Guest. By Ruth McEnery Stuart.

The fourteenth edition of Mrs. Stuart's very popular book is made especially attractive by various illustrations which have been added by Fanny Y. Cory.

City Government in the United States. By Frank J. Goodnow.

The aim of this work is to present a study of American conditions and at the same time to broaden the scope of the inquiry so as to embrace the entire field of city government, so far as that is regarded from the viewpoint of organisation and structure.

As You Like It. By William Shakespeare.

The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. By William Shakespeare.

An Old English Christmas. By Washington Irving.

These three little books are bound in embossed leather bindings, designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield. Portraits of the authors appear as the frontispiece of each volume.

Poems and Verses. By Mary Mapes Dodge.

A book of verses, many of which were published in a former volume, "Along the Way," now out of print. The author has added a number of poems never before published in book form; she has also complied with a request to include a few rhymes from a book of verses for children.

Italian Villas and Their Gardens. By Edith Wharton. With Pictures by Maxfield Parrish.

A beautifully decorated volume which treats the Italian villas from the point of view of a student of Italian history and a lover of Italian beauty. The illustrations, in black and colour, are exceptionally elaborate.

Ellen and Mr. Man. By Gouverneur Morris.

A story of a charming young girl and her two lovers, one a Frenchman, the other an attractive lad, who at once makes his way into the reader's heart.

The Staying Guest. By Carolyn Wells.

This little girl, Ladybird, wins the hearts of two supposed aunts, into whose home she comes as an unbidden and unwelcome guest. When the real niece arrives on the scene, the old ladies find out that the little girl who has tormented them is really their chief pleasure in life, so Ladybird continues to stay.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Dorothy's Spy. By James Otis.

It All Came True. By Mary F. Leonard.

Little Metacomet. By Hezekiah Butterworth.

Stories of the Good Green Wood. By Clarence Hawkes.

Four new books which have been added to the Twentieth Century Juveniles. The first two are stories about little girls; Metacomet is the small son of King Philip; and the last is a book of bird and animal stories.

Stories of Robin Hood and His Merry Outlaws. By J. Walker McSpadden.

The songs and legends of Robin Hood and his outlaws, previously in rhyme,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are here retold in the form of a continuous prose narrative, which covers the outlaw's life from boyhood to his last adventure.

Synopses of Dickens's Novels. By J. Walker McSpadden.

This little book gives a synopsis and list of characters of each of Dickens's novels. It is one of the Handy Information Series.

The Messages of the Masters. By Amory H. Bradford.

A book of essays designed to interpret the spiritual meaning of the painters or to follow the suggestions of their work. The book was published some months ago, but to satisfy a general demand this cheaper edition has been issued.

A Selection from the Letters of Lord Chesterfield to His Son and His Godson. Edited by Charles Welsh.

These letters, carefully selected from Lord Chesterfield's famous correspondence, are published in the Handy Volume Classics.

Sheridan's Comedies: The Rivals and The School for Scandal. Edited by Brander Matthews.

This addition to the Handy Volume Classics presents Sheridan's well-known plays with illustrative notes, short historical introductions, and a biographical sketch of their author.

Songs from the Dramatists. Edited by Robert Bell.

A cheap edition of a collection of songs which has been famous for the last fifty years. It is one of the Handy Volume Classics.

The Hundred Best English Poems. Selected by Adam L. Gowans, M.A.

The author has given in this little volume one hundred of what he honestly considers to be the best English poems. He has included no poem whose author is living. It is one of the Handy Volume Classics.

The Essays of Joseph Addison.

These well-known essays are published in the Handy Volume Classics. An introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie gives a study of the author and his no less famous contemporaries.

Twenty Famous Naval Battles. Salamis to Santiago. By Edward Kirk Rawson.

In answer to a general demand, this well-known book of naval battles is now made available in a single volume edition. It has not been abridged in any way. The sub-title shows the wide scope of the book and how recently it was completed.

Richard Wagner. By Nathan H. Dole.

The Face of the Master. By J. R. Miller.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. By Sarah K. Bolton.

Raphael of Urbino. By Sarah K. Bolton.

Four additions to the Chiswick Series. The binding and frequent illustrations are very pleasing.

Browning Calendar. Edited by Constance M. Spender.

A well-bound book containing a short selection from Browning for each day of the year. It is included in the Chiswick Series.

The Inner Life. By J. R. Miller, D.D.

The keynote of this book, in the What is Worth While Series, is contained in one sentence of the well-known author's foreword: "If we keep our heart right we need not greatly concern ourselves about our outer life."

Bethink Yourselves! By Lyof N. Tolstoy.

This booklet, comprising Tolstoy's famous manifesto, noted in the October BOOKMAN, has been added to the Worth While Series.

How to Bring Up Our Boys. By S. A. Nicoll.

This little book, one of the Worth While Series, gives good, wholesome advice to parents.

Finding the Way. By J. R. Miller, D.D.

A book of religious thought and meditation. It is one of the Silent Times Series.

Dames and Daughters of the French Court. By Geraldine Brooks.

In an endeavour to meet old friends in a new guise, the author has given some very interesting facts concerning such famous women as Mme. de Sevigné, Mme. de La Fayette, Mme. Geoffrin, Mlle. de Lespinasse, Mme. Roland, Mme. Le Brun, Mme. de Staël, Mme. Récamier and Mme. de Rémusat.

The Lost Art of Reading. By W. R. Nicoll.

In this book Dr. Nicoll draws attention to the fact that reading is a "lost art," because we do not read wisely or well.

Rossetti's Poems.

The first complete text of Rossetti's poetical works offered in America, with full index. It is published in the Gladstone edition.

Zenobia. By William Ware.

Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. E. C. Gaskell.

Life of Mahomet. By Washington Irving.

Life of Sir Walter Scott. By John G. Lockhart.

Life of Christ. By F. W. Farrar.

Life of Johnson. By James Boswell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen.

Harry Lorrequer. By Charles Lever.

Gil Blas. By Alain René Le Sage.

Rienzi. By Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Life of George Eliot. By John W. Cross.

Life of Edgar Allan Poe. By James A. Harrison.

New editions, handsomely bound and illustrated.

The Greek Poets. An Anthology. By Nathan Haskell Dole.

A collection of poems from the Greek down to the Christian Era. They include selections from Homer, Aristotle, Aristophanes, Euripides, Sophocles, Anacreon, Simonides, Archilochos, Hesiod, Tyrtaios, Sappho, etc. They are in the best English translations and are handsomely bound.

The Poems of William Morris. Selected and edited by Percy R. Colwell.

A well-bound, single-volume edition. It is a selection of Morris's best poems.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Samantha at the St. Louis Exposition. By Josiah Allen's Wife.

Samantha's and Josiah's many friends will be glad to read about their latest "tower."

Dodd, Mead and Company:

League of the Iroquois. By Lewis H. Morgan.

A new edition of the book published over fifty years ago. The volume was written to encourage a kinder feeling towards the Indian, founded upon a truer knowledge of his civil and domestic institutions, and of his capabilities for civilisation. The annotations of Herbert M. Lloyd have enhanced the value of the book. Mr. Lloyd has been very particular to confine himself closely to the former text. Many errors have been corrected. The two volumes are included in one.

Japan by the Japanese. Edited by Alfred Stead.

This is a volume of facts gleaned from several of the leading men of Japan by Mr. Stead. Realising that the truth about this country could not be obtained by a visiting foreigner, Mr. Stead secured the disposal of writings and verbal accounts from such men as Ito, Shibusawa, Okuma, Ariga, Suyematsu, Inouye, Yamagata and others. The plan was enthusiastically received by the Japanese, and the editor had the hearty co-operation of their authorities. The topics discussed cover a wide range.

The Love of Azalea. By Onoto Watanna.

It is unnecessary to describe this story to readers of the BOOKMAN, in which magazine it ran as a serial.

Beatrice of Venice. By Max Pemberton.

Lady Beatrice, a young Venetian widow, is involved in a number of dark schemes and plots in her endeavour to save her country from the French. Kneeling at mass one day, she meets Comte de Joyeuse, for whom she drops a white rose on the pavement. She kidnaps him and hides him in her own palace in order to save him from her own countrymen. The striking part of the book is the description of the defence of the heroine's palace in Verona from an all-night attack by a mob of patriots.

Stories of Popular Operas. By H. A. Guerber.

The object of these stories, according to the author, is to enable the reader to follow every motion of the singers, and even if unfamiliar with the language in which the opera is given, to have a fair idea of all that is said and done, in the hope of enhancing the pleasure of all who hear them.

Li'l Gal. By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A volume of verse in negro dialect. It is well illustrated and bound.

Famous Women as Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton.

A collection of sketches of famous and beautiful women by well-known authors. Among the celebrities included are Mary Queen of Scots, Mme. de Maintenon, Catherine de Medici, Joan of Arc, Lady Jane Grey, Agnes Sorel, Marie de Mancini, and a great many others of importance. It is handsomely bound.

Nature and Culture. By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

A new and handsome edition of Mr. Mabie's very popular book. It contains twenty-four full-page reproductions of nature studies by Rudolph Eickemeyer.

Love Finds the Way. By Paul Leicester Ford. Decorated by Margaret Armstrong and illustrated by Harrison Fisher.

The last story from the pen of this well-known author is written in the same clever style that characterised his previous books.

The Belle of Bowling Green. By Amelia E. Barr.

A story dealing with old New York in the exciting times of 1812. Mrs. Barr's ability as a story writer is demonstrated in the success which has attended "The Bow of Orange Ribbon" and "The Maid of Maiden Lane."

The Heart of Happy Hollow. By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A book of sixteen stories depicting the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life of the Southern negro. Most of them appear in print in this collection for the first time.

A Box of Matches. By Hamblen Sears.

Mrs. Braveur, who is happily married, succeeds in getting most of her girl friends engaged while they are visiting her. Where she is unable to bring matters to a crisis, she at least lays the groundwork of future matrimonial arrangements for them.

A History of Scotland. By Andrew Lang. Vol. III.

The third volume in the series of four by Mr. Lang. The present book dates from the Roman occupation, and includes the Scotch invasion of England, the troubles with the Covenanters, the Restoration, and an account of Argyll's Rising.

A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe. Vol. III. By George Saintsbury.

The last volume of this history covers the work of the nineteenth century.

The Dodge Publishing Company:

A Cynic's Meditations. By Walter Pulitzer. Illustrated by Seddie Aspell.

A volume of epigrams. The subjects of a large majority are Love, Courtship and Marriage. There are twelve full-page illustrations.

Breaking Home Ties. By Max Ehrmann.

A poem, very prettily bound and decorated.

Petals of Love for Thee. By Edith Hall Orthwein.

A volume of poems attractively illustrated and decorated, designed as a gift book.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

How to Make Pottery. By Mary White.

The author of "How to Do Beadwork," "How to Make Baskets," etc., has here taken up another home occupation. A general idea of the book is conveyed by the sub-heads: The Clays and Tools, Hand-made Pottery, The Glaze and How to Apply It, How to Make a Plaster Mould, etc.

Freckles. By Gene Stratton-Porter.

An idyl of outdoor life. When a volunteer is called for to guard a very valuable piece of land, Freckles, a nameless cripple, responds. He is naturally a very timid lad, but he conquers his fears, and patrols the seven perilous miles each day. There are some very pretty scenes in this story of the woodland, in which the songs of birds and the scent of balsam is on every page.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Your Loving Nell. By Mrs. Nelly Gore.

A collection of letters relating to music, written home by Mrs. Nelly Gore while studying piano playing in Vienna under Leschetiski, and in Paris under Moskowski.

The Grafton Press:

The Boy and the Outlaw. By Thomas J. L. McManus.

A story of events surrounding the raid of John Brown upon Harper's Ferry as told by the author from his boyhood recollections.

Harper and Brothers:

The Son of Royal Langbrith. By William Dean Howells.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this number.

The Expert Maid-Servant. By Christine Terhune Herrick.

The purpose of this volume is to be of practical assistance to mistresses of households, chiefly those in moderate circumstances. The author gives valuable advice on such subjects as Engaging the Maid, When the Maid Arrives, The Duties of the Maid-of-all-work, etc.

The Truants. By A. E. W. Mason.

The story of a young Englishman and his wife who live with his rich but very disagreeable father. The young man, deciding to seek his own fortune, joins the Foreign Legion in Africa, and soon wins the respect of his comrades. His wife, whom he has left in London, falls under the influence of an adventurer. In the meantime, a beautiful young Englishwoman, seeing the danger of the inexperienced wife, secures the services of her own suitor, and together they save the young girl. The story is founded upon fact.

The Luxury of Children and Some Other Luxuries. By Edward Sandford Martin. Illustrated by Sarah S. Stilwell.

A holiday edition of Mr. Martin's well-known essays, beautifully decorated and illustrated by Sarah S. Stilwell, a former pupil of Howard Pyle.

A journey in Search of Christmas. By Owen Wister.

Mr. Wister's story, admirably illustrated by Frederic Remington, and designed as an appropriate holiday gift book.

The Georgians. By Will N. Harben.

To be reviewed in a later number.

The Blue Dragon. By Kirk Munroe.

A story of recent adventures in China, founded on the information gathered from Mr. Munroe's recent visit to the Orient. While it is a tale of adventure written especially for boys, persons of maturer age will find in it much that is informing about the China of to-day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

May Iverson—Her Book. By Elizabeth Jordan.

May Iverson, a young girl of fourteen, tells in her own language of ten escapades that occur during her convent life. They are all amusing and give true pictures of school-girl life.

The Common Way. By Margaret Deland.

In order to meet the popular demand, this series of Mrs. Deland's well-known essays have been compiled in book form.

True Bills. By George Ade.

Some of the funniest fables in slang ever written by Mr. Ade are included in this volume. A number of new types of people have been added.

Theophano. The Crusade of the Tenth Century. By Frederic Harrison.

The principal scenes of this love story are laid in Rome. Romanus, the wild son of the Emperor, meets the famous Theophano. He contrives to meet her the second time at a forest shrine, where they are married by the priest of the shrine. At first a simple maiden, she becomes a woman of relentless ambition. The story deals chiefly with her intrigues. A more extended reference will be made to this book in a later number of this magazine.

The Sorrows of Sap'ed. By James Jeffrey Roche.

A wicked ancestor of Sap'ed, the King of Gallimatia, had wrought a curse on six generations to the effect that any woman who loved the King should die on their wedding day, but that the woman who married him, not loving him, would live for many years. Sap'ed, being only the fourth generation, has many experiences along this line. It is written in a humorous vein.

A Young Man in a Hurry. By Robert W. Chambers.

Ten short stories from the pen of a well-known and popular author. Several of them have made a great impression on the readers of *Harper's Magazine*. The book is illustrated by Christie, Hutt and Smedley.

The Lady of Loyalty House. By Justin Huntly McCarthy.

A story of the days of the Civil War in England. A Puritan leader is left a prisoner in Lady Harby's hands as the result of an attempt to capture Harby Hall by a small party of Parliamentary volunteers. During the remainder of the book the romantic side is brought out more strongly than the claims of the warring factions.

The Hobart Company:

Comrades in Arms. By General Charles King.

The chief scene is an army post in the far West. The main causes for excitement are an occasional attack by the Indians, internal dissension among the officers, and jealousy among the wives of the officers.

John Lane:

Helen Alliston. By the author of "Elizabeth's Children."

A novel in which the hero and heroine, members of excellent families, meet as companion and tutor in the household of a vulgar newly rich family. The traditional contrast between the ways of the newly rich and those of well-bred people is emphatically presented.

Eastman Lewis:

Sixty Sonnets. By Louis M. Elshemus.

An illustrated booklet in paper covers.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Brown Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang.

These stories have their origin in all parts of the world. Some are told by Red Indian grandmothers, some by Australians, some come from the Kaffirs in Africa, and others from as remote parts of the universe, but wherever was the home of the story-teller, they all had one purpose in view—the amusement of children.

The Golliwogg in Holland. Verses by Bertha Upton. Pictures by Florence K. Upton.

Juvenile.

American Literary Criticism. Selected and edited by William Morton Payne.

This volume of the Wampum Library Series aims to give in outline a history of literary criticism in America. It contains a sufficient number of representative examples to illustrate the principal phases of the development of this department of American literature. The editor has written a lengthy introduction to the book.

Orrain. By S. Levett Yeats.

A semi-historical story, the scene of which is laid in France during the latter part of the sixteenth century, containing a variety of incidents and a plot of some dimensions, following somewhat the model of Mr. Stanley Weyman.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Andrea. The Tribulations of a Child. By Karin Michaelis. Translated by John Nilsen Laurvik.

This story of Danish origin has been very successful in its own country, as well as in Germany. Little Andrea, who is a bright, sunny invalid, devotes the remaining days of her life to attempting to restore the harmony between her father and mother, who had become estranged.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Complete Motorist. By A. B. Filson Young.

An account of the evolution and construction of the modern motor-car, with notes on the selection, use, and maintenance of the same, and on the pleasures of travel upon the public roads. A sane and sensible book. The one exception, an important one, that must be taken to it is that it deals almost exclusively with machines of English and Continental make, and that, in consequence, its value to owners of American cars is general rather than specific. Allusion to this book is made in the Chronicle and Comment.

Little Citizens. By Myra Kelly.

A compilation of ten stories which were recently printed in *McClure's Magazine*. They are pen pictures of different incidents which occurred during Miss Kelly's experience as a school teacher on the East Side of New York City. A portrait and sketch of Miss Kelly will be found in the Chronicle and Comment.

The Mountains. By Stewart Edward White.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this number.

The Brethren. By H. Rider Haggard.

A story of the crusades, in which a young English girl, a relative to Saladin, is captured by his emissaries and carried to Palestine, from which place she is rescued by "The Brethren," two knights who are both in love with her. A more extended reference to this book will appear in a later number of this magazine.

Trusts of To-Day. By Gilbert Holland Montague.

A book that gives the specific facts about the financial management, the dangers, and the advantages of trusts, with information as to the remedies for trusts already tried or proposed.

The Macmillan Company:

The Practice of Self-Culture. By Hugh Black.

Another book by the author of "Culture and Restraint." It deals with the practical ways in which the self can be equipped for service. It does not claim that self-culture is in itself a complete ideal for human life, but that it has its place as the necessary education to make a man's contribution to the world worthy.

Songs of Motherhood. Selected by Elizabeth Johnson Huckel.

The theme of these poems is expressed in the title.

The Phœnix and the Carpet. By E. Nesbit.

The Phœnix, who comes out of an egg which is found in a roll of carpet just bought by the mother of five children, tells them that this is the magic carpet that will take them anywhere they wish. Under his guidance wonderful journeys are taken.

Whosoever Shall Offend. By F. Marion Crawford.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this number.

Reminiscences of Peace and War. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

A review of this book will appear later.

Comedies and Legends for Marionettes. By Georgiana Goddard King.

An explanation of a new and popular amusement for children. The book tells how to make the marionettes, also how to make a marionette theatre.

Traitor and Loyalist. By Henry Kitchell Webster.

A tale of love and adventure, having for its theme the running of the Union blockade by the hero, who has been on the sea all his life and feels no instinct of patriotism. The Southern girl, who loves him, cannot accept a traitor, as he appears to be. His patriotism finally awakens and he finds his country.

Corneille and Racine in England. By Dorothea Frances Canfield.

A study of the English translations of the two Corneilles and Racine, with especial reference to their presentation on the English stage.

Highways and Byways of the South. By Clifton Johnson.

A volume dealing with the fields, woodlands, small villages, and scattered cabins and farmhouses of the South east of the Mississippi Valley. At least one chapter is devoted to each State. One chapter is given to descriptions of the homes, habits and conditions among the negroes, and their relation with the whites. Very little is said about the large towns. The book is well illustrated.

Falaise of the Blessed Voice. By William Stearns Davis.

To be reviewed in a later number.

Players and Vagabonds. By Viola Roseboro.

A compilation of nine short stories written by Miss Roseboro, previously appearing in various magazines. They have to do with the lives, and joys, and sorrows of stage-people. Four of them are "Where the Ways Crossed," "A Glimpse of an Artist," "Our Mantua-Maker," and "A Marriage de Convenance."

Memories of a Hundred Years. By Edward Everett Hale.

To this new edition, published in one volume, has been added three fresh chapters. Two of these concern Dr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hale: his boyhood, his college days, his early ministry, the causes in which he took part, the incidents of his journey from Boston to Washington in 1844. The other chapter deals with the early American magazines, their editors and contributors.

Adam Smith. By Francis W. Hirst.

A new book, edited by John Morley, added to the English Men of Letters Series. A year after the publication of Mr. John Rae's "Life of Adam Smith" the important discovery of Smith's lectures on "Justice, Police, Revenue, and Arms" was made. These furnished fresh and important materials and determined the fate of the legend that Smith was "only a borrower from the French school, a mere reflector of the reflections of Turgot." Mr. Hirst has done full justice to this interesting subject, and has written a biographical book which is equal to the literary standard of this series.

A History of Columbia University, 1754-1904.

A record of the successive phases of the expansion and development of each of the component schools and colleges of the University. This work has been in charge of a committee appointed by the trustees of the Columbia University Press.

An Irishman's Story. By Justin McCarthy.

Although Mr. McCarthy describes his life in America at some length, he devotes the greater part of the book to his work for the Irish movement in connection with Parliamentary committees and political affairs.

Principles and Progress of English Poetry. By Charles Mills Gayley and Clement C. Young.

A book intended as a manual for students, teachers, and for general readers who take interest in the materials and history of the higher English poetry, and seek a simple statement of its principles in relation to life, conduct and art.

Principles of Relief. By Edward T. Devine, Ph.D.

Dr. Devine, whose long experience as General Secretary of the Charity Organisation of New York has made him an authority on the subject, extensively discusses the general principles upon which charitable relief should be given to dependent families.

Personal and Ideal Elements in Education. By Henry Churchill King.

In the preface the author sums up the various discussions in the book by expressing his conviction that college education cannot hope either to retain or regain its important place in the national life, except as it recognises itself as giving pre-eminently the supreme training of the entire man for living; that our life, individual and national, must suffer if we do not recognise the essentially fundamental nature of religion; that religious education itself can only count as it ought, when its breadth and its pre-eminently personal character are clearly recognised; that real justice can be done to the different methods naturally used in religious work only by a careful psychological study; and that, as the mechanical view everywhere requires an ideal view to complete it, so, on the other hand, in the attainment of high character, the definite physical and psychological conditions involved in our natures cannot be overlooked.

The Declaration of Independence: An Interpretation and an Analysis. By Herbert Friedenwald.

The rise of the spirit of independence and the means by which independence was attained are here reviewed. The closing chapter tells of the popular reception which met the Declaration.

James Pott and Company:

Day Dream and Even Song. By Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

A book of poems, many of which are reprints from the pages of various popular magazines.

My Recollections. By Princess Catherine Radziwill.

In this remarkable volume, discussed elsewhere in this number, the author brings the reader face to face with many of the crowned heads of Europe, as she remembers them when she herself was a recognised princess. It is not a book of memoirs intended to clear up any interesting points of history, but it is the recollections of many things of importance that occurred in the years of Princess Radziwill's prosperity, as well as those of adversity.

The Wisdom of Folly. By Cosmo Hamilton.

The events of three exciting days in the otherwise peaceful life of a fluffy-minded lady.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Poems and Tales of Edgar Allan Poe. 6 vols.

Essays by Lord Macaulay. Edited by His Sister, Lady Trevelyan. 6 vols.

Handy Volume editions; handsomely bound and illustrated.

The Prince Chap. By Edward Peple.

A story in three curtains and several scenes. The hero is a young American artist living in a London art colony; the heroine, a little orphaned child left to his care. It is an amusing, sentimental and pathetic story.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Book of Ghosts. By S. Baring-Gould.

A collection of twenty-one ghost stories, five of which have been previously published.

The Ideal Mother. By B. Gwernydd Newton.

The first part of this book is a "monologue of the orphaned heart, breathing sweet memories in broken reflections." The second part portrays the ideal mother's service, sacrifice and sovereignty through the study of representative examples.

Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities. By Laurence Hutton.

Mr. Hutton's last work deals with the home of his ancestors, the last chapter with St. Andrews University, in whose town was the birthplace of his father. The death of the author occurred before the proofs were revised, this being done by a friend. Fresh anecdotes of Burns, Scott, and Byron are told and numerous illustrations are given.

The Heart's Quest. By Barton Grey.

Poems from a Southern author.

The Book of Clever Beasts. By Myrtle Reed Illustrated by Peter Newell.

A tale of many departed authors who have come back to this world in the form of animals. The humour of the story is enhanced by the ludicrous illustrations.

A Primer of Library Practice for Junior Assistants. By George E. Roebuck and Wm. Benson Thorne.

The object of this small volume is to place a cheap and handy guide to the study of library economy within the reach of the junior assistant. It is also a simple introduction to the more advanced manuals.

Breaking the Wilderness. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh.

A story of the conquest of the Far West, from the wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca to the first descent of the Colorado by Powell, and the completion of the Union Pacific Railway, with particular account of the exploits of trappers and traders.

Japanese Life in Town and Country. By George William Knox.

The latest volume in the Asiatic Neighbour Series. The author treats intelligently of the daily life of the Japanese, their religion and the traditions that have helped or hindered them, having become thoroughly acquainted with these people in the fifteen years spent among them.

The Kingdom of Siam. Edited by A. Cecil Carter, M.A.

Various officials in the service of the Siamese Government have written the articles which are here edited and published in book form. Although the editor assures the reader that, so far as possible, these articles contain accurate statements of existing conditions, he does not claim to have given a full description of the people and country in any way. There are sixty-four full-page illustrations.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

Doctor Luke of The Labrador. By Norman Duncan.

A story of the bleak northern coast. The hardships encountered by storms on the sea and by famine and cold on land, and the patience and bravery of the fishermen, together with their superstitions and odd ways, are vividly brought out.

Gwen. An Idyll of the Canyon. By Ralph Connor.

An illustrated holiday edition of the famous canyon story from "The Sky Pilot."

Denizens of the Deep. By Frank T. Bullen.

The stories about the inhabitants of the sea here told are based upon the personal observations of the author, supported by scientific facts and ornamented by imagination.

Scott-Thaw Company:

Songs of the Birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Illustrated by Albrecht Dürer.

Contains songs of the Annunciation and of the shepherds of the Nativity, the wise men and the flight to Egypt and of Yuletide.

Delilah. By G. Constant Lounsbery.

A play in blank verse. It is composed of three acts.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Music and Other Poems. By Henry van Dyke.

A book of poems written in the characteristic style of this popular author.

Fetichism in West Africa. By Robert Hamill Nassau.

During the forty years which he has spent as a missionary to the Africans, Dr. Nassau has made it a habit to study the native thought as expressed in fetichism, which, to quote Professor Tiele, "discloses a longing of the religious soul which deserves our respect." The book contains splendid descriptions of the social customs, the government, and the entire life of the natives of West Africa, as ruled over by this form of spiritism.

The Undercurrent. By Robert Grant.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this number.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gainsborough and His Place in English Art. By Sir Walter Armstrong.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this magazine.

Traffics and Discoveries. Rudyard Kipling.

This book, which was reviewed in a previous number of THE BOOKMAN, has been published as Vol. XII. of the Outward Bound edition of Kipling's work. This edition is sold to subscribers only.

Edinburgh. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

A new illustrated edition of Mr. Stevenson's well-known book on Edinburgh.

Monarch, the Big Bear of Tallac. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

One of the author's sentimental nature tales is here published in holiday attire. There are one hundred drawings.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Mammy 'Mongst the Wild Nations of Europe. By Ruthella Mory Bibbins.

A picture of Europe as seen by a coloured nurse. It is told in negro dialect.

The Captains and the Kings. By Henry Haynie.

Short sketches of eminent men in various walks of life. Abraham Lincoln is the only American introduced among the dozens of foreign celebrities.

Mammy's Li'l Chilluns. By Clara Andrews Williams.

The adventures of some little black children told in rhyme. Characteristic coloured illustrations add greatly to the effectiveness of the book.

Fairy Tales by Dumas. Edited and translated by Harry A. Spurr.

Two fairy tales for children. "When Pierrot was Young" first appeared in *Le Mousquetaire* in 1854, the title being "The King of Bohemia;" "The Countess Bertha's Honey Feast" was published in 1844.

Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church. By H. Pomeroy Brewster.

A large portion of this book was printed as a series of articles in the Rochester *Union and Advertiser*. One peculiarity of the work is that it can be successfully used as a year book for both the Roman Catholics and Protestants. It includes a chronological list of the Bishops and Popes of the Christian Church from the death of Saint Peter; also a list of canonised saints and others.

Snowland Folk. By Robert E. Peary.

Stories of the Eskimos, bears, dogs, musk oxen, and other dwellers in the frozen North, splendidly illustrated by engravings of photographs by Commander Peary and of drawings by Albert Operti. They are meant for children.

Imported Americans. By Broughton Brandenburg.

A sociological study of the immigration problem, so far as Italians are concerned. The author and his wife lived in the guise of poor Italians in the Italian quarters in New York, travelled by steerage to Naples, lodged in a Sicilian village and returned as immigrants to Ellis Island. The book is one of great value to students of the subject.

Strenuous Animals. By Edwin J. Webster.

A collection of humorous stories about fish, birds, and animals, accompanied by characteristic illustrations.

May Irwin's Home Cooking.

A collection of recipes, including some that were wrung away from reticent chefs and head waiters, others that the author's friends have generously contributed and several of her own.

Further India. By Hugh Clifford.

A story of exploration from the earliest times in Burma, Malaya, Siam and Indo-China. The volume is thoroughly illustrated with maps, photographs and drawings.

The Book of the Dog. Stories and Verses by Alice Calhoun Haines. Facsimiles of drawings in colour by Elisabeth F. Bonsall.

Pets. By A. C. Haines. Illustrated by Louis Rhead.

Juveniles, handsomely illustrated with full-page colour pictures and border designs.

A. Wessels Company:

Maximes.

These maxims are printed in both the French and English language.

AKRON, OHIO.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

Billy Whiskers, Jr. By Frances Trego Montgomery.

Juvenile. The adventures and experiences of a goat.

BOSTON, MASS.

American Tract Society:

History of American Revivals. By Frank G. Beardsley, Ph.D.

In the preface the author says the purpose of the book is to furnish within modest limits a simple and straightforward account of the great revivals and revival movements characteristic of our national religious history.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nameless Women of the Bible. By Rev. Theron Brown.

This volume does not cover every unnamed woman in the Bible, but only those who by act or influence illustrated some virtue or pointed some useful lesson.

American Unitarian Association:

John Gilley. By Charles W. Eliot.

A reprint from the *Century Magazine*, well bound, and issued as Volume I. of True American Types Series.

The Supremacy of Jesus. By Joseph H. Crooker.

Dr. Crooker goes beyond the surface-life of the material into the deeper things of the spirit, searches for and points out those hidden springs of Jesus' power, which are the source of the "waters of life."

The Touch of Nature. By Augustus Mendon Lord.

These simple stories of great people which the author retells have a three-fold object: to supply material for public school teachers who are required to tell stories to their pupils; to aid the fireside story-teller; to move the readers to search for themselves among the rich collections of natural folk-lore.

The Wandering Host. By David Starr Jordan.

To this little allegorical sketch, which was originally entitled "The Story of the Innumerable Company," the author has made some additions.

Richard G. Badger:

Poems by Alexander Francis Chamberlain.

A collection of hymns, religious poems, sonnets, translations, etc.

Interludes. By Philip Becker Goetz.

Poems.

Crux Aetatis. And Other Poems. By Martin Schutze.

A book of verse.

Fleeting Fancies. By William F. Kirk.

A book of poems on various themes. They originally appeared in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*.

A National Pæan. By Walter Allen Rice.

A collection of poems and songs previously published in a number of the leading papers of the United States. The volume takes its name from the first poem.

Poems. By William M. Byram.

A collection of verse of love and adventure, as well as poems on general subjects.

Tears. By Julius Hopp.

A drama of modern life in four acts.

The Heavenly Dykes. By June E. Downey.

A collection of verse.

Pebbles from the Shore. By E. A. Kimball.

Poems.

Dana Estes and Company:

The Minute Boys of the Green Mountains. By James Otis.

A new volume by the author whose books are so well and favourably known among boys. It is a narration of the thrilling adventures of two sixteen-year-old youths during the year 1777, when they served the colonies against the king.

Patriot and Tory. By Edward S. Ellis.

A story for boys about the American Revolution. Two brothers fighting on opposite sides are the principal characters in the book. The historical events connected with the story are very instructive.

The Merryweathers. By Laura E. Richards.

The style which has drawn many young people to the works of Mrs. Richards is followed in the present volume, which narrates further adventures of some of the characters in the Margaret and Hildegarde series.

A Short History of Ancient Egypt. By Percy E. Newberry and John Garstang.

A brief history of Egypt from the founding of the monarchy until the disintegration of the empire three thousand years afterward.

Love Triumphant. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

A collection of poems concerning love, religion, patriotism, and problems of human experience.

The Rock Frog. By Harriet A. Cheever.

The experiences of "Ker-Chunk," the Rock Frog, and his friends, Boom-a-Room, Father Hind Legs, and Patty-go-Frump. A story for children.

Defending the Island. By James Otis.

A story telling how the children of two families, living on Mount Desert in 1758, defended the island, during their fathers' absence, against a combined attack of French and Indians. A tale of interest to young people.

Gloria. By Faith Bickford.

The story of little Gloria, who was separated from her mother when a baby and supposed to be an orphan. Her gift of whistling brought her opportunities for travel and secured many friends. She at last found her mother and her home.

Puss in the Corner. By Edith Francis Foster.

A story written in the form of a rebus. Quite frequently little pictures take the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place of words in the text. The child fills in the word needed, and thus learns to fit names and objects together. It is designed not only as a puzzle for children but as an interesting story and picture book.

The Story of Little Peter. From the "Peter Simple" of Captain Marryat. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

The story of the hero's early life in Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple" is here given in a simplified form, in order that young readers may be fully able to appreciate it. It is the latest addition to the Famous Children of Literature Series.

Chatterbox. Founded by J. Erskine Clarke.

The 1904 edition of this very popular juvenile.

What Paul Did. By Etheldred B. Barry.

The story of a brave and lovable little cripple. Lessons of patience, charity, and courage may be learned from reading about Paul.

Oliver Ditson Company:

Wagner Lyrics for Soprano. Edited by Carl Ambruster.

Wagner Lyrics for Tenor. Edited by Carl Ambruster.

Ten Hungarian Rhapsodies by Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth and John Orth.

These three volumes, each complete in itself, belong to the Musicians' Library. They are edited by persons who are authorities on the subjects. Each volume contains the best photograph of the composer it is possible to obtain. There is also a critical introduction. They are well bound and are full folio size.

The Symphony Since Beethoven. By Felix Weingartner.

The present edition is more carefully finished in style and precision than was the first. In this book he leaves no room for the impression that he considers the further development of the symphony impossible, an idea which some readers gathered from the first edition.

Lessons in Music Form. By Percy Goetschius.

A manual of analysis of all the structural factors and designs employed in musical composition.

A Guide to Parsifal. By Richard Aldrich.

The aim of this book, as the preface states it, is to assemble some of the most important facts about the sources, the origin, the characters and the poetical and musical structure of "Parsifal."

Ginn and Company:

Cyr's Graded Art Readers. Book II. By Ellen M. Cyr.

Educational.

The Sonnets of Shakespeare. With introduction and notes by H. C. Beeching.

The fact that this book is included in the Athenæum Press Series implies that it is designed for students. It is, however, of sufficient general interest to insure for itself a wide circle of readers.

A Short History of England. By Edward P. Cheney.

Educational. The book contains about one hundred and fifty original pen drawings and forty maps, and is well adapted for use in colleges and high schools, where a somewhat complete English course is offered.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Far and Near. By John Burroughs.

Although Mr. Burroughs said that "Riverby" would probably be his last outdoor book, another volume of essays has been added to the list. A number of chapters concerns the island of Jamaica during the fair season, but about half of the book is devoted to Alaska and Siberia, which places were visited when the writer was a member of the Harriman Expedition in 1899.

The Amateur Spirit. By Bliss Perry.

Reserved for review in a later number.

Kristy's Queer Christmas. By Olive Thorne Miller.

In this book the author has departed from her usual custom of writing of bird-life, and has offered to her many admirers a jolly Christmas story. A number of different stories are interwoven in this one.

Jewel's Story Book. By Clara Louise Burnham.

A sequel to "Jewel." It is the work of Jewel's mother during her trip abroad, and is the gift which she brings home to the little girl.

Off the Highway. By Alice Prescott Smith.

The love affairs of two men and two women are woven into this romance. The scene is laid in California, and life on fruit farms in the Sierra Nevadas is portrayed.

New France and New England. By John Fiske.

The last work of the deceased author is uniform with his other books of history. Two hundred illustrations with portraits, maps, facsimiles contemporary views, prints, and other historic materials enhance the value of the book. It is said to be the only single book which has altogether adequately filled the need of a critical yet brief consideration of the struggle for supremacy on this continent between France and England, between absolutism and the spirit of independence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reaper. By Edith Rickart.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this number.

Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton. 2 vols.

A review of this book will appear in a later number.

Lyrics of Joy. By Frank Dempster Sherman.

A collection of poems.

The Playmate Hours. By Mary Thacher Higginson.

Poems.

The Basket Woman. By Mary Austin.

A collection of stories from the desert of California, of Indians and coyotes, ranches and cattle, miners and shepherds. They give the young reader a very correct idea of life in this part of the country.

When the King Came. By George Hodges.

The stories from the four Gospels arranged in chronological order, so as to give a clear view of the events and teachings of the life of Christ. They will be noticed in a later number.

The Queen's Progress and Other Elizabethan Sketches. By Felix E. Schelling.

A volume of sketches of some subjects in the Elizabethan Age of less weight than those usually discussed.

Balance: The Fundamental Verity. By Orlando J. Smith.

Offering a key to the fundamental scientific interpretations of the system of Nature, a definition of Natural Religion, and a consequent agreement between science and religion.

Autobiography, Memories and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway. Vols. I. and II.

A review of this work will appear later.

Trixy. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Trixy, a little dog of wonderful talent, falls into the hands of two doctors who, in the aid of science, plan to perform an experiment in vivisection. This intention crushes the hope of one of the doctors of winning the hand of the lady whom he loves, who transfers her affections to the young lawyer who rescued the dog and whom science had never tempted.

Bits of Gossip. By Rebecca Harding Davis.

A very interesting book of reminiscences, in which Mrs. Davis shows the great changes that have taken place in American ideas and training within her remembrance.

Biddy's Episodes. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Simultaneously with the eightieth birthday celebration of Mrs. Whitney comes the announcement of her new novel. It is written in her own individual style, and in Biddy the readers recognise the same happy-hearted type of girl that held their interest thirty years ago.

Lee and Shepard:

The Young Vigilantes. By Samuel Adams Drake.

A story of California life in the fifties. Col. Drake has put much of his personal recollection into this story, which he has written for boys.

The Taming of Betty. By Cally Ryland.

The story of a bright, lovable Virginia girl who is a thorough romp. She at last wins the esteem of her stern, cold father, and arouses her delicate mother by her heroism. This spirit of love and appreciation which she has excited is the "taming of Betty."

Dorothy Dainty at School. By Amy Brooks.

Randy's Good Times. By Amy Brooks.

These two books give the further experiences of two girls with whom the readers of these series are well acquainted. Dorothy appeals to little girls from five to ten years of age; Randy, as a young lady of eighteen, to readers of more mature years.

A Lass of Dorchester. By Annie M. Barnes.

The story of the young womanhood of Miss Elizabeth Blew, a character in a former book by the same author. Many exciting events with Indians and other enemies are narrated.

The Laurel Token. By Annie M. Barnes.

A story of the Yamassee uprising. The heroine, who is a very beautiful young girl, rendered a great service to the colony, in appreciation of which Captain Harrison gave her a sprig of laurel with the promise that if she needed his assistance at any time the presentation of this laurel would procure it. The promise is claimed to save the life of her father, who was condemned to die as a spy. The overcoming of the prejudice and jealousy felt by her two cousins, in whose family she lived, is one of the main features of the story.

Larry the Wanderer. By Edward Stratemeyer.

This tale, originally published as a serial in *Good News*, relates the history of a young boy who has been thrown on the world as long as he can remember. His one ambition is to solve the mystery which surrounds his parentage. This ambition is realised after years of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wandering and many misfortunes. The book is written as an object lesson, to show what a truly manly boy can do under the most trying circumstances.

On the Trail of Pontiac. By Edward Stratemeyer.

While a complete story in itself, it is the fourth volume in the Colonial Series. The plot is laid in our own country immediately after the war with France. The establishment of a trading post upon the Ohio River and adventures with the Indians form a part of the plot.

Daily Cheer Year Book. Selected and arranged by M. Allette Ayer.

In this little volume there is a page for each day in the year, on which is printed choice bits of verse or prose. The introduction is by Dr. Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society.

Two Young Inventors. By Alvah Milton Kerr.

An exciting tale of two youths who secure a mechanical education as a result of their efforts to construct a flying-boat that shall rise in the air, as well as skim the water. During a stirring experience they render an important service to the North Shore Railroad, for which they are rewarded by positions in the department of engineering.

The Children on the Top Floor. By Nina Rhoades.

The children here renew their acquaintance with Winifred Hamilton, the little heroine of Miss Rhoades's last year's book, who is now living on the second floor of an apartment house. Two new young friends, who live on the top floor of the same house, are introduced. The story is intended for children of ten and fourteen.

The Making of Meenie. By Edith L. Gilbert.

Meenie is a waif whom the mother of "The Frolicsome Four," last year's story, has befriended and installed in charge of the twins, to whom the uncouth girl is closely attached. Through the tact and kindness of an older girl, who visits the family, Meenie becomes an entirely different character.

Helen Grant's Friends. By Amanda M. Douglas.

This book is a complete tale, but it gives the reader another chapter in the life of Helen Grant, the heroine of "Helen Grant's Schooldays." It relates the sorrows and disappointments of her girlhood, but her frankness and independence bring her success.

An Honor Girl. By Evelyn Raymond.

The story of a girl who feels it her duty to sacrifice a scholarship which would take her through Wellesley College, in order that she may assist her family, who have met with reverses, and her wayward brother. By her unselfishness she wins many friends, helps her brother to lead a manly life, and brings much happiness to her family, who finally become prosperous again.

Stories of Brave Old Times. By Helen M. Cleveland.

A collection of nineteen fresh, vigorous stories of scenes which took place previous to or were connected with the American Revolution.

Jack Tenfield's Star. By Martha James.

The story of a plucky Yankee lad and his sister. Young readers will find Jack an example of a manly, generous youth, whose adventures are likely to interest them.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow. By Allen French.

An exciting story of adventure in Iceland. Several legends are woven into the plot, and its chief aim is to present them in a simple, direct style that should appeal to young readers.

Stories of Adventure. By Edward Everett Hale.

Stories of Discovery. By Edward Everett Hale.

The attractiveness of these well-known books has been greatly increased by portraits and pictures reproduced from illustrations in early editions of voyages and biographies.

The Nursery Fire. By Rosalind Richards. Illustrated by Clara E. Atwood.

Juvenile.

George Eliot. By Mathilde Blind.

A new edition to which Frank Waldo and G. A. Turkinton have added a critical estimate of George Eliot's writings and supplementary chapters on her methods of work and her friends and home life.

The Place of My Desire and Other Poems. By Edith Colby Banfield.

The poems in this book were included among the papers left at the author's death.

Lullaby Castle and Other Poems. By Blanche Mary Channing.

A collection of verse.

A Short Constitutional History of the United States. By Francis Newton Thorpe.

Educational. A one-volume text-book which narrates the constitutional history both of the Union and of the States, and shows the common basis of American local and general government.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irma and Nap. By Helen Leah Reed.

A story dealing with home and school life in a suburban town. This book, for younger girls, is written in the same simple and natural style which characterised the "Brenda" stories for older girls.

Sweet Peggy. By Linnie S. Harris.

The themes of the story are love, music and nature. The hero falls in love with a voice, which he afterwards finds belongs to the daughter of a neighbour. Peggy, the heroine, is a charming, fresh and unconventional country girl.

The Little Book of Life After Death. By Gustav Theodor Fechner. Translated by Mary C. Wadsworth.

In this book the theory is offered that a person leads three lives on earth: First, that before birth; second, that between birth and death; third, the real life entered on by the process we call death.

Little Almond Blossoms. By Jessie Juliet Knox.

A book of Chinese stories for children. The titles of some of the stories are: "Two Little Chinese Sisters," "How Ah Chee Found Santa Claus," "How Santa Claus Came to Suey Hip," etc.

The Alley Cat's Kitten. By Caroline M. Fuller.

The tale of a kitten left at the door of a house and presented as a Christmas gift to Eunice, the little daughter of the home. The adventures of "Weejums," the name given to the kitten, and of the other household pets are intended to appeal to young readers.

The Child at Play. By Clara Murray.

Juvenile.

Morning Thoughts to Cheer the Day. Selected and arranged by Maria H. LeRow.

In the preface of this book the author says its object is to strengthen faith in the universal providence of God, to make it felt that our new knowledge does not eliminate the Father, to comfort hearts that mourn, to help the young soul upon its upward way.

In the Miz. By Grace E. Ward. Illustrated by Clara E. Atwood.

Juvenile. This book contains seven fanciful and impossible stories of interest to very young children. The title of the sixth story is the one which gives the name to the book.

Roma Beata. By Maud Howe.

The material for this book has been taken from the letters and diaries of the author, written during her visits to Rome, Tuscany, etc. The work is well illustrated from drawings by Mr. Elliott and from various photographs.

The Old Masters and Their Pictures. By Sarah Tytler.

This book, for the use of schools and learners in art, is a simple statement concerning the great masters in painting of every age and country. It makes no pretence to exhaustiveness. There are twenty full-page illustrations in half-tone from as many famous paintings.

The Princess Thora. By Harris Burland.

A tale of love and adventure, in which the author has displayed a lively imagination. The scene is laid in the frozen North, in the land of Asturnia, whose capital, according to Mr. Burland, is situated almost exactly over the North Pole. An expedition goes to this city to reclaim Princess Thora, who had been driven from her own country by a usurper. The reader's attention is held closely to the end.

The Wolverine. By Albert Lathrop Lawrence.

Politics are combined with love in this story, the scenes of which are laid in Detroit just prior to the time when Michigan became a State, and when disputes over the boundary line of the Ohio came near to open warfare. With stirring history for a background, the love affairs of a Puritanical young surveyor and a French Catholic girl are exhibited.

The White Crystals. By Howard R. Garis.

A story for boys. A boy from New York City is sent for his health to his uncle's farm. He and his cousin have many adventures. The plot of the story centres around the discovery of salt upon the farm by surveyors who try and gain possession of the land before their secret is found out.

Painted Shadows. By Richard Le Gallienne.

A dozen stories by the author of "Love-Letters of the King."

The Younger American Poets. By Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

The book aims to include only a representative group, as it would be impossible to cover the entire field in one volume. Only those who have been born in America within the last half century and whose place is still in the making are discussed.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Five Little Peppers and Their Friends. By Margaret Sidney.

Another one of the famous Pepper stories. This tells also about the friends of the five little people already known to children.

L. C. Page and Company:

At Home with the Jardines. By Lilian Bell.

In this volume Lilian Bell has writ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten some sketches for the guidance of young married people. She relates the trials of the Jardines with the janitor of the apartment house in which they live, the agent, the owner, false friends, domineering relatives, etc.

The Pilgrim Press:

Henry Ward Beecher as His Friends Saw Him.

A collection of papers, previously appearing in the *Congregationalist,* written by men who knew Mr. Beecher well. The volume contains many illustrations.

Lyman Beecher. By Edward F. Hayward.

A short biography covering the prominent facts in the life of Lyman Beecher.

The Churches and Educated Men. By Edwin Noah Hardy.

A study of the relation of the Church to makers and leaders of public opinion.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

Lyrics of Life and Love. By William Stanley Braithwaite.

A volume of poems.

The Island of Tranquil Delights. By Charles Warren Stoddard.

The volume takes its title from the first story, which is a South Sea idyl. Among the ten other sketches and stories are "One Christmas Eve," "My Late Widow," "On the Reef," "Absent Beyond Seas," "Plantation Days," etc.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Laird and Lee:

The Dream Bag. By Winifred A. Haldane.

Juvenile. A collection of six stories supposed to be the dreams of two little girls.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Mozart's Youth. Translated from the German of Franz Hoffmann by George P. Upton.

William Tell. Translated from the German of Ferdinand Schmidt by George P. Upton.

Beethoven. Translated from the German of Franz Hoffmann by George P. Upton.

Maid of Orleans. Translated from the German of Frederick Henning by George P. Upton.

These four volumes are the first issue in a series of biographical romances entitled "Life Stories for Young People." They follow the form of a story throughout, but the characters are real and the incidents founded on historical facts.

Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings. Edited by Anna Benneson McMahan.

In several of the poems of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning a knowledge of the history and art and treasures of their foster home is assumed which is not possessed by their readers. This book, the editor tells us, is intended to set before the eye pictures of the places or persons mentioned, so that, as far as possible, we may see Florence as did the two poets, to whom it was a source of poetical inspiration.

The Little Giant, The Big Dwarf, and Other Wonder Tales. By Thomas Dunn English.

Juvenile. Four stories by the author of the well-known song "Ben Bolt."

In Search of the Okapi. By Ernest Glanville.

Two young men from England, accompanied by a hunter of more mature years, go to Central Africa in search of the okapi, a recently discovered member of the gorilla family, also to try and find some clew to the father of one of the young men, who had gone on an exploring expedition to this country and had not been heard of for some years.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Dodge's Elementary Geography. By Richard Elwood Dodge.

Educational.

The Reilly and Britton Company:

The Marvellous Land of Oz. By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated by John R. Neill.

Juvenile. An account of the further adventures of the Scarecrow and Tin Woodman, and also the strange experiences of the Highly Magnified Woggle-Bug, Jack Pumpkinhead, the Animated Saw-Horse and the Gump. This is a sequel to "The Wizard of Oz."

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Arthur H. Clark Company:

Early Western Travels—1748-1846. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D.

A series of annotated reprints of some of the best and rarest contemporary volumes of travel, descriptive of the aborigines and social and economic conditions in the Middle and Far West during the period of early American settlement. This is the eighth volume in the series.

DETROIT, MICH.

The Bookkeeper Publishing Company, Ltd.:

Some After Dinner Speeches, Anecdotes and Toasts.

The selection includes speeches from such men as Senator Depew, Ex-President Cleveland, Hon. W. Bourke Cock-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ran, President Roosevelt, Senator Hanna, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, Gen. Black, Col. McClure, etc.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Law of the Land. By Emerson Hough.

The land whose law is here interpreted is the Yazoo delta. A feud between the whites and blacks results in lynchings. A love story runs through the book, but it is incidental to its larger purpose. A portrait of Mr. Hough will be found in Chronicle and Comment.

Folly for the Wise. By Carolyn Wells.

A book of nonsense rhymes with characteristic illustrations.

Two in a Zoo. By Curtis Dunham and Oliver Herford.

A story of interest to children. It describes the visits to the Zoo of Toots, a poor little boy, and The Princess, a rich little girl.

The Happy Average. By Brand Whitlock.

A review of this book appears elsewhere.

Black Friday. By Frederic S. Isham.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this number.

The Trail to Boyland. By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

A collection of verse.

The Well in the Wood. By Bert Leston Taylor.

A child's story about a little girl who found herself in a forest where her yellow dog began to talk with her.

Fantasma Land. By Charles Raymond Macauley.

A story for children, but aiming also at the class of older readers who are attracted to the work of the late Lewis Carroll.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Baumgardt Publishing Company:

In Miners' Mirage-Land. By Idah Meacham Strobridge.

A collection of sketches of Nevada. The author has a good knowledge of this desert country, having spent the greater part of her life in this section. Some of the topics discussed are Mirages of the Desert, Myths of the Desert, Lovers of the Desert, Lessons of the Desert, Lure of the Desert, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Organised Labor and Capital. The William L. Bull Lectures for the year 1904. Being: The Past, by Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D.; The Corporation, by Talcott Williams, LL.D.; The Union, by Rev. George Hodges, D.C.L.; The People, by Rev. Francis G. Peabody, LL.D.

Phases, Mazes and Crazes of Love. By Minna Thomas Antrim.

A book of nonsense verse, profusely illustrated by Clara Elsene Peck.

Wit and Humour of the American Pulpit.

A collection of many anecdotes and bright sayings, many of which concern well-known divines, including some now living.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

A Dictionary of the Drama. By W. Davenport Adams. Vol. I.

A guide to the plays, playwrights, players, and playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the earliest times to the present. The author does not claim absolute completeness for the work. A careful selection has been necessary in all departments. The second volume, which will soon be issued, will complete the work, which will stand as a monument for reference to all connected with the stage, and as an invaluable history to all interested in drama.

Business. By L. deV. Matthewman. Pictures by Tom Fleming.

A volume of epigrams and caustic sayings about business failures and successes.

Shakespeare's Town and Times. By H. Snowden Ward and Catharine Weed Ward.

The story of Shakespeare's life written in plain words. The following subheads show the scope of the book: Shakespeare's Ancestors, Shakespeare's Childhood, Shakespeare's Boyhood, Shakespeare's Youth and Courtship, etc.

The Pedler's Pack. By Mrs. Alfred Baldwin.

Fairy tales and other stories for children. There are nine coloured full-page illustrations by Charles Pears.

At the Moorings. By Rosa N. Carey.

A story of English life and character.

The Romance of Modern Exploration. By Archibald Williams.

Includes descriptions of curious customs, thrilling adventures and interesting discoveries of explorers in all parts of the world.

Cats by the Way. By Sarah E. Trueblood.

A book of reminiscences and anecdotes dealing with many individual cats and accompanied with drawings by the author.

A Conspiracy Under the Terror. By Paul Gaulot.

A translation from the French by Charles Laroche with illustrations and facsimiles. It describes in detail the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first of the three attempts to save the Royal Family from their jailers at the time of the Terror. M. Gaulot conceived the idea of writing it on seeing certain parts of unpublished letters whose mysterious language and allusions to people whose names were not mentioned led him to an investigation which brought out the facts detailed in this volume.

Love and Lovers of the Past. By Paul Gaulot.

Translated from the French by Charles Laroche. The material for the various love affairs described in this volume was found by M. Gaulot in the National Record Office. While obliged to omit some of the facts, he has been careful to add nothing, and to reproduce exactly as possible official papers and private letters that they might accurately reflect the spirit of the times.

Never-Never Land. By Wilson Barrett.

A story of love and adventure, of which part of the scene is laid in foreign countries and part in America.

New Samaria. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.

This story, which appeared some years ago in one of the magazines, is an account of a millionaire who, through a series of unlucky incidents, found himself stranded in a Western town sick and without money. No one would put enough trust in his story to give him the means of communicating with his Wall Street office. The millionaire tells the tale himself, and brings out very forcibly the hardships that often result from a rigid rule in the matter of withholding alms.

The Vir Publishing Company:

What a Young Man Ought to Know. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

This book, which is one of the Self and Sex Series, is a new and revised edition of Dr. Stall's very popular work.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Paul Elder and Company:

Prosit. A Book of Toasts. Compiled by Clotho.

Toasts to wine, women, men, good-fellowship, friendship, States, anniversaries, etc.

101 Salads. By May E. Southworth.

Recipes of salads having for their principal ingredients the following articles: Fish, eggs, meat, vegetables, fruit and cheese.

101 Beverages. Compiled by May E. Southworth.

Drinks for almost any occasion may be made from these recipes. They are classified as follows: Iced, summer, mixed, hot, sherbets, punches, cordials and fruit.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. A Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 25c.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.00.
3. The Georgians. Harbin. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Bethany. Watson. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
7. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Traffics and Discoveries. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Challoners. Benson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Traffics and Discoveries. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. The President. Lewis. (Barnes.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Chicago Princess. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Son of Royal Langbrith. Howells. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Bethany. Watson. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Prisoner of Mademoiselle. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The President. Lewis. (Barnes.) $1.50.
4. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Letters from a Chinese Official. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50c.
6. Christmas Eve on Lonesome. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Zelda Dameron. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Black Friday. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Castawav. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Double Harness. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Watchers of the Trail. Roberts. (Page.) $2.00.
3. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Godwin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The President. Lewis. (Barnes.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Fulfilment. Martin. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. My Japanese Prince. Gunter. (Home Publishing Co.) 50 cents.
6. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Captain in the Ranks. Eggleston. (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Double Harness. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Truants. Mason. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.00.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Motor Pirate. Paternoster. (Page.) $1.50.
5. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Last Hope. Scott. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Mountains. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Double Harness. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Susan Clegg. Warner. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.00.
5. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.00.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.00.
2. The Little Shepherd Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. Traffics and Discoveries. Kipling. (Morang & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
6. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentanos.) $1.25 net.
2. Quintessence of Ibsenism. Shaw. (Brentanos.) $1.00.
3. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Traffics and Discoveries. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Traffics and Discoveries. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

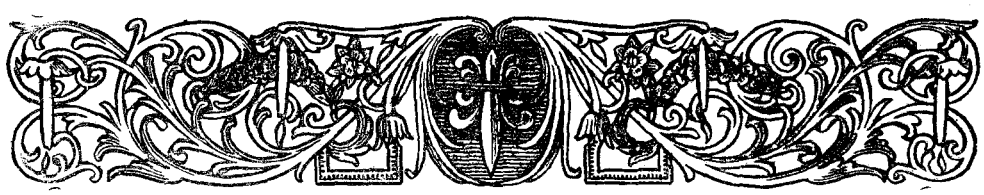
From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS.
1.	Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.....	151
2.	The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50	103
3.	The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25...	100
4.	Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50..	86
	A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50	86
6.	In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.....	55



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED